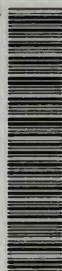


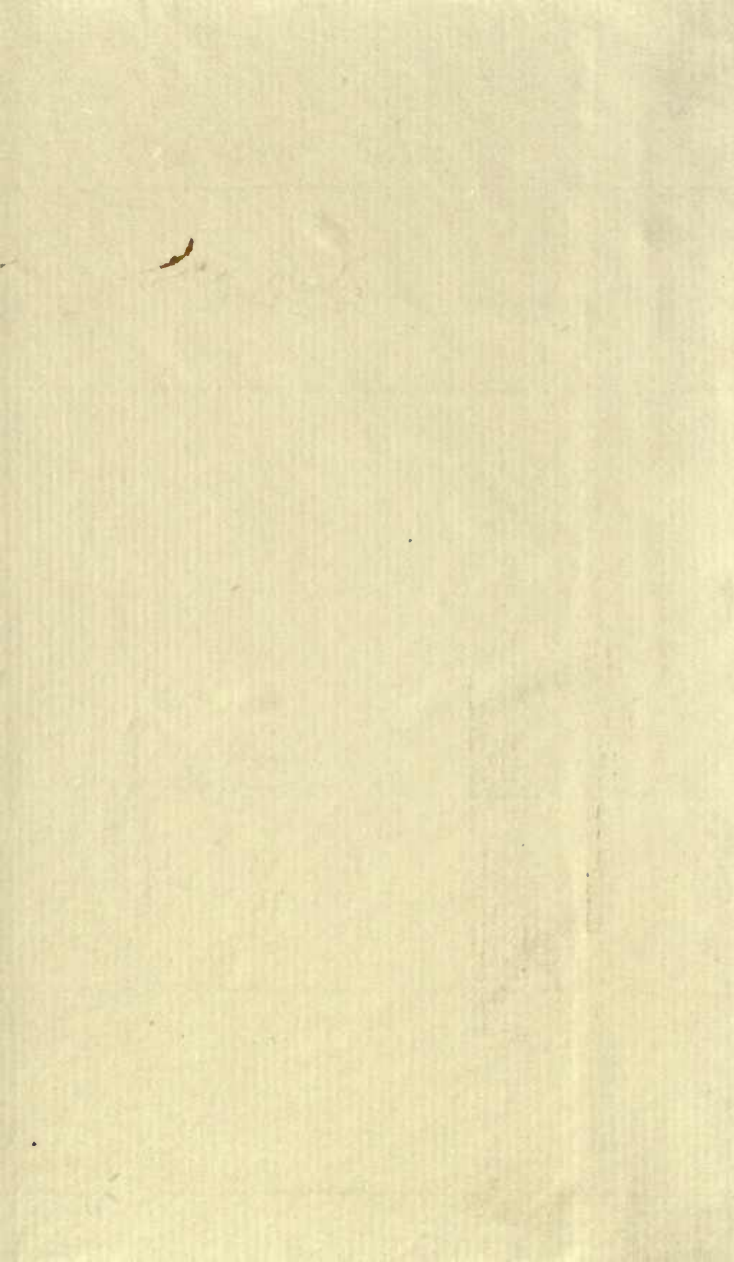
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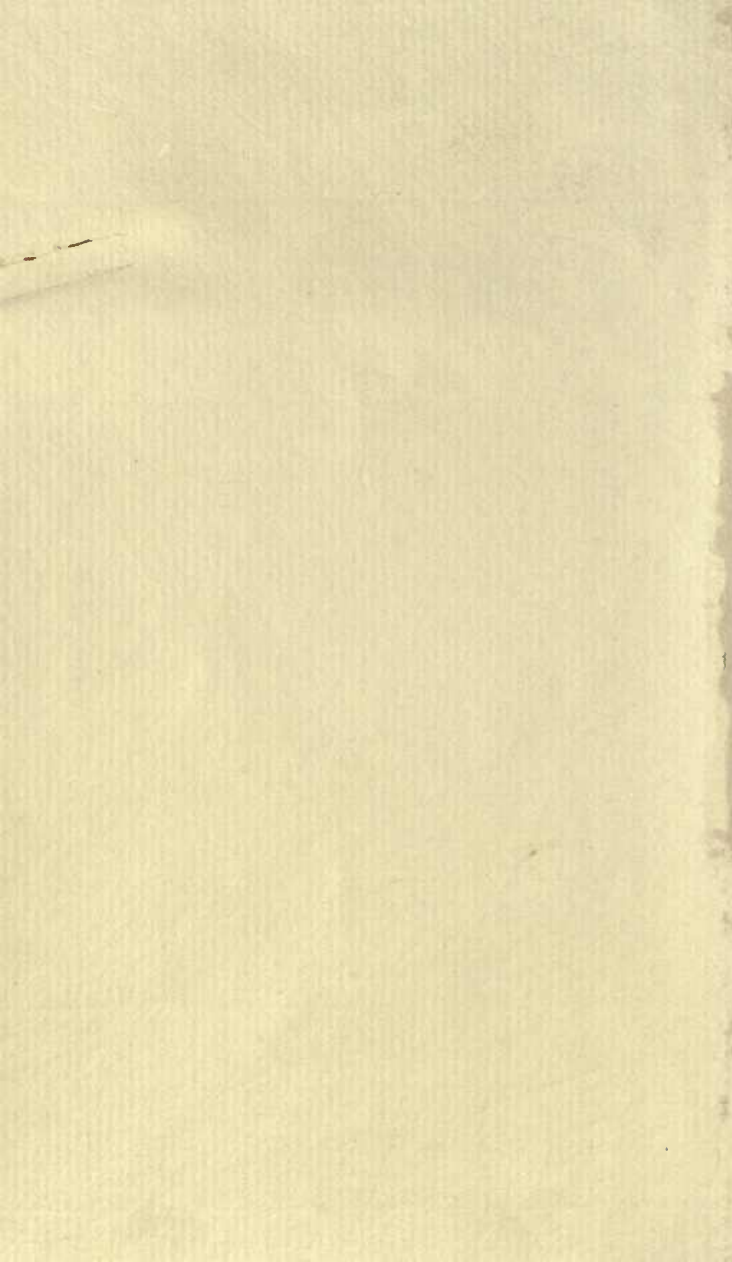
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THE
PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION;
OR,
A COURSE OF EXERCISES
FOR
ACQUIRING THE SEVERAL REQUISITES
OF
A GOOD DELIVERY.

By B. H. SMART.

FOURTH EDITION,

AUGMENTED, PARTICULARLY BY A CHAPTER ON IMPASSIONED READING QUALIFIED BY TASTE; WITH EXERCISES ADAPTED TO A CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

LONDON:
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1842.

PRACTICE OF RHOGRAPHY

A COURSE OF EXERCISES

FOR THE USE OF PUPILS IN THE

ART OF RHOGRAPHY

BY J. H. RHOGRAPH

NEW YORK

Published by J. H. RHOGRAPH, 100 NASSAU ST. N. Y.

P R E F A C E.

THE present work is one of several * intended to assist the English student in acquiring the full use of the language, both in oral speech and in writing. These works I have not prepared hastily, nor with shallow experience. Of the subjects which they treat, I have been a practical teacher in London for forty years; and my pupils have been of all ages, and of various training. The learning acquired at Oxford and Cambridge does not render superfluous such instruction as I profess to give; and from these Universities, as from other places of learning, I have had, and continue to have, numerous pupils.

But I wish to plead in favour of these works something more than my experience as a teacher. They are parts in the practical development of a theory, which exhibits the relation of language to thought in a light very different from that under which elementary grammars, dictionaries, and guides to elocution, are in general planned and executed. In the works which I lay before the English student, logical accuracy or error is not confounded with grammatical, nor the meaning of separate words taken into account, when their function is spoken of as parts of one expression that is to have but one meaning. A word which has many grammatical *phases* or inflections, is not set down as a distinct word in each phasis, but as the same logical element in a

* A Dictionary (the original work, and an epitomised edition); an Accidence and Grammar (to which will shortly be added an Introduction for the use of schools, and a correspondent volume of Exercises); and a Selection from the Historical Plays of Shakspeare, with connecting memoranda. This last work is the companion volume of the present.

different grammatical shape. Emphasis is not referred to any such principle as a series of more or less important ideas making up a thought or sentence ; but a sentence is considered the expression of one indivisible thought, and emphasis or modulation as the means of giving unity to its grammatical parts, and, occasionally, of making the whole sentence convey something more than its plain meaning. If in thus stating the general principle that runs through the whole of the practical works in view, I am little understood—indeed, I cannot hope by any brief explanation to make myself understood at once by those to whom such considerations are new—I must refer to the theory which I published as a preparation for these practical works—the volume of essays which I have called ‘ *Beginnings of a New School of Metaphysics.*’

I have only to add that great care has been taken in preparing this, the fourth edition of the present work, for the press ; and to express a hope that the new chapter will supply a *desideratum* in our schools,—an introduction to the English poets, comprehensive in outline, but brief in detail.

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MR. LEOPOLD SMART, pupil of his father, **MR. B. H. SMART**, gives instruction in the higher branches of English Education, either jointly with, or separately from his Father.

55, *Connaught Terrace*,
Hyde Park.

THE PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following are the Requisites of a good Delivery, to which, in the respective Exercises, the pupil's attention and practical efforts are to be directed :

1. AN EXACT AND FIRM ARTICULATION.

2. A FULL UTTERANCE AND PROPER USE OF THE ACCENTS OR INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE ESSENTIAL TO JUST MODULATION.

3. A VARIED AND SUITABLE EXPRESSION.

The first of these constitutes a *distinct* delivery; the second makes it *significant*; and the third, by adding manner, earnestness, and feeling, renders it *impressive*.

With a view to secure the several Requisites here set down, the pupil, in employing Reading as the means, will find a benefit in considering his ultimate object to require and include *Three Stages of advancement*.

First, to be perfect so far as mere MECHANICAL READING extends, that is, Reading in which we undertake to utter the words justly, completely, and in smooth unbroken series between the written stops when they are joined into sentences, but with no higher purpose or attempt.

Secondly, to be perfect so far as SIGNIFICANT READING extends, or Reading in the strict sense of the word; that is, Reading in which we undertake to make the construction and meaning of every sentence plain by appropriate *tunes* (or inflections) of the voice, but with no purpose of con-

veying the impression that the sentiments uttered are our *own*.

Thirdly, to be perfect to the full extent of the powers thus far acquired, and of the further powers which nature supplies when the sentiments to be conveyed are appropriated by the speaker, and he throws off the restraint which the conscious act of reading imposes in the previous stages of advancement. But this kind of Reading, namely, *IMPASSIONED READING*, is more than mere Reading—it is *SPEAKING*: and *Speaking—distinct, significant, impressive* Speaking—is the ability we seek to acquire or improve when we study Elocution.

The foregoing statement is the theoretical outline, according to which the Exercises in the following pages are arranged up to the end of the third chapter. Two more chapters are added, and some further remarks must be made to justify the addition.

If, to speak with full expression, it is necessary that he who utters the words should feel the facts or sentiments embodied by them as part of his own knowledge, or coming from his *own mind*, those facts or sentiments ought to be such as he can appropriate, otherwise he is not a speaker merely, but an actor. And the exercises in the third chapter are accordingly all so chosen that, with some little effort of fancy, in general a very little, the pupil may place himself in the supposed circumstances, and utter the language furnished for him as the spontaneous effect. This will not be *acting*, unless the speaker is obliged to change his own natural manner for a manner indicative of character, temperament, or humour (call it as we please), distinct from his own. The old dramatists, who used this last word in the sense here in view, applied it with a clear apprehension of the intended distinction;—the actor's art distinct from mere speaking, was the art of representing "every man in

his humour," whether the humour was comic or tragic. But distinct from peculiar humours, there are emotions and passions to which all men are liable under the same exciting circumstances; and the expression of these when the circumstances are supposed, is forcible *speaking* only, and should not be *acting*. If, indeed, the pupil is incapable, through nature or unformed habit, of the requisite exertion of fancy, he will also be incapable of the real feeling; and in such a pupil the attempt at expression will be acting in its worst possible guise. To avoid any effect of this kind, let the pupil's ability be consulted in the exercises assigned to him—those pieces in the third chapter that require great liveliness or great warmth of imagination, being left for pupils who are endowed with, or have acquired, the requisite mental qualities.

That the distinction between *Speaking in one's own character*, and *Speaking in an assumed one*, or *Acting*, may be practically enforced, a chapter is added which professedly transcends the former one, and consequently the strict objects of elocution. Should it be thought desirable to teach the pupil, in some little degree, the actor's art, the exercises there given may serve the purpose. An opportunity was likewise wanted to insert some dialogues, which this division of the work affords. It is true that a dialogue may not necessarily require a greater effort of fancy to realize the supposed situation, and the consequent proper delivery of the language, than such single speeches as the third chapter includes: but a dialogue always has a scenic effect in comparison with a single speech; and the dialogues, though they do not all require the ability *peculiar* to acting, are therefore all placed together.

The fifth chapter brings us from *Speaking* back again to *Reading*,—not to *Mechanical Reading*, nor to what was called *Significant Reading*, but to a kind of *Reading* which pro-

poses more than merely to convey the sense, and yet falls short of speaking. Our theory, as laid down above, makes no provision for this, but requires the Reader and the Speaker each to keep strictly to his province, so as not to exceed or fall short in fulfilling it. And, in point of fact, a reader is liable to be moved only in the way in which a hearer is liable, while he recollects that he *is* a reader : his passion or feeling is, in such case, the effect of what the author lays before him, not a part of the author's language. A reader whose feeling is thus generated, and who gives way to it, as most readers do, under a notion that to read impressively is to read on this principle, seems, as he goes on, to say thus much,—“ How tender, or how sublime this is, which I am reading, how affecting to *my* feelings,”—and so the hearer is called upon to be equally affected. But such Reading, however prevalent, is in bad Taste :—plain, simple significant Reading is better, and will be found more effective than such impassioned Reading as this. Either the Reader must keep strictly within his province, or, in order to be legitimately and effectively impassioned, he must forget that he is a Reader, and, by so forgetting, become a Speaker. But, on the other hand, will this be possible, it may be asked, while he maintains the position and other circumstances of a reader ; and, if possible, will *this* be in good taste ? It will not be possible, we may answer, that he should permanently overlook these circumstances, nor would the effect be agreeable if, *with* these circumstances, a reader should begin, and proceed, and end, exactly as if he were speaking. The reader of true taste begins as a reader, nor does he become impassioned but by forgetting, at times, his real place, through the enthusiasm with which he takes up his author's purpose. To this enthusiasm, whenever he can, he gives way, and he becomes impassioned in consequence ; but he relaxes at suitable

moments, and so, upon the whole, fulfils a part between a reader and a speaker, sometimes appearing clearly as the one, sometimes carried almost into the other, according to the change of spirit or of purpose in the composition. That the manner of reading here described is nice and difficult to hit off justly, must be allowed ; and on this very account, the exercises for it are placed in the fifth and last chapter of the work.

Presuming, too, that Reading, in this its last stage of improvement, is calculated to promote and to display a just appreciation of Poetry, occasion is taken in this chapter to indicate a course of English poetry, by a brief chronological outline, serving to introduce the extracts, that appear both as examples of the outline, and exercises for the student.

CHAPTER I.

MECHANICAL READING,

OR

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

In just articulation the words are not hurried over, nor melted together: they are neither abridged nor prolonged; they are not swallowed, nor are they shot from the mouth; neither are they trailed, and then suffered to drop unfinished: but they are delivered from the lips as beautiful coins are issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, perfectly finished.

AUSTIN'S CHIRONOMIA.

Quod est igitur in hls doctoris officium? In primis vitia, si qua sunt, oris, emendet: ut expressa sint verba, ut suis *quæque literæ sonis enuncientur.

QUINCT.

* Si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

HORACE.

INTENTION OF THE EXERCISES, AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR CONDUCTING THEM.

Words uttered without attention to their meaning may be said to be uttered mechanically: and when the sole immediate object is, to improve the act itself of articulation, it will be well to confine the attention as much as possible to the mere act. A course of practice in Elocution ought to begin with exercises thus limited in purpose; otherwise the speaker—his pronunciation and articulation being the results of casual habit only—will never be secure that in these fundamental points his practice is what it ought to be, or fit for the superstructure he is to raise upon it.

Pronunciation, be it observed, is a term of much narrower application in modern than in ancient use, or in treatises that borrow from the ancient works on rhetoric. It now means the *manner of sounding words*, as orthography is the manner of writing them; and as we may spell properly, and yet not write distinctly, so, in the most limited sense of the word *pronounce*, we may be said to pronounce correctly, that is, according to polite usage, and yet be deficient in articulation: while, on the other hand, a speaker may pronounce his words with remarkable distinctness, and yet with evident im-

propriety of manner, as tested by that usage which is the law of pronunciation. But perfection in both respects should be aimed at by the pupil; and, using the word with more extent of meaning than that assigned to it above, we may say, even without applying it so widely as the ancient rhetoricians, that Pronunciation cannot be perfect unless it includes a good articulation. The exercises which follow are Exercises in Articulation; but as the pupil will have to articulate every word with the sounds which good usage assigns to it, they are Exercises in Pronunciation in that middle sense of the term which has just been indicated.—It may be added that practice, not principles, is the object of these pages: should the student desire further assistance or information than is here furnished respecting the manner of sounding certain words, he is referred to the author's Pronouncing Dictionaries.*

With regard to the method of practice in using the pages assigned to this division of the work, the pupil will observe, that every word must be uttered *aloud, distinctly, completely*,—and particular attention must be given to that sound in it which is the especial subject of exercise, in such a manner that its character or manner of formation may then, and for ever, be accurately known. As each elementary sound is, in this way, brought in turn under notice, the pupil learns, by parts, to articulate the language as a whole, with a *precision*, and a *decision*, that no other method of practice can so well or so surely confer.

While the pupil is employed in this manner of practice for acquiring clearness, accuracy, and strength of articulation, he must not be inattentive to tone and rhythm. It is true that these subjects do not belong to our present division; but as some tone must be used in articulating a word,—as, in articulating a series of words, rhythm must be neglected or not neglected—we are scarcely at liberty to overlook these points; and the pupil's attention may be so directed to them as to form his ear and prepare his habits for the exercises in modulation which belong to the next chapter.

First, as to the *tones* employed in pronouncing the several words that form the exercises, it is probable that the pupil, if left to himself, will go on from word to word with a sort of running tone indicating the continuation of the series, till, coming to some pause in the series, he will drop his tone. To avoid the habit which this tone will confirm or engender, the modulation must be controlled and varied, and the control will be acquired by varying the intention of the mind in pronouncing the series. We must try to explain this by an example; and let the following eight words be the matter of the example:—*heathen hydra honest humble human humour wholly honour*. These words have no stop between them, and the pupil being left to himself in pronouncing the series, will be almost sure to

* The octavo edition (Walker Remodelled) contains "Principles of Pronunciation" prefixed to the dictionary; the smaller edition (Smart's Dictionary Epitomized) omits the Principles at large, but furnishes an introduction for the proper use of the dictionary.

use the running tone alluded to—not entirely running the words together perhaps, but keeping up the voice with so much of a similar tone in pronouncing each word, that the effect will be as described. The tones or accents so used may be thus represented: // // // // // \ *. Instead of pronouncing the whole series, let him now be required to pronounce the first word only, and to stop entirely; let the next be so pronounced, with an entire stop; and so on to the last. When each word shall have been pronounced thus independently, the whole eight will appear to have had accents that may be thus represented: \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \. Here, then, among others to be noticed presently, are two modes of modulating the voice in pronouncing this series of words. Let the pupil first acquire the power of using either of these modes at pleasure, and with perfect deliberation in both ways. In using the first mode, let him avoid the running of the words together; let him, instead of this, pause between each word with perceptible duration, as if a comma marked off each word, suspending the voice in finishing the word, so that his ear clearly recognises the character of the inflection. In using the second mode, he will pause as if a full stop marked off each word: the pause, however, needs not be longer than before, but the effect will be different if the pupil is successful in using the opposite inflection, which will be more difficult than the other, because he will scarcely be able to keep his mind fixed to one word at a time, while he knows that other words are to follow. It will probably take a good deal of practice, and much careful listening, before his ear clearly recognises the difference between the two inflections. He must try this form of test: “Did I say *stränge* or *stränge*? I said *stränge* not *stränge*.” Here, if the phrases are naturally pronounced, the inflections on the word *stränge* will be as marked. Knowing at last by such sort of practice the one inflection from the other, he must get the power of prolonging both inflections, and of varying the key in which he utters them: for, be it carefully noted, that either of the two inflections may be high or low in key; and therefore, let not a low key be mistaken for the downward direction of the slide, nor a high key for the upward, when perhaps the reverse is the fact. At length, when the power is acquired of using the one or the other inflection at pleasure, other modes of modulation should be attempted, which, as before, will be accomplished by varying the intention of the mind in pronouncing the series. Let the intention, for instance, be a division of the foregoing series as follows, and the inflections proper to enforce such division will be as hereafter marked: *héathen, hýdra, hònest, húmble*;—*hùman, húmour, whólly, hònou*:—Or let the following be the division: *hèathen, hýdra, hónest*;—*hùmble, hùman, húmour*;—*whólly, hònou*:—Or let the following: *héathen, hýdra, hònest, húmble, húman*;—*hùmour, whólly, hònou*. By such changes of intention may the pupil diversify the modulation of his voice while pursuing the exercises contained in

* See the nature of these tones or accents described in the Author's Grammar, IV. 5 (page 246).

this chapter. Throughout, he will find the words unconnected in construction to be without stops, in order to leave opportunity for such changes; and as the exercises advance, it is expected that he will mentally divide and subdivide the several series in some such manner as has just been exemplified. All this, it has already been remarked, is beyond the especial object of the present chapter; but such attention to modulation as is here recommended, will be a most important preparation for the next part of the course.

Secondly, as to *Rhythm*,*—lists of words unconnected in construction, in pronouncing which there can be no danger of sacrificing syntax to prosody, offer the best introductory subject of practice for training the ear to the preservation of rhythm in speech; and in order to draw the attention of the student to this property of language, the lists of words are arranged so that the accents fall at regular distances during each series. It is expected of him that he shall mark, at first by a gentle beating of the hand or foot, and afterwards mentally, the return of the accent, and regulate the pause between each word so that the return may be regular. Here again, we are requiring something beyond the especial object of the chapter; but the practical utility of this part of the course will be incalculably increased, if the exercises are so conducted as not only to secure the special object,—an exact and firm articulation,—but the further object of making full preparation for what is to follow.

EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANTS.

The Consonants are brought forward for exercise before the Vowels, because they are mainly subservient to articulation. For the order in which they are here given, see the Schemes in the Author's Pronouncing Dictionaries; see also Smart's PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, ORTHOGRAPHY, Chapter I., which should be carefully studied as a preparation for the Exercises.

THE ASPIRATE. (Gram., I. 5, page 3.)

☞ Let the aspirate be heard only where a letter or letters occur in *italic*. That the pupil may become secure both in the use of the aspirate, and, where necessary, in the omission, words beginning with pure vowels are mingled with those which should be aspirated. Letter *h* is quite silent in *heir*, *honest*, *honour*, *hostler*, *hour*, *humble*, *humour*, and all the derivatives. In a few words, namely, those in which letter *o* follows *wh*, the sound generally denoted by *h* alone, is denoted by the two letters *wh*, which will be known by both letters being in *italic*. If the *w* is not in *italic*, it must have its proper sound, which must follow, and not precede, the forcible expulsion of breath signified by *h*; for example, *whale* is to be pronounced *h-wale*, *wheat*, *h-weat*, &c.

hall all aunt *haunt* *who* art *heir* *hair* hour *hew* huge *whole*

* See Rhythm explained in the Author's English Grammar, IV. 8 (p. 248).

whale wheat whim whig—heathen hydra honest humble
 human humour *wholly* honour whirlpool whimper hostler
wholesome cohort coheir hothouse kartshorn—hereout
 herein hereon *harangue* behind perhaps inert inhale behest
 abhor—harmony artichoke humanize hudibras humour-
 ous heritage hospital vehement cohobate behemoth—
 heteroclite hospitable—herculean annihilate—hierog-
 lyphical incomprehensible hypochondriacal heliocentral.

Let the Synepy be complete in the following part of the Exercise where hyphens are inserted ; and so at the correspondent part of every following Exercise :—See Gram., IV. 4, page 245.

he-had-learned the-whole-art-of-angling by-heart.
 be-honest humble and-humane hate-not-even-your-
 enemies.
 the-portrait-of-an-old-whig in-a-brown-wig.
 with-many-a-weary-step and-many-a-groan
 up-a-high-hill he-heaved a-huge-round-stone.

THE PURE LABIAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 6, page 3.)

Let the pure labial consonant be heard only where a letter occurs in *italic*. Thus in *who*, there is no sound of *w*, but in *choir*, pronounced *kwaire*, there is. In *one*, *once*, the *o* stands for two sounds, namely, that of *w*, and of *u* short ; for the words are pronounced *wun*, *wounce*.

way waft one once who woo wain vane wine vine hood
 wood wolf womb woe ooze whose woos swoon suite buoy
 quake choir thwart—woman wolsey wooer wormwood
 wayward forward froward quorum quagmire cuirass wea-
 ther whether.

a-wight well-versed-in-waggery.
 give-me-free-air or-I-soon-shall-swoon.
 he-wooded-a-woman who-would-never-wed.

THE MAXILLAR CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 6, page 3.)

Let the maxillar consonant be heard at the letter or letters in *italic*. And note, that the words in the first part of the Exercise which have an asterisk prefixed, must be so pronounced that *u*, *ew*, *ewe*, *hu*, *ue*, *ui*, or *eo*, in *italic*, shall be sounded *yoo*, precisely as the pronoun *you*. Thus *humour* (*h* silent) must be sounded *yoo'-mur*,

and *feodal* *f-yoo'-dal*: *feudal*, the more usual form, has the same pronunciation.

yawn yell he ye yean hear ear year yield you *ewe *cube.
 *use *huge *new *duke *tune *suit—yearly youthful
 yewtree *useful *humour spaniel million genii poniard asia
 nausea roseate indian odious *tulip *duty *tuesday *feodal
 feudal neuter.

ye-are-studious-to-vitiate.

the-new-tune suits-the-duke.

youth with-ill-humour is-odious.

last-year I-could-not-hear with-either-ear.

THE DENTAL HISSING CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 7, page 3.)

☞ Let the dental hissing be heard at the letter or letters in italic. Thus *schism*, is to be pronounced *sizm*, *hasten*, *ha'-sn*. Where *x* occurs, it includes two sounds, those of *k* and *s*.

gas mass dose mace griefs laughs months verse dupes packs
 lar styx hosts fists ghosts soil cell scene *schism* psalm—
 apsis thesis question tacit pincers flaccid sceptre science
 psalmist psyche hasten chasten—~~x~~preside desists design
 obese verbose rescind dissuade finance—heresy poesy
 chersonese precedent vaccinate siccity scimitar scintillate. ~~x~~

when-ajar strives-some-rock's-vast-weight to-throw.

the-sophist's-shrewd-suggestion.

guessing-the-design-was-perceived he-desisted.

see-the-snakes-that-they-rear

how-they-hiss in-the-air.

to-have-a-thousand with-red-burning-spits come-hissing-
 in-upon-them.

thou'rt-not-thyself

for-thou-exist'st-on-many-thousand-grains-
 that-issue-out-of-dust

happy-thou-art-not

for-what-thou-hast-not still-thou-striv'st-to-get
 and-what-thou-hast forget'st

thou-art-not-certain

for-thy-complexion-shifts-to-strange-effects
 after-the-moon.

THE DENTAL BUZZING CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 7, page 3.)

☞ Let the dental buzzing be heard at the letter or letters in italic. Where *x* occurs, it includes two sounds, those of *g* and *z*; as in *exert*: but *anxiety* is pronounced *ang-zî'-e-ty*.

maze blaze as has is was ways views seas songs caves moves
baths oaths bathes breathes balls domes pains bars babes
plagues——commas dramas dances prices prizes houses
scissors noisy brazen mizzen raisin cousin puzzle weasel——
absolves observes hussars exert exist exempt possess discern
suffice resume——president metaphrase monarchise me-
chanism sacrifice villages xenophon xenocles——disposal
refusal disloyal discernment——complaisant complaisance
——luxuriant anxiety.

he-gives as-is-his-usage-at-this-season a-series-of-sermons-
on-moral-duties.

the-frolic-wind-that-breathes-the-spring
zephyr with-aurora-playing
as-he-met-her-once a-maying
over-beds-of-violets-blue
and-fresh-blown-roses washed-in-dew
promised-her-thee.

THE PALATAL HISSING CONSONANT, and the NON-VOCAL DENTO-PALATAL DIPHTHONGAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 8 and 14, pages 3 and 4.)

☞ In this Exercise, note, as to the uncombined words, that in those free from the asterisk or dagger, the italics indicate the palatal hissing consonant simply; in those preceded by the asterisk, they indicate the diphthongal consonant into which the sound of *t* primarily enters, as in *march* pronounced *martsh*, *venture* pronounced *vent'-shoor*; and in those preceded by the dagger, they indicate the included sound of *k*, as in *fluxion* pronounced *fluck'shun*.

shall shrove shrink sash sure marsh *march match *chair
chaise *each *vouch——shrubby sugar censure nauseous
pension ascii nation captious scutcheon †fluxion †flexion
*truncheon *chamber *righteous *venture *nature——as-
sure chicane machine *attach——showery charlatan bath-
sheba †luxury *charity *chiche-ter——computation interne-
cion farinaceous surreptitious adventitious †crucifixion.

THE LABIO-DENTAL VOICE CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 9,
page 3.)

☞ Let the labio-dental voice consonant be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

*pave weave hive grove halve twelve solve starve nerve of
vain void—fever ravel grovel heaven even stephen giren
vivid votive nephew.*

*in-china's-groves of-vegetable-gold.
progressive-virtue and-approving-heaven.
and-vainly-venturous soars-on-waxen-wing.
down-in-the-vale where-the-leaves-of-the-grove
wave-over-the head.*

THE LINGUO-DENTAL BREATH CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 10,
page 3.)

☞ Let the linguo-dental breath consonant be heard at the letter or letters in italic. In *eighth* a previous *t* must also be heard, for the word is pronounced *ait-th*.

*bath path lath oath mouth width sixth eighth twelfth warmth
truths youths rhythm thwart—thesis lethe thule thence-
forth hundredth thousandth—amethyst apathy orthodox
aftermath logarithm synthesis.*

*thrust-through-the-side
he-sat-on-the-sixth-seat.
from-nature's-chain whatever-link-you-strike
tenth-or-ten-thousandth breaks-the-chain-alike.*


THE LINGUO-DENTAL VOICE CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 10,
page 3.)

☞ Let the linguo-dental voice consonant be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

*booth with wreath bathe breathe tithe these their though
baths paths laths oaths mouths—either neither heathen
northern father hither thither thenceforth—inwreath be-
queath beneath unsheath.*

*and-as-I-wake sweet-music-breathe
above about or-underneath.
and-the-milk-maid singeth-blithe
and-the-mower whets-his-scythe.
and-the-smooth-stream in-smoother-numbers-flows.*

THE PURE DENTAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 11, page 3.)

 Let the pure dental consonant be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

*oil owl all marl earl isle leave loins—lively lovely melon
solace castle axle evil grovel cripple able tackle shekel title
needle novel parcel model chapel.*


nor-cast-one-longing lingering-look-behind.

let-carolina-smooth-the-liquid-lay

lull-with-amelia's-liquid-name-the-nine

and-sweet/y-flow-through-all-the royal-line.

THE LABIO-NASAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 11, page 3.)

 Let the labio-nasal consonant be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

*gun blame realm charm rhythm lamb comb womb calm
hymn phlegm drachm—famine moment mammon solemn
tempter empty—momentary mammillary matrimony mi-
mically.*

pale-melancholy-sat-retired

and

in-notes-by-distance-made-more sweet

poured-through-the-mellow-horn her-pensive-soul

through-glades-and-glooms the-mingled-measure-stole


and

round-a-holy-calm-diffusing

love-of-peace and-lonely-musing

in-hollow-murmurs died-away.

THE DENTO-NASAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 11, page 3.)

 Let the dento-nasal consonant be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

*nun noon noun nine stolen swollen barn mourn name
gnarl gnaw kneel knock deign sign—linen banner foreign
lessen flaxen basin hasten chasten frozen cousin reason
deafen often roughen even given heathen shapen oaken
wheaten briton deaden—nestorian nonentity unanimous.*

*to-talk-of-nonentity-annihilated was-certainly nonsensi-
cal-enough.*

when-lightning-and-dread-thunder
 rend-stubborn-rocks-asunder
 and-fill-the-world-with-wonder
 what-should-we-do.

THE PALATO-NASAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 12, page 4.)

☞ Let the palato-nasal consonant be heard at the letter or letters in *italic*. Thus, *sink* is to be sounded *singk*, *anger* to be sounded *ang'-guer*, and *finger*, *finŋ'-guer*. On the other hand, *hanger* and *singer* are to be sounded *hang'-er* and *sing'-er*, the palato-nasal consonant being indicated by the two letters *ng*, and not by the *n* alone.

gang king spring sung young length strength bank sink
 conch—being nothing writing reading hanging bringing
 robin robbing chopin chopping matin matting hanger anger
 singer finger anguish longer younger congress concourse
 anxious anchor banquet—distinguish extinguish unthink-
 ing diphthongal triphthongal—*anxiety*.

reading-and-writing are-arts-of-striking-importance

dancing drawing and-singing being-all-accomplishments
 are-deserving-of-less-regard.

alexander-at-a-banquet with-a-concourse-of-flatterers
 overcome-by-anger led-by-a-concubine is-a-strong-example
 that-he-who-conquers-kingdoms may-have-neglected-the-
 more-noble-conquest-of-himself.

THE TRILLED DENTAL CONSONANT. (Gram., I. 11,
 pages 3, 4.)

☞ Let the trilled dental consonant be heard at the letter or letters in *italic*.

ray raw rheum wrap wry fry pray bray crape grape tray
 dray shrill shriek shrug shroud throw throng—*raiment*
 rhubarb wrestle phrenzy christian rural —around erect
 enrich rebel—flowery priory briery horary contrary
 library—regulator rumination memorandum sudorific re-
 percussion repetition.

rend with-tremendous-sound your-ears-asunder

with-gun-drum-trumpet blunderbuss-and thunder.

approach-thou like-the-rugged-russian-bear
 the-armed-rhinoceros.

blow-wind come-*wrack*.
 queen-mab drums-in-his-ears
 at-which-he-starts-and-wakes.
 the-madding-wheels
 of-brazen-fury-raged.
 ruin-seize-thee ruthless-king.

THE UNTRILLED *r*. (See Gram., I. 19: at page 8, "For it is to be noted that in good metropolitan usage," &c. See also the Exercise on the vowels which terminate in guttural vibration, page 24, *et seq.* hereafter.)

☞ The untrilled *r* is in italic along with any silent letter that may accompany it.

bar *err* fir nor cur bare here hire core pure hour terse force
 marsh scarf swerve hearth pearl arm learn carp garb dark
 cart card herd——pardon warden mercy virtue border
 mortgage colonel commerce——defer debar abhor affair
 appear expire adore demure.

thine this-universal-frame thus-wondrous-fair.

 virtue's-fair-form.

 what-man-dare I-dare.

 ah-fear ah-frantic-fear

 I-see I-see-thee-near

 like-thee-I-start like-thee disordered-fly.

THE LABIAL MUTE. (Gram., I. 13, page 4.)

☞ Let the labial mute be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

pipe pope rasp whelp vamp sharp——pippin slipper proper
 steeple——diphthong triphthong naphtha shepherd——
 puritan populous turpitude papacy pabular ophthalmy.

after-moving-equably-for-some-time it-was-made-to-stop
 with-a-sudden-snap.

zeal then not-charity became-the-guide

and-hell-was-built-on-spite and-heaven-on-pride.

 a-pert-prim-prater of-the-northern-race

 guilt-in-his-heart and-famine-in-his-face.

abuse-the-city's-best-good-men in-metre

and-laugh-at-peers that-put-their-trust-in-peter.

 here files-of-pins extend-their-shining-rows

 puffs-powders-patches bibles-billets-doux.

THE LABIAL SEMI-MUTE. (Gram., I. 13, page 4.)

☞ Let the labial semi-mute be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

cub ebb tube bib glebe babe bulb barb buoy blue—*accumb*
reverb imbue embark disburse cabal unblessed baboon—
abrogate fabulous ebony obstacle barbarous barbican.
the-barbarous-hubert took-a-bribe
to-kill-the-royal-babe.

and-now-a-bubble-burst and-now-a-world.

earth-smiles-around with-boundless-bounty-blessed

and-heaven beholds-its-image-in-his-breast.

the-south-sea-bubble puts-the-public-in-a-hubbub.

THE PALATAL MUTE. (Gram., I. 13, page 4.)

☞ Let the palatal mute be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

k.

seek cake coke pack tack eke talk folk lough pique dark milk
spark keen car chord choir quay quake clear—*panic*
comic kingdom candid choler conquer christian flaccid—
collocate cucumber technical orchestre epocha conqueror
vaccinate siccity.

a-black cake-of-curious-quality.

blow-wind come-wrack

at-least-we'll-die-with-harness-on-our-back.

with-the-cold-caution of-a-coward's spleen

which-fears-not-guilt but-always-seeks-a-screen.

the-clumsy-kitchen-clock click-clicked.

THE PALATAL SEMI-MUTE. (Gram., I. 13, page 4.)

☞ Let the palatal semi-mute be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

bag keg egg gag plague vague teague rogue brogue fugue
guide guise gear gird gig ghost—*guerdon ragged craggy*
gibbous gimblet gibcat ghastly gherkin—*anger finger*
longer younger.

he-gave-a-guinea and-he-got-a-groat.

i-cannot-dig and-am-ashamed-to-beg.

a-giddy-giggling-girl her-kinsfolks'-plague

her-manners-vulgar and-her-converse-vague.

THE DENTAL MUTE. (Gram., I. 13, page 4.)

☞ Let the dental mute be heard at the letter or letters in italic.

pat kite dust haft halt dreamt flirt tight taught trash thyme
 thames yacht debt laced danced chafed laughed chopped
 wrecked——matter tatter tetter titter brittle victual asthma
 phthisis phthisic flourished practised trespassed——testa-
 ment titillate tetrical taciturn tantamount tutelary——to-
 gether testator temptation indebted indictment attainment
 intestate replenished.

the tempter saw-his-time.

a-tell-tale-tattling-termagant that-troubled all-the-town.

he-talked and-stamped and chafed till-all-were-shocked.

shakes-the-old-beldam earth and-topples-down

high-towers and-moss-grown-steeple.

to-inhabit-a-mansion remote-

from-the-clatter-of-street-pacing-steeds.

THE DENTAL SEMI-MUTE. (Gram., I. 13, page 4.)

☞ Let the dental semi-mute be heard at the letter or letters in italic. Note, that the *j* in *judged*, and the *g* in *courage*, *damaged*, *engaged*, include the palatal buzzing consonant with the *d*. See the Exercise on the vocal dento-palatal diphthongal Consonant, page 14.

bed dead did made grazed hedged judged saved writhed
 walled charmed paved heard ebbcd rigged would could
 should——courage damaged rivaled modest pedant udder
 deadly bdellium——harangued abridged adjudged engaged
 condemned impregnated absorbed fatigued.

strikes through-their-wounded-hearts the sudden-dread.

he-licks-the-hand just-raised-to-shed-his-blood.

ne'er-be-I-found by-thee-o'erawed

in-that-thrice-hallowed-eve abroad.

meadows-trim and-daisies-pied

shallow-brooks and-rivers-wide.

and-of-those-demons that-are-found

in-fire air flood or-under-ground.

EXERCISE ON THE BREATH, AND ON THE VOICE CONSONANTS, ALTERNATELY.

hiss hath sash shot cap sack foot hushed hatched haft—
wall dwell your gang muse waves zeal dares age nerve—
sapped packs tax speck asp sips posts cupped packed
coughed—bathe lone male rare globe vague blaze ranged
mouthed walled.

hatchet puppet cassock topic pocket tufty—willow rosy
languid mazes grandeur rather—sceptic cestus attic office
cossacks coppice—lovely roman moving bible guardian
glowworm.

excess accost except access expect—beware resume be-
lieves obliged absolve—assist coquette success affect suspect
—beneath farewell around debar imbue.

epithet execute suscite pickpocket—woingly idolize
lingering otherwise—catechist ecstasy occiput epitaph—
gradual libeller dialogues eulogy.

specific exsiccate ecstatic auxesis—remaining delusion
aurelia adorer—acetous apostate pathetic facetious—de-
corum erosion demeanour vermilion.

EXERCISES ON THE VOWELS.

See the Schemes prefixed to the Author's Pronouncing Diction-
aries: see also the Grammar, I. 3, (page 2,) which principle is ex-
plained in the Grammar by Section ii. (page 4.)

THE ALPHABETIC VOWELS UNDER THE ACCENT.

The alphabetic vowels are those we hear when we name the letters *a, e, i, o, u*. One of these is clearly diphthongal, namely *i*: *u* is a vowel to the eye only, but an articulated syllable to the ear: (see the exercise on the maxillar consonant, pages 11, 12 :) *a* and *o* are liable to be diphthongal if lengthened in sound.

☞ Let the Exercise on each of these five sounds be thus managed: first utter the sound, that is, name the letter, clearly and completely, by itself; then let the same sound be heard at the letter or letters in italic. In the Exercise for *i*, let a very slight sound of *e* be heard where the comma is placed. In the Exercise for *u*, let the sound in the words which have an asterisk prefixed, drop in part the maxillar articulation; instead of *l-yoot* (lute) say *l'oot*; and so of the other words.

ā :—fate bathe grange paste guage bait pay prey great
steak veins deign—asia nation angel danger hasten
ancient chamber chasten plaintive neighbour—abase
arraign convey inveigh—fatalist aorist placable
aviary feignedly halfpenny—bravado dictator occa-
sion umbrageous.

ē :—me glebe feet mean key grieve quay pique—pre-
cept freeman cæsar treaty either people—concede
demesne impregn critique profile conceit—deify
decency breviary shrievalty—adhesion concretion
serpigo receiver antæci obeisance—apotheosis irre-
mediable.

ī :—time type mind sign pint isle buy eye high height aisle
sk'y k'ind g'uile g'uile g'uise—idyl island dyer
china viscount buyer—apply ally mank'ind condign
benign defies replied beg'uile indict oblige—satiety
heliacal maniacal—paradisiacal aphrodisiacal hypo-
chondriacal.

ō :—no wo dome rogue drove host most ghost gross clothe
roll folk gold loth shew sew beau oats goal foe dough
glow—oval sojourn notion votive soldier molten only
yeoman moulder hautboy—prorogue depose with-
hold revolt bureau encroach—popery cohobate poetry
towardly frowardly poulterer.

ū :—cube tune duke feud feod dew new hue suit view—
tutor beauty feudal tuesday—repute abuse impugn
reduce imbue pursuit—*lute *lewd *jew *juice—
*lucid *juror—*luminous *juvenile.

THE ESSENTIALLY SHORT VOWELS UNDER THE ACCENT.

Concerning these sounds, see Grammar, I. 19 (page 6). A vowel of this kind must be uttered with a following consonant, otherwise, though we may choose to utter it without length, it is not essentially short: it has this character only when stopped, or shut in, as it were, by the instantaneous junction of a consonant.

☞ Let the Exercise on each of these be thus managed: first, utter the sound, stopped by the dental mute, clearly and completely;

and then let the same sound be repeated, with whatever consonant it may be joined, at the letter or letters in *italic*. Note, *ä* and *ö* are somewhat broader in the words which have the asterisk prefixed.

ät:—pat bad gas wrap bade have shall hath plaid *plant
*grant *waft *mass *glass—acrid aloe patent
drama tassel *basket *mastiff *castle *crafty sample
tarry baron—abrogate amorous sacrament pacify
natural raillery charity paradise—abandon decanter
companion imagine inhabit enamel example fantastic.

ët:—pet bed yet get bread deaf said says feoff friend—
pensive getting kettle bestial engine special preface
epoch fætid wainscot breakfast meadow heifer leopard
steril squirrel—arrest forget again against—acci-
dental panegyric.

īt:—pit bid ring hyp wind give clef sieve—minim frigid
living cygnet visor synod women vineyard pretty busy
spirit lyric ridicule dynasty privilege situate miracle
tyranny provision capricious litigious implicit.

öt:—not bond wan wad was cough trode yacht chaps
wrath gone shone *moth *froth *broth *cost *frost
*toss *moss *gloss—hostile jocund prologue know-
ledge torrid florid—monologue quality quantity
laudanum.

ūt:—cub null such dove dost does doth front son one
tongue done some blood rough chough young touch
—puppet fulsome punish study comfort covert com-
bat wonted pommel onion housewife double cousin
southern hurry syrup—above allonge among enough
—fulminant colander somerset covetous.

oot:—pull bull full put puss push ruth would could
should wolf wood foot soot hook look—pulley bully
fuller fulham ruthless pulpit butcher cushion sugar
cuckoo woman wolsey.

THE REMAINING INCIDENTAL VOWELS UNDER THE ACCENT.

The vowel in the last set of words, is an incidental vowel, that is, not occurring under the most general laws of pronunciation: there are five other incidental vowels,—that heard in naming the interjection *ah*, that heard in uttering the word *awe*, that in uttering the first syllable of *oo'-zy*, the first syllable of *oi'-ly*, and the first of *ow'-let*.

Utter the vowel first by itself; then repeat it at the letter or letters in *italic*. In the Exercise for *ah*, let a very slight sound of *e* be heard where the comma is placed at *calf*, &c.

ah :—*path bath half balm palm psalm sha'n't laugh aunt*
haunt daunt c'alf c'alve g'aunt—*father rather*
almond jaundice.

awe :—*all fall wall balk salt spaw bawl pause sauce*
caught broad groat aught nought—*always thraldom*
falcon water augur nauseate.

oo :—*move prove lose who do tomb two ooze cool loo brute*
true fruit group wound shoe—*loser proving moody*
druid brutal thoroughly—*improve behave aggroup re-*
cruit imbrue monsoon canoe gamboge.

oy :—*oil broil point choice voice poize noise toy boy joy*
troy buoy—*employ embroil appoint aroynt avoid*
alloy.

ow :—*loud bound noun shout thou plough bough now bow*
brown—*bounteous fountain thousand vowel powder*
dowry—*astound propound arouse without endow*
renown.

THE VOWELS WHICH TERMINATE IN GUTTURAL VIBRATION,
UNDER THE ACCENT.

See Grammar, I. 19, at page 8, "An exceptive principle of less capricious foundation," &c.

Utter the vowel with guttural vibration clearly and completely, at first alone, and then at the letter or letters in *italic*. The comma in *car, card, guard, girt, girl*, indicates a very slight inserted sound of *e*. *Form* after *or*, signifies figure: *form* after *ore*, signifies a bench.

ar :—*bar star arm barb mart are clerk heart hearth c'ar*
c'ard g'uard.

er :—*err erst term irk mirth g'irt g'irl myrrh earl pearl*
earn earth dearth heard hearse learn were ere—
merchant nervous vernal derby virgin virtue early
learning.

or :—*form nor orb for gorge chord war warm dwarf quart*
 —border dormant orphan warbler warden quarter
 —performance important.

ur :—*fur cur burn turf furl her hers sir stir bird third*
spirt—burnish curtain colonel journey.

äre :—*dare fair bear there ne'er heir.*

ëre :—*here mere cheer deer fear near bier tier.*

ïre :—*fire hire lyre pyre choir buyer.*


ōre :—*form more oar pour door port floor ford.*

ūre :—*pure cure ewer newer fewer your.*

ōor :—*poor boor moor tour sure brewer sewer doer.*

ower :—*hour scour flour power shower flower.*

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

 Nothing more distinguishes a person of a good, from one of a mean education than the pronunciation of the unaccented vowels. Sometimes the vowel so circumstanced is indefinite and obscure, and the effort to make it distinct would be vulgar pedantry: in other cases, the vowel so circumstanced is pronounced neatly and distinctly by the polite, although in some instances with decided irregularity of sound, as, for instance, the *i* in *docile*, which is sounded as if the word were written without the final *e* mute.

As to the following sounds, the pupil will observe that by '*ah*, obscure' is meant the natural vowel (see Gram., I. 3, page 2); that '*e, i, o, u*, distinct' are in no respect different from the correspondent alphabetic vowels under the accent but in having less force and prolongation; that '*ët, it*, distinct' are precisely the same, except the want of equal force, with the correspondent syllables when accented; but that '*ät, ôt, üt*, obscure' have a corruption of their vowels, which makes them all three to sound nearly alike, as if, in

each instance, it was the natural vowel essentially short; and, lastly, that 'ur, obscure' is the natural vowel without force, and terminating in guttural vibration.

ah, obscure:—*abase abound baboon cabal*——*data comma villa china*——*umbrella banana diploma enigma*.

e, distinct:—*eject esteem become believe divest divorce dilute finance*——*dirty lately sunday medley journey plaguy*——*appetite benefice simile recipe systole parliament miniature prophecy*——*civility didacity rigidity vicinity vivacity epitome penelope catastrophe geography geometry*.

i, distinct:—*idea hiatus diurnal bidental climacter nigrescent citation primeval*——*qualify occupy multiply prophesy*——*irascible itinerant bipennated biography hyperbole cibarious cilicious piratical diameter rivalry*.

o, distinct:—*motto hero solo salvo thorough furlough sorrow barrow fellow window*——*profane romance obey procure*——*advocate absolute crocodile opposite obsolete syllogism*——*coherent domestic opinion tobacco*——*oracular original philosophy philology*.

u, distinct:—*bureau usurp fusee humane*——*ague statue virtue rescue*——*augury emulate masculine monument genuine obdurate residue avenue*.

āt, obscure:—*husband verbal combat*——*abjure admit baptise*——*instantly penalty valiantly temperance countenance nobleman*.

ět, distinct:—*goodness anthem silent strength'nedst counsel novel model vessel sudden chicken aspen ticken*——*dividend providence decency*——*engraver enlighten enchanting*.

īt, distinct:—*bevil pencil pupil council urchin latin marriage carriage village courage furnace wallace biscuit conduit lettuce women se'nnight servile docile bodice plaintive poet linen helmet housewife boxes muses prices captain wassail mountain forfeit foreign beauties pities marries pitied married*——*cowardice bene-*

fice juvenile diastyle maritime cymbeline infinite counterfeit sovereign handkerchief dignities falsities obsequies novelties.

öt, obscure:—command conduce complete——postilion combustion conjecture.

üt, obscure:—hubbub cherub gamut surplus mammoc parrot blossom nation felon demon tenon sermon wagon mucous pious factious——vacuum occiput unison myrmidon skeleton covetous——decorum decision horison herbaceous umbrageous ambitious.

ur, obscure:—grammar robber nadir martyr author sulphur acre lustre.

CONCLUDING EXERCISE IN SYNEPY. (Gram., IV. 4,
page 245.)

X the-ineligibility-of-the-preliminaries-is-unparalleled.
such-individual-irregularities-are-generally-irremediable.
he-acted contrarily to-the-peremptory-injunctions-that-were-given.

we-alienate-many-by-requiring-a-few-with-supernumerary-gratuities.

let-the-words-of-my-mouth-and-the-meditations-of-my-heart-be-always-acceptable-unto-thee. X D

discipline-your-temper-not-submitting-to-it-as-a-master-but-governing-it-as-a-servant.

rising-simultaneously-at-the-irreverential-mention-of-their-leader's-name-they-swore-revenge.

an-inalienable-eligibility-of-election-which-was-of-an-authority-that-could-not-be-disputed-rendered-the-interposition-of-his-friends-altogether-supererogatory. X W

CHAPTER II.

SIGNIFICANT READING,

OR

EXERCISES IN MODULATION.

Mira est natura vocis, cujus quidem è tribus omnino sonis, inflexo, acuto, gravi, tanta sit, et tam suavis varietas perfecta——— CICERO.

The melody of speech moves rapidly up and down by slides, wherein no graduated distinction of tones or semitones can be measured by the ear; nor does the voice, in our language, ever dwell distinctly, for any perceptible space of time, on any certain level or uniform tone.

STEELE'S PROSODIA RATIONALIS. 2d edit. 1779.

INTENTION OF THE EXERCISES.

To make Reading significant, not only must the words be articulate, and those meant to join in sense be completely joined in pronunciation, *but the various relations of clause to clause, and of sentence to sentence, must be made manifest by the inflections of the voice.* We must know these relations beforehand, or as we proceed, in order to make them known:—when we read mechanically, we either do not know them, or we do not care to make them known, or we do not know how; and the inflections of the voice are therefore of the same recurring character, indicating the procession of the words, halting at the inferior stops, and closing at the full stop, but aiming at nothing more. And this is the necessary character of our early Reading; and is a manner of reading that in general continues long after it is necessary—too often throughout life—because the change of early habits requires peculiar attention to them, and a course of practice precisely fitted to effect the change. To furnish such a course is the object of this chapter.

In beginning a series of Exercises with the intention alluded to, we have to ask, how the voice is modulated in speaking so as to be significant, by those whose habits of speech are national and polite: for they are the accents of speech which are to be used in reading, in place of the mechanical, or uniformly recurring accents to which

allusion has just been made. We will suppose the pupil to have a general notion of the nature of modulation, such as he may readily obtain from the section on that subject in the author's *English Grammar* (IV. iii. page 246). Adverting next to the construction of sentences, he will find that the shortest and simplest is that formed of a single noun nominative and a single verb; as, 'Sin degrades;' and here, even the mechanical reader can scarcely fail to use the proper inflections,—the upward or suspensive at *sin*, the downward or conclusive at *degrades*. But a sentence may consist of the same immediate parts, and yet of a great many words; for the nominative or subject may be made up of *parts*, and so may likewise that division of the sentence that answers to the verb: for instance: 'A long continuance in the paths of sin—may degrade the soul beyond the reach of redemption.' Here we have the same *logical* parts of speech (see *Gram.*, III. iii. page 190), and the same inflections are used at the end of each as in the shorter sentence: these are still the inflections by which its construction, and consequent meaning, are to be made manifest; but in the longer sentence they are not the only inflections, nor will they have their effect unless the others make preparation for them, and are kept, for this end, duly subordinate. The mechanical reader drums through the sentence with similar accents; but the significant reader prepares for the suspension and conclusion by modulative accents that lead the hearer onward from the commencement of the sentence till the suspension takes place; and again, by modulative accents that lead onward to the conclusion; from which description it will appear, that in the significant delivery of discourse, certain accents indicate divisions at which it is judged desirable that the understanding should rest suspensively or conclusively (if the train of reasoning goes on afterwards, only for the time conclusively); and these, by comparison, are the significant accents; while the other accents, as being subordinate to these, and preparing for them, may be called merely *modulative accents*. In the first Exercise for acquiring or improving the ability to read significantly, the sentences will agree in general construction with the examples just given, but will differ in length: that is to say, each will consist of a logical noun and a logical verb; but these proximate parts will be various in extent and construction, and require, in consequence, a various modulation. In the Exercises following the first, all varieties of sentences will occur; and clauses or sentences intended for a referential meaning will be distinguished from such as contain, each, its full intended meaning.

EXERCISE 1.

Modulative and Suspensive, Modulative and Conclusive Accents, in periodic Sentences constructed of logical Noun and Verb.

☞ The dash — indicates the division of the sentence at which the great suspensive pause must be suggested to the hearer.

For the upward slide by which this is signified, preparation by modulative slides must be made from the beginning of the sentence; and so for the conclusive slide, the moment the voice takes up the second division of the sentence, which is to make meaning with the first. It is not pretended that every good reader will use precisely the same modulative accents, or even the same reader at different times; and those marked in this and the next Exercises are not given to prescribe rules, but to form the pupil's ear. Note that at the beginning of long sentences or long clauses the slides are so near a level that for practical ends they may be marked horizontally, and called *the continuing tone*. The dotted lines indicate the formation of subordinate clauses, and require the momentary pause of an otherwise continuing tone.

1. E'very dáy—bríngs its dútíes.
2. E'very còmíng dáy—bríngs its próper dútíes.
3. The rísing sùn...that bríngs the dáy——bríngs the dútíes belòngíng-to-the-day.
4. The sùn which bríngs a nów mòrn...and wákens the èyes of the sléeper——admònishes the instrùcted cónscience...that we must be àctive and úseful...in órder to be hàppy.
5. Contént—is gréat gáin.
6. To be trúlý contént—is to be trúlý rich.
7. He who depends on his dáyly labour...for his dáyly food...but is sátisfied with wát he nów hàs...and fírmly relies on Pròvidence for the fúture——mùst appear...to the èye of réason...a múch mòre wèalthy mán...than the possessor of a large estate...who ènvies a rícher néighbour...or who féars that...the nèxt dáy...he may be pòor.
- 8.* Sín—degràdes the nátúre of mán.
9. All sínful práctices—degràde the nátúre of mán.
10. A lóng continuance...in the pàths of sín——may degràde the sòul...beyond the réach of redèption.

* For the manner in which the clauses in this series of sentences are usually and properly marked to the eye, see Gram. III. 128, page 232.

11. To employ the best years...of this fleeting existence...in the pursuits of folly...and the indulgences of sense—degrades a man...from his rank in the creation...even below the brutes...placed under his command.

12. A long continuance...in the sinful practices...to which...alas!...the outward temptations of the world...and the dispositions of the soul within...give too strong an inclination—will degrade...even below the brutes placed under his command...a man who...with the grace of heaven...might...by his opportunities and endowments...have been raised...even in this-state-of-being...to a condition...approaching that of angelic-natures.

EXERCISE 2.

Modulative and Suspensive, Modulative and Conclusive Accents, in periodic Sentences partially formed of Nouns in Series.

☞ Every periodic sentence, however constructed, divides into two principal parts, as already shown in those constructed of logical noun and verb; and if the meaning is fully contained within the sentence, the first great member, as we have seen, terminates with the upward inflection, the other with the downward. A preparation for the one or the other of these should take place even with nouns in series, instead of pronouncing such nouns with some one similar tone, which would be the probable method of the mere mechanical reader.

1. E'xercise and tèmperance—stréngthen the consti-tùtion.

2. E'xercise and tèmperance...stréngthen the consti-tùtion—and sweeten the enjòyments of life.

3. The yòung...the héalthy...and the prósperous—should not presume on their advàntages.

4. 'Industry—is the demand of nàture...of réason...and of Gòd.

5. Humánity...jùstice...generòsity...and públic spí-rit—are the quálities...that chièfly recomménd...mán to mán.

6. Hé...who gíves himself ùp to the pleàsures of the

world—is in constant search...of care...solicitude... remorse...and confusion.

7. Valour...humanity...courtesy...justice...and honour—were the main characteristics of chivalry.

8. Among the various blessings...which we derive from art—are wealth...commerce...honour...liberty...content.

9. Sophocles...Euripides...Pindar...Thucydides... Demosthenes...Phidias...Apelles—were the contemporaries...of Socrates...or of Plato.

10. Wine...beauty...music...pompe...study...diversion...business—are but poor expedients...to have off...the insupportable load of an hour...from the heart of man.

11. The fruit of the spirit—is love...joy...peace...long-suffering...gentleness...goodness...faith...meekness...temperance.


12. Complaisance—renders a superior...amiable...an equal...agreeable...and an inferior...acceptable.

13. Seneca declares...that we spend our lives—either in doing nothing at all...or in doing nothing to the purpose...or in doing nothing that we ought-to-do.

14. I am persuaded...that neither death nor life...nor angels...nor principalities...nor powers...nor things present...nor things to come...nor height...nor depth...nor any other-creature—shall be able to separate us...from the love of God.

EXERCISE 3.

Modulative and Suspensive, Modulative and Conclusive Accents, in Sentences containing antithetic Parts.

 Antithetic words are enforced by antithetic accents; but if all that is meant is, by the words, expressed, these accents will readily fall into some such order as the previous examples have made familiar.—The following sentences are periodic except Nos. 9 and 10; and as these may, if we please, be delivered with periodic effect, a second mode of modulation is added to each. See Gram. III. 126, page 230.

1. Business...sweetens-pleasure—as labour...sweetens-rest.

2. Extended empire...like expanded gold—exchanges solid strength...for feeble splendor.

3. A friend...cannot be known...in prosperity—and an enemy...cannot be hidden...in adversity.

4. We make provision for this-life...as though it were never to have an end—and for the other-life...as though it were never to have a beginning.

5. Of the difference between a madman and a fool...it is plausibly...rather than truly-said—that the former...reasons-justly...from false-data....and the latter...erroneously...from just-data.

6. If our principles are false...no apology from ourselves...can make them right—if founded in truth...no censure from others...can make them wrong.

7. He that would pass...the latter part of his life...with honour and decency—must...when he is young...consider...that he shall one day be old....and remember...when he is old...that he has once been young.

8. Thames! could I flow like thee...and make thy stream...

My great example...as it is my theme—

Though deep...yet clear....though gentle...yet not dull....

Strong ... without rage....without overflowing... full.

9. Pleasures...are ever in our hands or eyes—

And when in act...they cease...in prospect...rise;

Present...to grasp...and future...still to find—

The whole employ of body...or of mind.

Pleasures...are ever in our hands or eyes....

And when in act...they cease...in prospect...rise—

Present...to grasp....and future...still to find....

The whole employ of body...or of mind.

10. Passions...are winds...to urge us o'er the wave—

Reason...the rudder...to direct and save;

This...without those....obtains a vain-employ—

Those...without this....but urge us to destroy.

Passions...are winds...to urge us o'er the wave....

Reason...the rudder...to direct and save—

This...without those...obtains a vain-employ....
 Those...without this...but urge us to destroy.

EXERCISE 4.

Plain Modulation (or that which agrees simply with the construction of the Sentence), partially disturbed by Accents of allusive force.

☞ In each sentence of the previous Exercise, all that was meant was, by the words, expressed: each antithetic word had its counterword, and the accents upon those words served, at the same time, to enforce the antitheses, and make plain the constructional dependence of the sub-clauses, and the greater members, upon each other, just as in the first two Exercises. But in the following Exercise, the words marked in *italic* for emphatic accent suggest a meaning which the sentence, simply understood, does not contain: and the plain modulation, or that which would make evident the construction of the sentence, and nothing more, partially yields to them, in order that the *extra* meaning may be conveyed. The subject of *emphatic accent* will be taken up more at large in the latter Exercises of this chapter; and no more needs be said here than may guide the pupil to the proper modulation of the examples before him. Let him give the intended delivery to the first sentence, and he will feel that the full meaning is something like this: "When people are determined to quarrel, *not merely a common subject of contention, but even a straw*—will furnish the occasion." So the second sentence, properly pronounced, will have a fullness of meaning equivalent to this: "In the present exercise, *not this quality of speech, or that, or the other, but emphasis in particular*—is the subject to which the pupil's attention is called." Again, the third sentence: "Of all the discoveries of modern ages, *not this art or the other—not the making of gunpowder, or glass, or aught else, but the art of printing*—has certainly done most for the improvement of mankind." Once more; the seventh sentence: "The bounties of Providence are so manifold, that a grateful heart *is not merely affected but is overpowered*—when it calls them to remembrance." In this manner, each of the sentences, by means of the emphatic accent or accents, suggests a fuller than its plain sense; though the statement of this fuller sense in precise words is never very easy.

1. When people are determined to quarrel—a *straw*...will furnish the occasion.

2. In the present exercise—*emphasis*...is the subject...to which the pupil's attention is called.

3. Of all the discoveries of modern ages—the art of *printing*...has certainly done most...for the improvement of mankind.

4. If we seek to excel in *any*-character—that of a *christian*....claims...especially...our most ardent wishes...our most earnest endeavours.

5. *Glòry*....was the phántom...pursúed throughout his whole carèer of lífe—*glòry*....was the sùbject of his wàking thóughts...the ímage of his níghtly drèams.

6. A mán of a polite imaginátion—can convérse with a *picture*....and find an agrèeable compánion in a *státue*.

7. The bóunties of pròvidence are so mánifold—that a gràteful héart...is *overpòwered*....when it cálls them to remèmbérance.

8. And who but *wishes*....to invert the làws
Of órder—sins agáinst the etérnal càuse.

9. If each system in gradatíon...róll
Alíke essèntial to the amàzing whóle—
The léast confúsión but in *òne*....not àll
Thát-system-only....but the *whòle*....must fall.

10. Nòne among the choíce and príme
Of thóse hèaven-warring chámptions ... could be
found
So hárdy...as to pròffer or accèpt
Alòne-the-dreadful-voyage—till at lást
Sàtan....whom now transcendent *glòry*...ràis'd
Above his féllows...with monárchal prìde...
Còncious of highest wóρθ...unmóv'd...thus spàke.

EXERCISE 5.

Suspensive and Conclusive Accents in Periodic Sentences of various construction.

☞ The first Exercise exhibited that form of period which is constructed of noun or subject, and verb or predicate : (concerning these parts of speech when compounded, see Gram. III. ii. page 184.) But a period has other forms, because the one resulting meaning which a period always expresses, depends not on the grammatical, but on the logical relation of the parts; and any complete grammatical junction, as well as that of noun and verb, will equally be a period, if the logical connection remains. Neither will the sus-

pension always take place advantageously on the noun nominative, but at that clause, be it what it may grammatically, which offers the best rest for the understanding. For example: "Sin—degrades the nature of mǎn:" instead of the foregoing, let the construction give this form—"By sín—the nature of man is degraded:" here, if we pronounce justly, we modulate the voice precisely in the same way as when the principal suspensive inflection was on the noun nominative. Again; "All sinful prácticas—degrade the nature of mǎn:" suppose that for this, we use a period constructed of two sentences: "If we practise any sín—we corrupt our nature as mǎn:" here, as in the former example, the modulation remains precisely the same. Whatever, therefore, may be the form of a period, it will be a period, if the parts are constructionally dependent: and the modulation must always be so managed as to make manifest the dependence of two principal parts, by suspensive and conclusive accents. To these the pupil must continue his attention, dispensing with any further printed assistance than the marks for these; for if the previous exercises have had a proper effect, his ear will direct him in preparing for the suspensive and conclusive accents, to use the modulation necessary for the whole sentence. As, however, the force of the principal accents depends entirely on the preparation made for them, he may continue the marks in pencil of some of the other accents, and may add a mark, where necessary, to signify that the tone is lowered, and a dot like the full stop, but at the upper part of the line, to indicate a breath pause. The horizontal mark will usefully indicate the *continuing tone*; and this will generally be necessary at the commencement of a long periodic sentence, in which little modulation should be perceptible, till the reader begins to approach the suspensive accent. He may likewise indicate when a succession of similar accents are *continuing upward* or *continuing downward*, by carrying the mark beyond the syllable where the inflection commences, and by beginning the mark of the next accent as high as the preceding terminated. An example of these several marks will be necessary.

As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in observing that all the parts have a certain elegance, and are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour which appears in our lives, obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation, of our words and actions.

These marks indicate that the accents sound as forming one continuing tone as far as the word *eye*, interrupted only by breathing places at the commas, and varied by a slight inflection upward at *agreeable*; that the voice is lowered in beginning the next clause; that though there is no comma, a breath pause is made at *observing*;

that the level continuing tone becomes "upward continuing" at *all*, *parts*, *certain*, till it descends at *elegance*, and repeats this descent at *pro-portioned*, as a forcible preparation for the suspensive at *other*; and the remaining marks signify that, by means of a similar kind, preparation is gradually made for the conclusive at *actions*. The tone at *be-haviour* is "downward continuing," interrupted only by a breath pause, till, reaching the word *lives*, the voice slides upward; it repeats this accent at *ob-tain*; three downward accents follow; then the upward for which they were a preparation; then two more downward; then two upward; and finally the conclusive for which all the preceding were a preparation. A gradual lowering of voice accompanies the last seven or eight accents. Much more is here described than the pupil will yet be able to perceive, and more is marked (though not with the exactitude that could be marked) than he can yet imitate. He has only to avail himself of what he can, and trust to practice for greater quickness of ear and flexibility of voice.

1. The pursuit of happiness, however various the road, is the great occupation of all the dwellers on the earth.

2. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship.

3. True charity is not a meteor which occasionally glares, but a luminary which, in its ordinary and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

4. Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments, but in performing common duties, removing small inconveniences, procuring petty pleasures.

5. Every man who speaks and reasons, is a grammarian and a logician, although unacquainted with the rules of art as exhibited in books and systems.

6. The tales of other times, are like the calm dew of the morning, when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale.

7. Why are bad men so anxious to wear the appearance of virtue, but because, in their hearts, they value and revere-it?

8. Who can say, though now vigorous with youth, and courted by prosperity, that he shall not, in a few years, be poor, infirm, and destitute?

9. What would remain to check our vices, and curb our selfish passions, to lessen the weight of calamity, and remove the stings of death, if religious fear and religious

hope were made to lose the influence which they yet possess ?

10. Who builds his hope in th' air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with ev'ry nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
11. Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgement and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride.
12. Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Sócrates, that man is great indeed.
13. 'Twas said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that, in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness-rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
14. Whate'er of life all quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the
deeps,
Or pours profuse on eárrth ; one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seëds.
15. A soul immortal spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenu'ous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indúlge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

EXERCISE 6.

Suspensive and Conclusive Accents in Periodic Sentences of various construction : continued.

1. As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not perceive it moving ; and it appears that the grass has-grown, though no body ever saw-it-grow : so the advances we make in learning, as they consist of such minute steps, are only perceivable by the distance.

2. All that makes a figure on the great theatre of the world, the employments of the busy, the enterprises of the ambitious, and the exploits of the warlike; the virtues which form the happiness, and the crimes which occasion the misery-of-mankind: originate in that silent and secret recess of thought, which is hidden from every human eye.

3. How many young persons have set out in the world with excellent dispositions of heart; generous, charitable, kind to their friends, and amiable among all with whom they had intercourse; who, through the influence of loose and corrupting pleasures, have sunk down, in the end, to be the burthen and nuisance of society!

4. Man's study of himself, and the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united for the reception and communication of happiness, should begin with the first glimpse of reason, and only end with life itself.

5. Though he who excels in the graces of writing, might have been, with opportunities and application, equally successful in those of conversation; yet as many please by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which composition-requires: so it is very possible that men wholly accustomed to works of study, may be without that readiness of conception, and affluence of language, always necessary to colloquial entertainment.

6. Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd

That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must fall, or not coherent be,

And all that rises, rise in due degré;

Then in the scale of life and sense, 'tis plain

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man.

7. At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,

And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,

When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,

And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,

And the toils and the cares of the daylight are o'er;

How solemn the thoughts that the future explore!

8. Lo ! when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellow'ing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live :
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away.

EXERCISE 7.

Non-periodic Sentences to be modulated according to their construction.

☞ To modulate a non-periodic sentence according to its construction, is, to pronounce it as what it really is, namely, as two or more periods. It is by licence rather than by strictness of grammar, that such sentences are not divided to the eye by full stops (see Gram., III. 133, page 234) : and with regard to the sentences that form the following exercise, the pupil is advised so to deliver them, that, whenever construction is complete, it shall sound so to the ear, whether the point used be a full stop, or a colon, or a semicolon.

1. It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion ; which seldom dies, in a mind that has received an early tincture-of-it.

2. A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong ; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

3. Memory is the purveyor of reason ; the power which places those images before the mind, upon which the judgement is to be exercised.

4. He that is loudly praised, will be clamorously censured ; he that rises hastily into fame, will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.

5. He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day ; he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

6. Human characters are by no means constant ; men change, by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance ; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is, at another, a lover of money.

7. Life is constantly ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement: the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

8. 'Tis with our judgements as our watches; none Go just alike, but each believes his own.

9. Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd, Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

10. For love of novelty, the daring youth Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms, In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage, Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp, Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and, untir'd, The virgin follows, with enchanted step, The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale From morn to eve.

11. Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul, Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness That even above the smiles and frowns of fate Exalts great nature's favourites; a wealth That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands Can be transferr'd: it is the only good Man justly boasts-of, or can call his own.

12. Wisdom, in sable garb array'd, Immers'd in rapturous thought profound, And Melancholy, silent maid With leaden eye that loves the ground, Still on Adversity attend; Warm Charity, the general friend, With Justice, to herself severe, And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

EXERCISE 8.

Non-periodic Sentences to be modulated with periodic effect.

☞ The division of discourse into parts grammatically independ-

ent, while the train of thought is to be continued, is a purely grammatical, and not a logical division ; and we are at liberty to disregard it, when no confusion is likely to ensue, and the train of thinking can be made more plain. Concerning the universality of this principle of logical connection, notwithstanding the apparently opposite structure of language, see Gram., III. 61, page 186. But sentences must not be too long and complex ; and therefore, though meaning may continue, construction must often pause. Yet all sentences non-periodic in structure, are fitted by their sense for periods : as, for instance, the first in the previous Exercise, which might express its meaning in the following form : ‘Devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it, is a sentiment with which it is of the last importance to imbue the passions of a child.’ And with regard to the sentences in the following Exercise, it is presumed that, though not in structure, yet in intention, they are all periodic, and that the best reading will be that which gives them the effect of such sentences. (See also Gram., III. 126, page 230.)

1. The temperate man’s pleasures are durable, because they are régular ; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

2. He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation ; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

3. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged ; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

4. There is scarcely a thinking man in the world who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers ; and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being.

5. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creep, in this petty pace, from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death.

6. Oh ! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ;
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a féast ;

- Or wallow naked in December's snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
7. Now fades the glimmèring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness-holds ;
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandèring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
8. Admit me, Mirth, to live with thee
 In unproved pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night
 From his watch-tower in the skies
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And, at my window, bid good morrow
 Through the sweetbriar or the vine,
 Or the twisted églantine :
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And, to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames-before ;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn
 From the side of some hoar hill
 Through the high wood echo'ing shrill.

EXERCISE 9.

Non-periodic Sentences containing clauses in series, to be modulated according to their construction.

☞ Clauses in series such as the following sentences exhibit (for instance, those in the first, 'the minor,' &c.), are distinct in meaning and construction from each other, but they unite to form one series. The distinctness must be enforced by a strong conclusive accent at the end of each, except the last but one, and a previous continuing slide running up to come down with the greater force at each conclusive accent:—the union must be enforced by a climax of tone, the continuing preparatory slide running higher and higher at each clause, till at the penultimate clause, the proceeding is reversed, by

a modulative downward accent taking place of the running upward slide, and preparing for a modulative upward slide that must take place of the conclusive; and the whole clause so modulated prepares for the final clause of the series.

1. 'Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in général, we are wishing every period of it at an ènd: the mínor longs to be at àge; thén to be a man of bùsiness; thén to make up an estàte; thèn to arrive at hónours; thén to retire.

2. The persuasion of the truth of the gospel, without the evidence which accómpanies it, would not have been so firm and so dùrable; it would not have acquired new force with àge; it would not have resisted the torrent of tíme; nor have passed from age to age to our own dàys.

3. The society of a discreet and virtuous friënd, eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knòwledge, animates virtue and good résolutions, and finds employment for the most vacant hours of life.

4. What a piece of wòrk is màn! how nóble in ràson! how ínfinite in fàculties! in form and móving how express and àdmirable! in àction how like an àngel! in apprehén-sion how like a gòd!

5. When I look upon the tombs of the gréat, every emotion of envy diès-in-me; when I read the epitaphs of the beauútiful, every inordinate passion expíres; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tómb-stone, my heart melts with compàssion; when I see the tómb of the parents themsélves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly fòllow.

6. An ill-natured or unprincipled man often gets the praise of wít, because he scruples not to use the means which a better man, of equal parts, disdàins: he falls indifferently on friends and fòes; ridicules the person who has most obliged-him; exposes failings which the other casts a vèil-over; laughs at vices which the other laments and conceàls; and, càreless of the wounds it gíves, allows his wit unlimited field for àction.

7. Nature has laid out all her àrt in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion; planted in it a double

row of ivory; made it the seat of smiles and blushes; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense; given it airs and graces that cannot be described; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.

8. See, what a grace was seated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

EXERCISE 10.

Periodic Sentences containing clauses in series, to be modulated so as to enforce the distinctness of the clauses.

☞ The clauses are the same in character as in the last Exercise, but they form the suspensive member of each period; the last clause therefore terminates suspensively, and for this tone a preparation is made by a modulative downward slide at the beginning or near the beginning of the clause.

1. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives.

2. To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents.

3. The causes of good and evil—are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable-reasons-of-preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating.

4. To give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are

the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and usefulness-in-life.

5. From whence can any one produce—such cogent exhortations to the practice of every virtue, such ardent excitements to piety and devotion, and such assistance to attain them, as those which are to be met with in every page of the sacred writings?

6. Where, amid the dark clouds of pagan philosophy, can be shown—such a clear prospect of a future state, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment, as in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians?

7. To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters; to restrain every irregular inclination; to subdue every rebellious passion; to purify the motives of our conduct; to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce; to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle; to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm; and to that integrity which no interest can shake: this is the task, which, in our sojourn here, we are required to accomplish.

8. ——— Not a breeze

Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence the bosom may partake
Fresh pleasure unreprov'd.

9. Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive;
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive;
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss;
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss;
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die;
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry;
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin, for thy ravish'd hair.

10. Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation-up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble altogether
 E'en till destruction sicken : answer me
 To what I ask-you.

EXERCISE 11.

Periodic Sentences containing clauses in series, to be modulated so as to connect the clauses while in progress.

☞ It is not always necessary, nor even proper, to enforce the distinctness of the clauses as in the last Exercise, and the sentences will then require no peculiarity of modulation to distinguish them from other periods.

1. To find the nearest way from truth to truth, or from purpose to effect ; not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient ; not to move by wheels and levers what will give way to the naked hand ; is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

2. A man whose mind is prone to uneasiness and discontent, who views the happiness of others with envy and repining, who has few sources of satisfaction within himself, and who looks abroad only for subjects of dislike, anxiety, or apprehension, must necessarily be unhappy even under the most prosperous circumstances, and possessed of every other gift that nature and fortune can bestow.

3. Seeing that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting ; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all-these-different-faculties-or-ways-of-acting ; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert ; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness ; and, in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man : who that has formed an idea of the infinite variety in the pleasures here alluded to, can question but that the fulness of joy, will be made up of all the pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving ?

4. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun

to leave the passages to a man's heart thoughtlessly unguarded; when kind and caressing looks of every object without that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within to betray him and put him off his defence; when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture; that moment if we dissect and look into his heart, we shall see how vain, how weak, how empty a thing it is.

5. Whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images: whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early poets are in possession of nature, and their followers of art.

6. Whether Stella's eyes are found
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round:
 If her face with pleasure-glow;
 If she sigh at others' woe;
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth or soft distress;
 If on her we see display'd
 Pendent gems and rich brocade;
 If her chintz, with less expense
 Flows in easy negligence;
 If she strikes the vocal strings,
 If she's silent, speaks or sings,
 If she sit or if she move;
 Still we love and still approve.

EXERCISE 12.

Lowering the Voice in commencing a Parenthesis, the previous suspensive, conclusive, or continuing Tone, being repeated in finishing it, and the Voice then raised to its former Pitch.

☞ A parenthesis, as it is a sentence within a sentence, must be kept as clear as possible from the principal sentence, by a low tone of voice, by accents approaching a level, and generally by a quicker rate of utterance. The power of lowering the voice, and commencing a sentence or clause of a sentence in a different pitch from what preceded, is a qualification indispensable to a good reader, and the parenthesis affords the best opportunity for acquiring it, because the rule is constant. Let the learner imagine, in pronouncing the principal sentence, he is to make himself heard at a distance ;—reaching the parenthesis, let him utter it as to some one immediately at hand ; and, at its conclusion, again address himself as to a distant auditor. The power of changing the key being thus acquired, it may be employed with propriety and effect not only at the parenthesis, but wherever there is a manifest transition of thought in passing from clause to clause, or sentence to sentence, and frequently in passing from the suspensive member of long sentences to the conclusive. Where such change of voice was proper, the pupil has already been recommended to signify it by an appropriate mark in pencil ; but as the voice is always lowered at a parenthesis, no additional mark will be needed. Of the following sentences, the first four are periodic ; the next two are non-periodic ; the seventh and eighth are periodic, and the parenthesis interrupts the suspensive member while in progress ; the ninth is periodic down to “*virtue* ;” the tenth is non-periodic ; the eleventh is non-periodic in construction, but marked to be read with periodic effect ; the twelfth is periodic from “the gates and porches,” &c.

1. Pride in some particular disguise or other (often a secret to the proud man himself), is the most ordinary spring of action among men.

2. What are our views of all worldly things (and the same appearances they would always have if the same thoughts were always predominant), when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before our eyes, and the last hour seems to be approaching ?

3. If sometimes on account of virtue we should be exposed to evils, which is sometimes the case (though men are much more frequently involved by their vices in evil, and that in a more shameful way), virtue can teach us, if not to conquer, at least to bear them with resolution.

4. Though religion removes not all the evils of life; though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity (which indeed it were not salutary for man always to enjoy); yet if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may justly be said, to give rest to them who labour and are heavy laden.

5. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities (the number thus in want are comparatively few); but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

6. It often happens that those are the best people whose characters are most-injured by slanderers (and who so great or good that slander dares-not-assail?) as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been pecking-at.

7. Criticism, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and sagacity (all have heard of Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, Longinus), and since the revival of polite learning, the favourite pursuit of European scholars; has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science.

8. If, where these rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.

9. If there's a Power above-us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights-in, must be happy.

10. For one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth our care; (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied;)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in the fairest light;
And make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence.

11. On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foamy flood;
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;

(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled áir) ;
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

12. To Pandemónium the summons call'd
By place or choice the wòrthiest: they anon
With hundreds and with thóusands trooping came
Attended: all access was thròng'd; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious háll,
(Though like a cover'd field where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lánce,)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground, and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

EXERCISE 13.

Sentences of various Construction to be modulated at certain Parts with emphatic Accents introducing Words or Clauses of a fore-known or implied Meaning.

☞ The modulation of a sentence which aims at nothing more than to make its construction plain, is the proper modulation, so long as no allusive or referential meaning is to be conveyed, over and above the plain sense of the clause or sentence. But we have already seen, in the fourth Exercise, that the plain or constructional modulation must yield to accents of allusive force when a fuller than the plain meaning is intended; and the pupil will now have to observe, that at all times when there is reference to a fore-known or implied meaning, the modulation should indicate it by what may be called *an enclitic accent*,—that is, an accent that brings several words into union with one leading word, so that those seem to *incline* or rest themselves on this. The principle on which this is done, is precisely that by which all compound words are framed, as from the two words *ròse búd*, *cheèse môngger*, *ticket pórtér*, *wàter drínker*,—each pronounced with equal accents,—are framed by a reference to other buds, other mongers, other porters, and other drinkers, the compound words *cheésemonger*, *rósebud*, *ticketporter*, and *wàterdrinker*. Here the student will observe two things: first, that what might be deemed the principal word is the one which loses its accent; and second, that this loss of accent is no loss of force, but an increase of it to the whole compound, inasmuch as a referential meaning arises from it, or, at least, did arise when the union was originally made. It is the same when emphasis unites several words by pronouncing

them with one accent: they are not always the less important words that on such occasions lose their accent, nor do they in fact, on that account, lose any portion of their force: on the contrary, the whole clause always receives an increase of meaning, by resigning the accents to one single, and often apparently unimportant word. We say, for instance, with a plain meaning and a usual accentuation, *he behaves like a Prince*: but if the sentence were pronounced with a reference to the previous knowledge that he is-a-prince, we should say *he behaves like-a-Prince*: here the word *prince* is not less important than it was before, yet it resigns its accent, namely the conclusive, to a word apparently of less importance, in order that the whole clause may have a referential force; just as we often shift the accent of a single word from the syllable that usually bears it to another syllable: as when, with a reference to what has been *done*, we speak of what is left *undone*. Emphatic clauses arising from the principle here described have occurred in many parts of the preceding exercises, where the enclitic union has been implied to the eye by hyphens. To the operation of the same principle we must attribute this condition of many words, that, in a plain modulation, they are uniformly enclitics or without accent; for being employed as common materials in the formation of all sentences, they are in a manner presupposed by the other words, and are therefore joined with them as so many unaccented syllables. And it may be remarked, by the way, that there is nothing which more clearly proves the living pronunciation of the classical languages to have been very different from the habits of modern speech, than the fact, that none of their rhetoricians describe Emphasis as we now understand and practise it. In the ancient languages, emphatic words were distinguished by their position in the sentence: modern languages, admitting not the same varieties of position, charge upon the mode of utterance the distinguishing of words which suggest primary notions from those that refer to meaning pre-understood, and on that account secondary. Hence it happens, that while in the Greek language there were not two dozen words liable to be enclitics, our language is without limits in this particular: for with us, not only may any word become an enclitic, but a long clause may be introduced by, and continue the effect of some leading accent, so that all the accents but this one are secondary, like the secondary accents of a polysyllabic word. The just use of such enclitic accents in reading, is the best proof a reader can give that he understands what he reads. Nor is the task always easy. It may not be difficult if the words that refer to a pre-understood meaning are precisely the same as, and come soon after, those that made it first understood; but it often occurs that where the meaning is the same, the words referring to it are different, as in Sentence 4 hereafter; and still more frequently does it happen, that the meaning to be referred to is included in the drift of the argument without having been at any time formally introduced, as the words following *imagine* in Sentence 6, which refer to what the argument presupposes to be in question, namely, whe-

ther the soul can drop into annihilation. It is in such cases that the intelligence of the reader is tried, who must feel, completely and comprehensively, the full drift of the author's meaning, before he can bring it forth with the variety of light and shade necessary to suggest it forcibly to another mind.—It only remains to add, that the place of the leading accent may sometimes be advantageously varied, as in the last example of the Exercise, where, instead of repeating it to the end on the conjunction *nor*, it is thrown, for the sake of variety, on some of the other words.

1. There is a mean in *all* things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits, which not being strictly observed, it *cèases* to be virtue.

2. In the opinion of the world, the road to wealth is the only road to happiness. And if peace of mind and health of body were as easily purchased as a coach or a dainty repast, then undoubtedly wealth *would* be the road to happiness.

3. If we allow that whatever promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper is a source of happiness, then *devotion* is a source of happiness; for *devotion* promotes and strengthens virtue, *devotion* calms and regulates the temper.

4. Honourable age *is* not that which standeth in length of time, or that is measured by number of *yéars*; but *wisdom* is the gray hair unto man, and unspotted *life* is old age.

5. Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where *nèither* rust *nòr* moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do *nòt* break through nor steal.

6. How can it enter into the thoughts of man that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of, and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing that he is at present. Were a *human* soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown and incapable of further enlarge-

ment, I could *imagine* she might drop at once into a state of annihilation.

7. There were two men in one city, the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had nourished and brought up; and it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a *traveller* to the rich man; and he spared to take of his *own* flock and of his *own* herd to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's *lamb* and dressed it for the man that was come unto him.

8. No longer now that golden age appears

When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years;

Now length of fame, our second life, is lost,

And bare three score is all even *that* can boast.

9. —All that's worth a wish, a thought,

Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.

Cease then on *trash* thy hopes to bind;

Let *nobler* views engage thy mind.

10. Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;

She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price

As soothing folly or exalting vice,

Then teach me, Heav'n, to *scorn* the guilty bays.

11. — When lightning fires

The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,

And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,

Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;

Amid the mighty uproar, while below

The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad

From some high cliff superior, and *enjoys*

The elemental war.

4 12. Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these, the gems of heaven, her starry train.
 But *nèither* breath of morn *whén* she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, *nór* rising sun
 On this delightful land, *nór* herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, *nór* fragrance after showers,
 Nor *gráteful* evening mild, nor *silént* night
 With this her solemn bird, *nòr* walk by moon
 Or glitt'ring starlight, without *thée* is sweet.

EXERCISE 14.

Sentences of interrogative import to be modulated suspensively.

☞ If a sentence expresses by words all that it means, it requires, whether interrogative or affirmative, only a plain modulation. 'Who is *thère*?' 'Jóhn is *thère*.' 'Is he *hére*, or *thère*?' 'He is not *hére*; he is *thère*.' These sentences, uttered without reference to each other, have, each, a conclusive modulation: for the speaker says all he means. The following are of a different character: 'Is he *hére*?' 'He is *thère*; he is not *hére*.' These sentences are not uttered conclusively:—the former is uttered as the suspensive member of a sentence, to which the hearer is to furnish something tantamount to a conclusive member with a conclusive accent: (for example; 'Nò: or 'Yès:.)—the last member of the latter is uttered with reference to its first member, which has the conclusive accent; and we have to transpose these members as they stand above, to make them a plain sentence. The latter example will explain why the concluding sentence of the previous Exercise terminated suspensively; and the example will also prepare for the sentences which compose the next Exercise to the one immediately following.

1. Is it not strange that some persons should be so delicate as not to bear a disagreeable *pícture* in the house, and yet, by their behaviour, force every face they see to wear the gloom of uneasiness and *discontént*?

2. Would not Diogenes, had he been present at the glutony of a *módern* meal, have thought the master of a family *mád*, and have begged his servants to tie down his *hánds*, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and *flèsh*; swallow oil and *vinegar*; wines and *spíces*; throw down salads of twenty different *hérbs*; sauces of a *húndred* ingredients; confections and fruits of numberless sweets and *flávours*?

3. Can we believe that a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to *perfection*, after having just looked *abroad* into the works of her Creator, and made a *few* discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very *beginning* of her inquiries? Would He, who is infinitely wise, make such glorious creatures for so *méan* a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such *abórtive* intelligencies, such *shórt*-lived reasonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be *exérte*d? capacities that are never to be *grá*-tified?

4. Has our Maker furnished us with desires which have no correspondent *óbjects*, and raised expectations in our breasts with no other view than to *disappoint* them? Are we to be for ever in search of happiness without arriving at it, either in this world or in the *néxt*? Are we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish after this *shórt* period of existence? Are we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life under the severest hardships and most trying temptations, by hopes of a reward which is visionary and *chimérical*? by the expectation of praises which we are never to realize and *enjoy*?

5. To purchase heaven has *góld* the power?

Can gold remove the *mórtal* hour?

In life can *lóve* be bought with gold?

Are *fríendship*'s pleasures to be sold?

6. Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting *breáth*?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of *deáth*?

7. Should the loud din of battle cease to bray,

Would death be *foi*'d? Would health, and strength,
and youth,

Defy his power? Has he no arts in *stóre*?

No other shafts save those of *wár*?

8. *Whát*! will a man play *tricks*, will he indulge

A silly fond conceit of his fair form,

And just proportion, fashionable mien,

And pretty face, in presence of his *Gód* ?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of *life* ?

9. Say, will no white-rob'd son of light,
 Swift darting from his heavenly height,
 Here deign to take his hallow'd *stánd* ?
 Here wave his amber *lócks* ? unfold
 His pinions cloth'd with downy *góld* ?
 Here, smiling, stretch his tutelary *wánd* ?
 And you, ye host of saints, for ye have known
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
 Though now ye circle yon eternal throne
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
 Will not *yóur* train descend in radiant state
 To break, with mercy's beam, this gathering cloud of
 fáte ?

10. Think you a *little* din can daunt my ears ?
 Have I not in my time heard *líons* roar ?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry *beár* ?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the *fiéld* ?
 And heav'n's artillery thunder in the *ský* ?
 Have I not in a pitch'd battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' *cláng* ?
 And do you tell me of a woman's *tóngue* ?

EXERCISE 15.

Sentences of illative import to be modulated suspensively.

☞ When a sentence is uttered not for what it says in words, but for the sake of some inference which, it is presumed, the hearer cannot but draw, its import may be said to be illative; and such sentences are properly modulated to a suspensive termination. Thus, when it is said—'The most powerful monarch cannot rely,' &c. (see the first example,) the fact asserted is supposed to be a known or admitted fact. Why, then, state it? why but for the sake of some inference which the hearer has to draw; and it is for the purpose of suggesting this duty to him that the sentence terminates suspensively. A like remark would apply to each of the other sentences; most of which suggest a counterpart of the following purport: *this you*

know, and, since you know it, you cannot but admit such and such consequences. The conclusive counterpart is included in some of the examples; only it comes first in the sentence, instead of in its usual place. Thus, the sentence 8, if its parts were transposed, would have a plain modulation: 'Since *his* praise is lost who stays till all commend, be thou the first to commend true *mèrit*.' Sentences which commence with *not*, at once suggest an affirmative counterpart commencing with *but*, whether it is expressed or not: for instance, the last sentence, 'Not to earth let me bound thy goodness; not of man alone let me think thee Lord,—but,' &c.

1. The most powerful monarch *cànnòt* rely upon enjoying his present greatness for ever, fixed and *unchángearable*.

2. It is *ungènerous* to give a man occasion to blush 'at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in *mány*.

3. Man, in his highest earthly glory, *is* but a reed floating on the stream of time, and forced to follow every new direction of the *cúrrént*.

4. The principal sources of activity are taken *away*, when they for whom we labour are cut *óff* from us, they who animated and they who *sweétened* all the toils of life.

5. Reason, eloquence, and every art that has ever been studied among *mankìnd*, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad *mén*; but it were perfectly *chìldish* to contend that, upon this account, they ought to be *abólished*.

6. Our solicitude *cànnòt* alter the course, or unravel the intricacy, of human *evénts*. Our curiosity *cànnòt* pierce through the cloud which the Supreme Being has made impenetrable to *mórtal* eye.

7. The music of a bird in captivity produces *nò* very pleasing *sensátions*; it *is* but the mirth of a little animal insensible of its unfortunate *situátion*; it is the *làndscape*, the *gròve*, the golden break of *dày*, the contest upon the *hàwthorn*, the fluttering from branch to *brànch*, the sòaring in the *áir*, and the answering to its *yòung*, that give the bird's song its *trúe* relish.

8. Be thou the first true merit to befriend;

His praise is *lòst* who stays till *áll* commend.

9. There is some soul of goodness in things *èvil*,

Would men observingly distil it *óut*.

10. No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd *hèrmit*, rests *sélf*-satisfied.
11. *Prày*, make no such *fùss* in granting your boon;
He *dòubles* his gift, who grants it me *soón*.
12. All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themsèlves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dréád.
13. — Or sink or swim :
Send Danger from the east unto the *wèst*,
So Honour cross it from the north to *sòuth*,
And let them grapple. Oh! the blood *mòre* stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a *háre*.
14. *Nòt* to this *éárrth*'s contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of *màn*
When *thòusand* worlds are round.

EXERCISE 16.

SENTENCES OF INNUENDO TO BE MODULATED ACCORDING TO
THEIR INTENT.

☞ Sentences of irony, sarcasm, and strong meaning struggling in any shape for expression, will not be adequately read, if modulated simply according to their construction: their intent must be orally manifested by such means as, it is hoped, the three previous Exercises have put under the learner's command. In this last Exercise, the assistance which the marking of certain accents may have given, is discontinued, and the learner left to express the full purport of each sentence in the best way he can, by considering the tacit aim of each. He may, however, be premonished, that if he succeeds, his accents will seldom have the plain character which belonged to them in the earlier exercises, but the plain upward \nearrow , will become inflex upward \swarrow , and the plain downward \searrow , inflex downward \nwarrow . In thus labouring to express more than the words literally convey, the learner will perhaps discover that he is doing something more for his author than reading or reporting his language: that to utter sarcasm, irony, and the like, is to *feel with* the author, and transmit something of his passion as well as of his thought. Thus, then, will he have advanced to the precincts of Speaking, the principle which he must decidedly take up in the next chapter. It happens indeed here, as in other departments of learning, that our distinctions are manifest when broadly viewed, but seem as colours that shade off into each other, when we are far enough advanced in one department to pass into the next.

1. It well becomes a person, truly, who has spent his life in the indulgence of every vicious propensity, to set up for a judge and a reprover of others.

2. The patricians care for us! true indeed they ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will, and that is all the love they bear us.

3. These invaders boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error: yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.

4. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you said so, then I said so: O ho! did you so? So they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is your only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

5. ——— Oh! 'tis excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

6. Get wealth and place, if possible with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

7. It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form indeed the associate of a mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Fram'd for the service of a freeborn will,
Asserts precedence and bespeaks control:
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.

8. O Friend! (Mencetius' son this answer gave),
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.

To speak becomes the council ; but to dare
In generous actions is the task of war.

9. You mean to bear me, not bear with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me :
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

10. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not
That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you.

11. — An't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of every thing we say :
We speak no treason, man : we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years ; fair, and not jealous :
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue,
And the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolk :
How say you, Sir, can you deny all this ?

12. — But now—yes, now—
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, (good-natur'd age !)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well
bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.

CHAPTER III.

IMPASSIONED READING,

OR

EXERCISES IN SPEAKING.

There is no composition in music, however perfect as to key and melody, but, in order to do justice to its author, will require something more than an exact adherence to tune and time. It is this which gives music its power over the passions, and it is called *Expression*. And as we find certain tones analogous to it coalescing with the modulation of the voice, and indicating our passions and affections, the term is usually applied in the same sense to speaking and reading.

ART OF DELIVERING WRITTEN LANGUAGE.—1775—

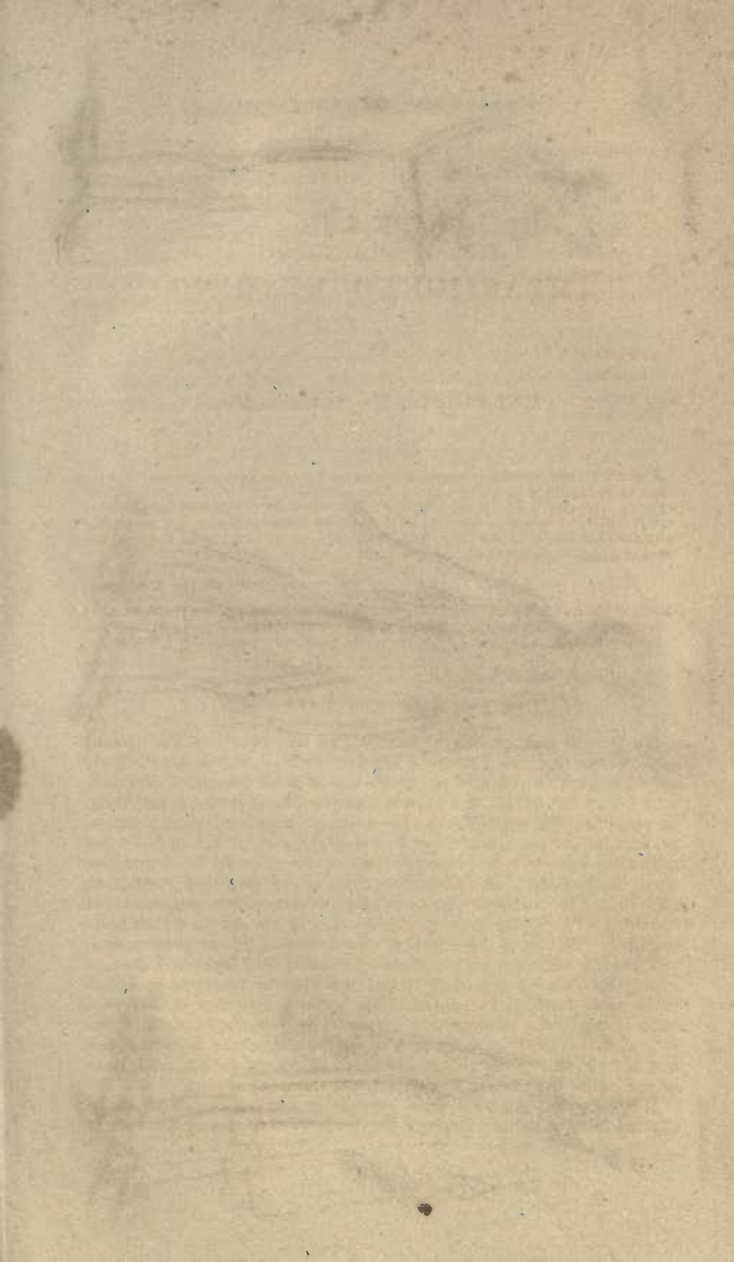
Dedicated to GARRICK.

Omnis enim motus animi suum quendam à natura habet vultum, et sonum, et gestum; totumque corpus hominis, et ejus omnis vultus, omnesque voces, ut nervi in audibus, ita sonant, ut à motu animi quoque sunt pulsæ. CICERO.

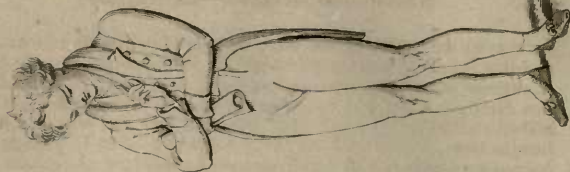
INTENTION OF THE EXERCISES.

To become an impassioned Reader on a true principle, the student must cease to think himself a Reader, and be a Speaker. Taste may hereafter be called in to qualify this decided change of function, when, in point of fact, the eyes are employed, every now and then, in collecting the words from the written or printed page; but at present let the change of office be complete, and for this end, let the following selections be subjects of *memoriter* exercise, or, rather, let them be studied in such a manner, that, in the prepared recitation, the student is conscious of no essential difference between the act of speaking on ordinary earnest occasions, and the act in which he is engaged. To secure this effect, it would be well, in the prose pieces, not to bind his memory too exactly to the words furnished, but to supply his own when memory fails; and even in the verse pieces, it is desirable that an extemporaneous prose translation should precede or follow the recitation in verse. The moderate length of the pieces, their variety of subject, and their arrangement, by which the less and the more difficult are presented in due gradation, will, it is hoped, assist the student in carrying out these intentions.

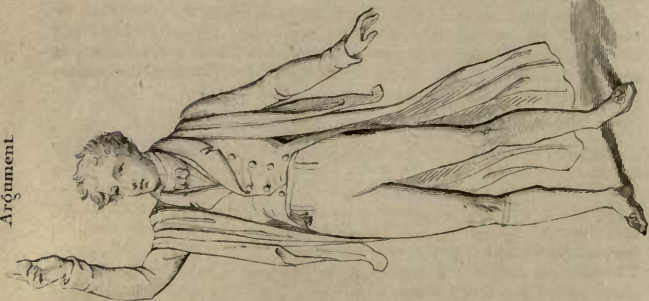
If it be asked—In what does *expression* consist, over and above the modulation which conveys the sense?—the answer is, that it



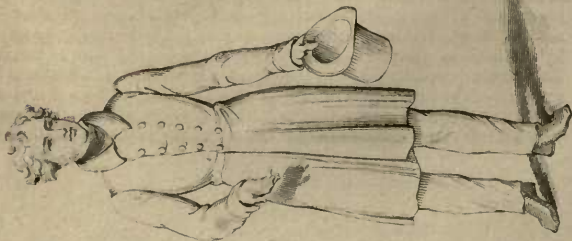
Meditation



Argument



Narration



consists in the *quality* of the tone imparted by passion or emotion, and that it cannot be genuine unless the passion or emotion is real. *Expression* therefore cannot be taught, as *Articulation* and *Modulation* certainly may; but it may be drawn out where nature has furnished the funds, by the force of example, and the exercise of the imagination. Something, too, may be accomplished by placing the learner in a situation to be affected:—they are not the qualities of *tone* only, that give expression to modulated and articulated voice; the looks, the gesture, the whole deportment of the speaker, lend assistance; and it is the union of the whole of these that constitutes *expression*:—now if we place a learner in the situation of a speaker, and call upon him to use a natural gesture at words which would naturally produce it, he will be inclined to entertain the feeling; and in proportion as the novelty of the attempt, and his first diffidence, wear away, his imagination, by the force of such expedients, will become prompt, and his improvement, by so managing the exercises, will be certain. However, a great deal of what we call *Gesture* is conventional rather than natural,—that is, it is what we choose to use, rather than what we must use, because we are not always under the degree of excitement which forces some particular gesture upon us. Some general directions for forming the action seem therefore in this place necessary.

GESTURE.

Let the pupil begin by trying to feel himself at ease while speaking in an erect posture. Take, for the purpose, any of the sentences which have been used for mere significant reading in the last chapter:—these are in some instances so short, that, with a glance of the eye, the sense may be appropriated, and so the sentence shall be *spoken*, instead of merely articulated and significantly modulated. The position of the feet may be as in the third figure of the opposite plate,—that is, the full weight of the body resting on the right foot, the left lightly touching the ground, and advanced a little in the direction in which it points when the toes are moderately turned out:—as to the rest of the person, let it be as in the first figure of the plate, except with regard to the arms, which may hang easily at their place,—not stiffly as at a military drill, but unconstrainedly. In this position let the Speaker carry his eyes gently round, addressing a real or imaginary audience, till the situation feels no longer awkward. As soon as this is the case, he will experience an inclination to bring his hands into use, in order to mark or enforce the significant accents; and in obeying this impulse, the action least awkward to himself will be one that employs both hands; and therefore he may begin by beating time, as it were, to the modulative progress, by the back of the right hand fingers upon the forepart of the left. Easy at this, let him take a tolerably long period, and begin it in the position of the first figure of the plate,—that is, let him throw the weight of the body on the foot in advance, which must now be put a very little forwarder, in order that the body may incline, as with earn-

estness, to the auditors in front; which action will raise the heel of the hinder, namely, of the right foot. The left foot, thus advanced, is to be accompanied at the same instant by a correspondent advance of the opposite (namely the right) arm toward the persons addressed in front, the left arm at the same time not being quite quiescent, but slightly raised along with its fellow. If, in this position, the speaker have the notion or feeling of *laying*, as it were, his facts or truths *before* his auditors, he will soon be sensible of an accordance between the external and the mental act.

The pupil should next learn to enforce an emphasis by a correspondent stroke of the arm. For this purpose, let him take the sentences of the fourth Exercise of the previous chapter (page 34), and those of the thirteenth (page 53). In lifting the arm, the elbow should be raised, or kept outward from the body; the hand should not be bent inward at the wrist, but, during the ascent of the arm, kept in a line with the lower arm. This ascent is to correspond with the ascent of the voice towards the emphatic word, and therefore must always begin in good time. The speaker, being arrived at the word for which this preparation is made, must perform the emphatic stroke exactly as he utters the emphatic accent. The direction of the emphatic stroke ought to be varied;—we are here supposing only one form and manner of it, as exemplified by the second figure in the plate. Here the speaker is represented as having made a step (it may be from the position of the first figure) with his right foot toward the part of his audience in the corresponding direction, whom, for the moment, he is addressing:—the arm is raised, and just ready for the emphatic stroke, which stroke may bring it down into the position of the arm exemplified by the figure that faces the title-page. Of course there should occasionally be a similar advance and address toward the part of the audience at the left of the speaker. In these cases, and scarcely ever but in these, the arm and foot on the *same* side are advanced:—when the address is directly in front, the *opposite* foot and hand (as already shown) ought to be advanced: and, since,—of the arms, the right will be chiefly in use,—of the feet, the left will be that which will most frequently take precedence of the other.

It was observed that the direction of the emphatic stroke should be various:—sometimes the arm may recoil inwards, or upwards;—sometimes the preparation may raise the tips of the fingers to the lips, and the stroke bring the fingers to point slantingly to the ground, the palm being outwards; and occasionally the two arms may simultaneously execute this action:—sometimes the rise of the arm, instead of being a preparation, may itself be the emphatic stroke; being in this case executed with more briskness; which kind of action will well suit suspensive emphasis: sometimes the hand may be thrown with a sort of jerk from the body; and sometimes pushed from it while bent at the wrist, so as to keep the palm outward, and point the fingers up: but these two gestures are not emphatic merely; the last implies reproof, aversion, remonstrance,

and the like; the other might be used to express indignation or contempt.

There are indeed four sources from which gesture may be derived, of which only one, *EMPHATIC GESTURE*, has thus far been mainly in view. For the action that accompanies a word may be

1. *Emphatic*,
2. *Referential*,
3. *Impassioned*, or
4. *Imitative*.

REFERENTIAL GESTURE is of frequent occurrence. By it, the speaker calls attention to what is actually present, or to what is imagined for the moment to be present, or to the direction, real, or for the moment conceived, in which any thing has happened, or may happen. When Lord Chatham speaks of the figure in the tapestry frowning on a degenerate representative of his race, he refers to the place by correspondent action. When Canute is described ordering his chair to be placed on the shore, the narrator, by action, fixes attention to some particular spot, as if the sea were really present. When a picture of any kind is to be exhibited to the mental view, the speaker will convey a lively impression in proportion as he himself conceives it clearly, and by action refers consistently to its different parts, as if the scene were before the eyes of his auditors.

Of *IMPASSIONED GESTURE*, some brief notices will occur a few pages hence in describing the general differences of impassioned expression. In the mean time it may be observed in this place, that, though all gesture of this kind *ought* to be the effect of natural impulse, yet the assumption of the outward signs of expression is one of the means of rousing in the speaker the real feeling. This consideration, and this alone, can justify any preceptive directions where nature seems to offer herself as sole instructor.

IMITATIVE GESTURE often takes place with good effect in speaking, particularly in narration or description of a comic kind. To use it in serious description would generally be, to burlesque the subject; though even here, if sparingly and gracefully introduced, it is not always misplaced. For instance, in Collins' 'Ode on the Passions,' the narrator may use imitative action when he tells us that

Fear his hand its skill to try
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd :

and that

Anger rush'd ———
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings :

and so, throughout the ode, wherever imitative action is possible without extravagance.

Of gesture thus discriminated, it will not be difficult to determine the species which this or that department of speaking calls most into play. The Pulpit, for instance, hardly admits of other than *emphatic* gesture, seldom of *referential* not very often of *impassioned*,

never of *imitative*. The Senate and the Bar may more frequently admit of referential and impassioned gesture, very seldom of imitative. It is only the Stage that makes full use of gesture drawn from all the four sources that have been indicated. Yet the practice of the *pupil*, whatever may be his destined profession, ought not to be confined only to one or two of these species of gesture. For, in order to bring forth the powers of intellect and sensibility, a wide range of subjects must be chosen; and as, in all these, his business will be, to "suit the action to the word, the word to the action," his gesture, if proper during such a course of discipline, will be as various as the subjects of exercise. It is only when, by such means, the full powers of expression are acquired, that his attention and practice should be called, *in particular*, to the subjects, the style of composition, and the *gesture*, which his profession may, *in particular*, require.

Previously to subjects that stand in need of a decidedly impassioned delivery, the pupil should try some of easier character. Such, accordingly, occupy the first place in this chapter, with a view to develop the following diversities of manner:


THE NARRATIVE, the ARGUMENTATIVE, and the MEDITATIVE
MANNER.

Even when the subjects are not of a nature to call for any marked expression of feeling, a difference of manner should distinguish narration or description from argument, and meditation from both. When we describe or narrate, our looks and general address, while nothing raises emotion, indicate little more than a desire to be clearly understood, and the delivery differs not from mere significant reading, except in a certain reality of manner, which shows the speaker to be interested in what he utters. Much more than this will be required when the speaker's business is not merely to inform, but to convince. Argument implies opinions or contrary feelings to be combated: the voice becomes louder; and generally higher;—the accents are of a more marked character;—the motion of the eye is quicker;—the rate of pronounciation is sometimes slow, sometimes rapid;—and the hand and arm accompany the emphatic accents with decisive strokes. Different both from the Narrative and the Argumentative manner is that which may be called Meditative. This takes place when the speaker seems to follow, not to guide, the train of thought;—that is to say, when he does not seek to convey information of which he is previously possessed, or to establish a truth of which he is previously convinced, but reflects for his own information or pleasure, and pursues his reflections aloud. In this mode of speaking, the tone of voice is generally low, the pauses frequent, and the rate of utterance tardy. The eyes are frequently upward, or cast upon the ground, and only directed to the auditors when something in the way of information occurs. The gesture describes small spaces;—the hand, after wandering for a moment or two, suddenly stops and keeps for a while in a sus-

pended position, the looks at the same time being fixed; till at length the development of thought again gives freedom to the action. The hand is sometimes held under or near the chin, or applied to the forehead, or reposes itself on some neighbouring object; and sometimes the arms are folded. The third figure in the plate exemplifies one of the positions which may occur in the delivery of pieces for which this manner is proper.

1. *Modesty and Assurance exemplified.*


NARRATIVE MANNER:

 The passage marked ¹ should be so delivered as to arrest particular attention.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but—¹ coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word.—The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuousness, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son. This little historical fact affords an example not only of modesty, but of a becoming assurance; qualities which are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. Without assurance, this prince would never have undertaken to plead before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.—ADDISON.

2. *The Golden Age.*

NARRATIVE MANNER:

 The subject should communicate a glowing expression of delight throughout; except at the passage noted,¹ where the voice and looks accord with the circumstance narrated, but change again immediately.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see

The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
 And up they rose as vigo'rous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
 Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away : while, in the rosy vale,
 Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ;
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious nature, too, look'd smiling on :
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This—¹ when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw,—his horrid heart
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace ;
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
 Applied their choir ; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

THOMSON

3. *Sincerity wiser than Hypocrisy.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER :

☞ In delivering the definition marked ¹ the manner relaxes into the merely narrative.

Truth and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good, I am sure the reality is better ; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to.—¹For to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency.—Now the best way for a man to seem

to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discover from native beauty and complexion. It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed; for then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction.—TILLOTSON.

4. *It is Folly to desire Powers not consistent with our Nature.*


ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER :

☞ Relaxes for a slight expression of ¹ Languor, ² Awe,
³ Warning, ⁴ Delight.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find),
Is, not to act or think beyond his kind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
¹Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
²If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
³How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
⁴The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!—
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?—POPE.

5. *Reflections of a King when lost in a Wood..*


MEDITATIVE MANNER :

 ¹ Confidence; ² Alarm; ³ Confidence.

No, no ; this can be no public road, that is certain : I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king ? Night shows me no respect ; I cannot see better than another man, nor walk so well. What is a king ? Is he not wiser than another man ? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful ? I oft have been told so indeed, but what now can my power command ? Is he not greater and more magnificent ? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so, but when lost in a wood,—alas, what is he but a common man ! His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south ; his power, a beggar's dog would bark at ; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet, how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes !—¹Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.—²Hark, I hear a gun ! some villain sure is near.—What were it best to do ? Will my majesty protect me ? No.—³Throw majesty aside then, and let my new-found manhood do it.—DODSLEY.

6. *Reflections on the Value of Life.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER.

 The plain Meditative manner is mingled every now and then with a slight expression of Contempt, as at ¹. At the conclusion, ² the expression is that of Cheerful Resolution.

Reason thus with life :

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would reck : a breath thou art,
Subject to all the skyey influences
That do this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict :—¹merely thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
For all the' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep ;
 And yet thou fearest death, which is no more.
 Thou issu'st out of dust ; and art not happy ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. In youth or age,
 Thou art as 'twere an after-dinner's sleep
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy youth begs alms
 Of palsied Eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou ha'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant.—²What's in all this
 To make me love thee, Life, or fear thee, Death,
 By whom these odds are all made even ?

SHAKSPEARE.

VEHEMENT, PLAINITIVE, LIVELY, AND SOLEMN EXPRESSION.

By one or other of these terms we may characterise the expression of almost every passion ; and it is as much as can at first be expected of readers whose imagination and sensibility are not naturally apt, that they shall make these general differences sufficiently obvious. Among the passions which generally require **VEHEMENCE OF MANNER**, are courage, fierceness, triumph, pride, indignation, anger, rage, hatred, fear, remorse, despair, envy, malice. In expressing confidence, courage, determination, pride, the voice is strong and loud, but with respect to pitch, is in a firm middle tone. In remorse, envy, hatred, malice, it is generally low and harsh. Anger, rage, scorn, have the same harshness, but usually the tone is higher. Remonstrance makes the tone lower and smoother. In despair, the voice is low and sullen, or startingly loud and shrill. Fear, when it leads to action, resembles other vehement passions in many of its effects ; but when it entirely relaxes the frame, and takes away the power of action, or when it is excited by the contemplation rather than the presence of danger, it comes in either case under a different description. Extraordinary vehemence in any of the passions generally accelerates the rate of utterance ; though in hatred and malice it will often be slow and drawling. With regard to gesture, it will be performed with a tension of the muscles proportioned to the strength of the passion, and should scarcely be artificial, but such as nature herself enforces. In confidence, pride, triumph, the body is erect and sometimes thrown back ; the hand places itself on the breast or on the hip, or is thrown upwards with a correspondent

motion of the head. In exhortation, the hands are raised; in remonstrance they are gently but repeatedly pushed forwards, with the palms out, and the fingers pointing upwards. In fierceness, anger, rage, the brows are contracted, the foot stamps, the body inclines forward, and the hand is instinctively clinched. In hatred, the hand is violently pushed with the palm outwards toward the object, and the head, at the same time, averted. In fear, the hands raise themselves as a defence, and the body draws back to avoid the dreaded object.—These, it must be remembered, are the *direct* expressions of the several passions. But there is a *reflex* expression, when they are not actually felt, but only imagined or described:—the gesture, if any be used, must then be more moderate.

Opposite to vehemence of manner may be placed the PLAINTIVE, which takes place when the subjects of narration or meditation excite grief in a moderate degree, pity, regret, a soft and tender melancholy, or any kindred feeling. The tone of voice is smooth and melodious; the rate of utterance even and moderate: the head is frequently shaken slowly; the eyes are alternately raised and cast down, and the hands accompany them with a correspondent and somewhat languid motion, being lifted slowly, and then suffered to fall lifeless to their place.


The expression proper for GAY and LIVELY subjects is distinguished from the last by requiring a more varied tone of voice, a brisker rate of utterance, and more quickness in the looks and action. It is not always, however, that delight, joy, enthusiasm, rapture, as they are embodied in poetry, demand an expression altogether opposite to the plaintive: something of tenderness may still discover itself in the tones of the voice, and the manner may be said to be lively rather than gay. But in expressing mirth and raillery, the manner is quite opposite to the plaintive.

Directly opposed to the last-mentioned expression, is the GLOOMY or SOLEMN. It embraces such passions and affections as awe, deep melancholy, dread, sublime contemplation, and devotion to a being infinitely superior. The eyes are frequently cast upward, and then fixed on the ground with an inclination of the body; the tone of voice is low, and occasionally tremulous; the rate of utterance is slow and weighty; the hands are raised and then suffered to drop in correspondence with the looks; and the whole frame frequently appears to sink backward, as if overcome by the feelings which press upon it.

It is of consequence to remark, before the learner proceeds to the following exercises, that the mode and degree of any particular passion, depend almost entirely on the predominant expression of the piece in which it occurs. Thus when any of the passions which require vehemence occur in a piece whose predominant expression is plaintive, they must be so qualified as to harmonize with the general tone of the whole. On the other hand, the softer passions acquire a degree of vehemence when they occur in a piece whose general expression is of that character; and so of all other cases.

7. *Mutius Scævola to king Porsenna.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION.


 ¹Threatening.

I am a Roman citizen—my name Mutius. My purpose was to kill an enemy. Nor am I less prepared to undergo the punishment, than I was to perpetrate the deed. To do and to suffer bravely, is a Roman's part. ¹ Neither am I the only person thus affected towards you: there is a long list of competitors for the same honour. If therefore you choose to confront the danger of setting your life every hour at hazard, prepare yourself—you will have the foe in the very porch of your palace. This is the kind of war that the Roman youth declare against you. You have nothing to fear in the field: the combat is against you alone, and every individual is your antagonist.

LIVY.

8. *The Bondmen of Corinth from the fortified walls, to the Corinthian Chiefs returning home from war.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION.

 An expression of Delight mingles with that of Indignation; ² unqualified Indignation: ³ Determination and Threatening.

Briefly thus,


Since I must speak for all:—Your tyranny
Has drawn us from obedience. ¹ Happy times
Were those when lords were fathers call'd of families,
And not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings! when ye did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! Things were order'd
With such decorum, that wise lawmakers
From each well-govern'd private house deriv'd
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity inform'd the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided

For creatures wanting reaso'n. The noble horse
 That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
 Neigh'd courage to his lord, and bore him on
 Safe to triumphant victory,—old or wounded
 Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
 The mule that from the quarry drew the marble,
 To raise the temples of the gods, at length
 When the great work was ended, was dismiss'd,
 And fed at public cost; the faithful dog
 Has found a sepulchre. ² But masters now,—
 Since pride stepp'd in, and riot, and o'turn'd
 This goodly frame of concord,—masters now
 Do glory in the' abuse of fellow men
 Brought under their command, and do esteem them
 E'en less than brutes when they are grown unuseful.
 This you have practis'd;—you:—³ and if redress
 Of these just grievances be granted not,
 We'll right ourselves, and with strong hand defend,
 What we are now possess'd of.

MASSINGER.

9. *Address to Sensibility.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION.

 ¹Enthusiasm; ²Relaxes into a gentler expression; ³Delight, qualified by the predominant expression.

Dear Sensibility, source inexhausted of all that is precious
 in our joys or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy
 martyr down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who lift-
 est him up to heaven. ¹From thee it comes that I feel
 some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself.
 Touched with thee, ²Eugenius draws my curtain when I
 languish, hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the
 weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a por-
 tion sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the
 bleakest mountains. He finds the lacerated lamb of an-
 other's flock. This moment I behold him leaning with his
 head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking
 down upon it. Oh! had I come one moment sooner! it
 bleeds to death,—his gentle heart bleeds with it ———Peace

to thee, generous swain ; I see thou walkest off with anguish ; ³ but thy joys shall balance it : for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

STERNE.

10. *Address to the Moon : a Sonnet.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Desire ; ² Languor.

Queen of the silver bow, by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ; +
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest :
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
¹ Oh ! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
² Poor weary pilgrim in this toiling scene. X

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

11. *A West-Indian's Address to his Friend on landing in England.*

GAYETY OF EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ The impatience must be slightly imitated.


Mr. Stockwell, I am rejoiced to see you. You and I have long conversed at a distance ; now we are met, and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it. Not that I complain of my passage by sea ; no, no ; courier like, we came posting to your shores on the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew. It is upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen ; it is the passage from the river-side I complain of. Your town is as full of defiles as the island

of Corsica, and I believe they are as obstinately defended. So much hurry, bustle, and confusion, on your quays, so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common-councilmen in your streets, that it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town. Though, in faith, my troubles were all my own fault. Accustomed to a land of slaves, ¹ and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides worse than a swarm of moschettos, I proceeded, a little too roughly, to brush them away with my rattan. The sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon; and, beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was forced to step in to the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

CUMBERLAND.

12. *Sentiments of a Contented Mind.*

LIVELY EXPRESSION :

 ¹ A slight expression of Scorn and Pity; ² The more unmingled expression of Cheerfulness resumed.

No glory I covet, no riches I want;
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.
 With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square:
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest is but folly and care.
 The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 While sweet meditation and cheerful content
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.
 In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
 For every fair object my eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

¹ How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife
The many their labours employ !

² Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

ANON.

13. *Ossian's Address to the Sun.*

SOLEMN EXPRESSION :

☞ Rises into ¹ Vehemence ; deepens into ² Solemnity ; rises again into ³ Vehemence ; deepens into ⁴ Solemnity ; breaks quickly into an expression of ⁵ Delight ; which relaxes into the ⁶ Plaintive ; rises into ⁷ Vehemence ; relaxes into the ⁸ Plaintive.

O thou, that rollest above, whence are thy beams, O Sun, thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty : the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave :—¹ but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course ? —² The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in heaven :—³ but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. —⁴ When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls and lightning flies ; thou—⁵ lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.—⁶ But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season : thy years will have an end : thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.—⁷ Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth. —⁸ Age is dark and unlovely : it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

14. *Effusions on imagining a Midnight Scene in a Repository of the Dead.*

SOLEMN EXPRESSION :

☞ Rises into ¹ Fear, which increases as the circumstances more impress the imagination.


See yonder hallow'd fane, the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried mid the wreck of things that were.

The wind is up : hark ! bow it howls : methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud ; the gloomy aisles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. ¹ Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

R. BLAIR.

15. *Canute's Reproof.*

NARRATIVE MANNER :


 Assumes ¹ Affected Pomp of expression ; relaxes into ² Plain Narration ; deepens into ³ Earnestness, and ⁴ Solemnity.

Canute, the greatest and most powerful monarch of his time, sovereign of Denmark and Norway as well as of England, could not fail of meeting with adulation from his courtiers ; a tribute which is liberally paid even to the meanest and weakest princes. Some of his flatterers, breaking out one day in admiration of his grandeur, exclaimed that every thing was possible for him. Upon which the monarch ordered his chair to be set on the sea-shore while the tide was rising ; and, as the waters approached, ¹ he commanded them to retire, and to obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean.—² He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission.—³ But when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned to his courtiers, and remarked to them, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent,—⁴ and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of nature ; who could say to the ocean, *thus far shalt thou go and no farther* ; and who could level with his nod the most towering piles of human ambition.

HUME.

16. *Douglas's Account of the Hermit.*

NARRATIVE MANNER :

 Assumes the ¹Plaintive expression ; rises into ²Ardour.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived : ¹a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And entering on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,
²And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against the usurping infidel, display'd
 The blessed cross, and won the holy land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters ;
 Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the livelong day, discourse of war.
 To help my fancy,—in the smooth green turf
 He'd cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts,
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

HOME.

17. *Fortitude is necessary to the enjoyment of Happiness.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER:

☞ Assumes an expression of ¹ Firmness; relaxes into a ² slight scornful expression of Feebleness: These expressions, with some difference in degree, are repeated; ³ Firmness; ⁴ Scornful Pity; ⁵ Firmness; ⁶ Scornful Pity.

Without some degree of Fortitude there can be no happiness; because, amidst the thousand uncertainties of life, there can be no enjoyment of tranquillity. The man of feeble and timorous spirit lives under perpetual alarms. He sees every distant danger, and trembles. He explores the regions of possibility to discover the dangers that *may* arise. Often he creates imaginary ones; always magnifies those that are real. Hence, like a person haunted by spectres, he loses the free enjoyment even of a safe and prosperous state. And on the first shock of adversity, he desponds. Instead of ¹ exerting himself to lay hold on the resources that remain, ² he gives up all for lost, and resigns himself to abject and broken spirits.—³ On the other hand, firmness of mind is the parent of tranquillity. It enables one to enjoy the present without disturbance, and to look calmly on dangers that approach, or evils that threaten in future. Look into the heart of this man, and you will find composure, cheerfulness, and magnanimity. ⁴ Look into the heart of the other, and you will see nothing but confusion, anxiety, and trepidation. ⁵ The one is a castle built on a rock which defies the attacks of surrounding waters: ⁶ the other is a hut placed on the shore, which every wind shakes, and every wave overflows.

BLAIR.

18. *Mercy, to be genuine, must be given freely; and it ought always to temper Justice.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER:

☞ Deepens into an expression of ¹ Solemnity; ² Rapture; reassumes ³ Solemnity.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; ¹ it becomes
 The thronēd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of tempo'ral power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings .

² But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthronēd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. ³ Therefore, well
 Consider this, though justice be our plea,
 Yet, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
 And that same pray'r doth teach us all—to render
 The deeds of mercy.

SHAKSPEARE.

19. *The Mind disposing itself to Thought on the approach
 of Evening.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER :

Deepens into ¹ Solemnity.

Every object a little while ago, glared with light ; but now, all appears with softened lustre. The animals harmonize with the insensible creation : and what was gay in those, as well as glittering in this, gives place to a universal gravity. Should I, at such a season, be vain and trifling, the heavens and the earth would rebuke my unseasonable levity. ¹ Therefore, be this moment devoted to thoughts solemn as the close of day, sedate as the face of things. However my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantries, let the evening, in her sober habit, toll the bell to serious consideration. Every meddling and intrusive avocation is secluded. Silence holds the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The busy swarm of vain images and cajoling temptations which beset us, with a buzzing importunity, amid the gayeties of life, are chased by these thickening shades. Here I may, without disturbance, commune with my own heart, and learn that best of sciences, to know myself.

HERVEY.

20. *Hamlet reflecting on his Irresolution.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER :

Deepens into ¹ Solemnity ; assumes ² Decision.


— Whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 (A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward,) I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*,
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
 To do't. What is man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast; no more.
¹ Sure He that made us with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and God-like reason
 To rust in us unus'd. About, my brains !—

— I have heard
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play
 Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions :
² I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father
 Before my uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
 I'll tent him to the quick ; If he do blench,
 I know my course : the play, the play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

SHAKSPEARE.

21. *General Wolfe to his Army before Quebec, 1759.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

 ¹ Encouragement ; ² Indignant Anger ; ³ Plain Narration ;
⁴ Pride and Ardour ; ⁵ Contempt ; ⁶ Firmness ; ⁷ Contempt ;
⁸ Firmness ; ⁹ Plain Narration ; ¹⁰ Ardour ; ¹¹ Firmness ; ¹² Cheer-
 ful Resignation.

¹ I congratulate you, my brave countrymen and fellow-
 soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have

executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted, and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before you. ² A perfidious enemy who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or entrenchments to shelter them.

³ You know too well the forces that compose their army, to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, ⁴ who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. ⁵ Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardour is damped ⁶ by one firm fire, ⁷ they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping knife to a flying and prostrate foe, ⁸ you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

⁹ This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege, which has so long employed your courage and patience. ¹⁰ Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valour must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men ¹¹ resolved to conquer or die: ¹² and believe me, my friends, if the conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

AIKIN.

22. *Neptune, in the form of Calchas, reproving and animating the Grecian Leaders at the Siege of Troy.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹Anger and Reproach, with ²Astonishment and ³Contempt; returns to the more unmixed expression of ⁴Reproach and ⁵Anger; becomes ⁶Argumentative; rises into the tones of ⁷Encouragement; occasionally changing into those of ⁸Contempt; ⁹Admiration struggling with Grief; ¹⁰Warning; ¹¹Alarm; ¹²Determination.

¹ Oh! lasting infamy, oh! dire disgrace,
To chiefs of vigo'rous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah, no! the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.

² Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day.
Fly we at length from Troy's oft conquered bands?
And falls our fleet by such ³inglorious hands?

A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain,
Like frightened hinds from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood?

⁴ Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say what cause has wrought,
The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault.

⁵ Fools! will you perish for your leader's vice:
The purchase infamy, and life the price?

⁶ 'Tis not your cause Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?

⁷ Prevent this evil and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue: ⁸ on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:

⁹ But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost.

¹⁰Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
 On endless infamy, or instant death !
 For lo ! the fated time, the appointed shore,
¹¹Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;
¹²The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

POPE'S *Homer*.

23. *David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Shame ; ² Reproach ; ³ Vaunting ; ⁴ Plaintive ; ⁵ Vaunting ;
⁶ Plaintive.

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen ! ¹Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. ²Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings : for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. ³From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. ⁴They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided. ⁵They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. ⁶I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !—2 SAM. i.

24. *An Elegy to Pity.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ The manner throughout should be affectionate, mingled with an expression of ¹ Delight ; occasionally ² Solemn ; sometimes ³ Firm ; relaxing into the predominant tone, and concluding with ⁴ Solemnity.

Hail, lovely power, whose bosom heaves the sigh
 When fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
 When rigid fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flowery meads, can, with that sigh, compare ;
 Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray
 Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.
¹Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
 Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way ;
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.
 Come, lovely nymph, and range the mead with me,
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
 And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.
²And when the air with heat meridian glows,
 And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
 Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.
³Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care ;—
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart,
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
 And justly boast the generous feeling heart :
 Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
 To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.
⁴So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
 And gild the close of life's eventful day.—ANON.

25. *Advice to an affected Speaker.*

LIVELY AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Doubt ; ² Hesitation ; ³ Polite Entreaty ; ⁴ Hesitation and Apology ; ⁵ Quick Recollection ; ⁶ Plain Narrative Manner ; ⁷ Surprise and Expostulation ; ⁸ Contempt ; ⁹ Surprise ; ¹⁰ Frankness ; ¹¹ Warning with Archness ; ¹² Frankness.

¹ What do you say ?—What —— ² I really do not understand you. ³ Be so good as to explain yourself again. —— ⁴ Upon my word I do not—— ⁵ oh ! now I know : ⁶ you mean to tell me it is a cold day : ⁷ why did not you say at once “ It is cold to-day.” If you wish to inform me, it

rains or snows, pray say "It rains," "It snows:" or if you think I look well, and you choose to compliment me, say, "I think you look well." "But," you answer,⁸ "that is so common, and so plain, and what every body can say."

⁹Well, and what if they can? Is it so great a misfortune to be understood when one speaks, and to speak like the rest of the world? ¹⁰I will tell you what, my friend; you and your fine-spoken brethren want one thing——¹¹you do not suspect it, and I shall astonish you——¹²you want common sense. Nay, this is not all: you have something too much; you possess an opinion that you have more sense than others. That is the source of all your pompous nothings, your cloudy sentences, and your big words without a meaning. Before you accost a person, or enter a room, let me pull you by your sleeve and whisper in your ear, "Do not try to show off your sense: have none at all—that is your part. Use plain language, if you can; just such as you find others use, who, in your idea, have no understanding; and then, perhaps, you will get credit for having some."—LA BRUYERE.

26. *Apology for the Pig.*

LIVELY AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION

☞ There must be a playful tone of Remonstrance throughout the whole; relieved by an expression of ¹Dislike and ²Disgust; an arch expression of ³Candour; ⁴Independence; ⁵Appealing; ⁶Gravity and ⁷Importance; ⁸Candour; ⁹Satisfaction.

Jacob, I do not love to see thy nose
Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind. And why despise
The sow-born grunter? ¹He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly; and ²the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. ³Now I pray thee
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceiv'd by words,
By sophist sounds. ⁴A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerci'ful drivers seek
Their profit and not his. He hath not learn'd

That pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
And baconiz'd. And for his ugliness—

⁵ Nay, Jacob, look at him ;

Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.

Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that

The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :

And what is beauty but the aptitude

Of parts harmonious ? give thy fancy scope,

And thou wilt find that no imagin'd change

Can beautify the beast. All would but mar

His pig perfection.

The last charge,—he lives

A dirty life. ⁶ Here I could shelter him

With precedents right reverend and noble,

⁷ And show by sanction of authority

That 'tis a very honourable thing

To thrive by dirty ways. ⁸ But let me rest

On better ground the' unanswerable defence.

The pig is a philosopher, who knows

No prejudice. Dirt ? Jacob, what is dirt ?

If matter, why the deli'cate dish that tempts

The o'ergorg'd epicure is nothing more.

⁹ And there, that breeze

Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile


That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field

Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

SOUTHEY.

27. *A Vision described.*

SOLEMN EXPRESSION :

 The predominant passions are ¹ Fear and ² Horror ; which relax
into the Plainly Solemn.

In thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep
falleth on men, ¹ fear came upon me and trembling, which
made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before
my face : ² the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still ;
but I could not discern the form thereof : an image was be-
fore mine eyes ; there was silence, and I heard a voice say-
ing, ' Shall mortal man be more just than God ? Shall a

man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly: how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust.'

JOB, iv. 13.

28. *The Influence of Midnight.*

SOLEMN EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Reproach ; ² Disgust ; ³ Regret ; ⁴ The unmixed expression of Solemnity resumed, which rises into Earnestness of prayer.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer ;
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

' Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train,
Where are ye now ? and what is your amount ?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

⁵ Sad, sickening thought ! ³ and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

⁴ Father of light and life ! thou Good supreme !
O teach me what is good ; teach me thyself :
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ; and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.

THOMSON.

29. *Crazy Kate.*

NARRATIVE MANNER :

☞ Softens into the ¹ Plaintive expression ; Delight ; ³ Regret ;
⁴ Mournful Solemnity ; a Suspensive pause at the end of the line ;
⁵ Plaintive expression.

There often wanders one whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin, trimm'd

With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
¹ Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
 To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
² Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports ³ she was not to know.
⁴ She heard the doleful tidings of his death——
 And never smil'd again! ⁵ and now she roams
 The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
 More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
 A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
 Though press'd with hunger oft,—or comelier clothes,
 Though pinch'd with cold,—asks never:—Kate is craz'd.
COWPER.

30. *Mind the Source of true Beauty.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER:

☞ Rises into ¹ Enthusiastic Delight; relaxes toward the ² Plain-
 tive; assumes an expression of ³ Firmness, which softens into
 that of ⁴ Delight.

— Beauty dwells

There most conspicu'ous, even in outward shape,
 Where dwells the ¹ high expression of a mind;
 By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
 To that eternal origin, whose power,
 Through all the' unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
 Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven,)
 The living fountains in itself, contains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,

Sit paramount the graces ; here enthron'd
 Celestial Venus with divinest airs
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

—— Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 Is the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtu'ous friendship ? ² as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes ?
³ Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where ⁴ Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
 The gate ; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene ?

AKENSIDE.

31. *Curse of Kehama.*

VEHEMENT MANNER :

☞ ¹ Anger ; ² Malice ; and ³ Exultation : ⁴ Malice predominates,
 and the tone deepens to the end.


¹ I charm thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent's tooth,
 And the beasts of blood ;
 From sickness I charm thee,
 And time shall not harm thee,
² But earth, which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;
 And water shall hear me,
 And know thee and fly thee ;
 And the winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee ;
 And the dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee :
 And thou shalt seek death
 To release thee in vain ;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,

⁸ While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee ⁴ never,
 And the curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.

SOUTHEY.

32. *The Cur and the Mastiff.*

LIVELY AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION :

 ¹ Contempt ; ² Plain narrative manner ; ³ Indignation ; ⁴ Narrative manner ; ⁵ Indignation and Anger ; ⁶ Eagerness ; ⁷ Anger ; ⁸ Narrative manner ; ⁹ Spiteful Anger ; ¹⁰ Warning and Remonstrance ; ¹¹ Narrative manner.

¹ A sneaking cur, the master's spy,
 Rewarded for his daily lie,
² With secret jealousies and fears,
 Set all together by the ears.
 Poor puss to day was in disgrace,—
 Another cat supplied her place ;
 The hound was beat ; the mastiff chid ;
 The monkey was the room forbid :
 Each, to his dearest friend, grew shy
 And none could tell the reason why.


A plan to rob the house was laid,
 The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
 Cajol'd the cur, and strok'd his head,
 And bought his secrecy with bread.
 He next the mastiff's honour tried,
³ Whose honest jaws the bribe defied ;
⁴ He stretch'd his hand to proffer more ;
⁵ The surly dog his fingers tore.
⁶ Swift ran the cur : ⁷ with indignation
 The master took his information :
 ' Hang him ; the villain's curs'd,' he cries,
⁸ And round his neck the halter ties.
 The dog his humble suit preferr'd,
 And begg'd, in justice, to be heard.
 The master sat. On either hand
 The cited dogs confronting stand.

⁹ The cur the bloody tale relates,
 And, like a tell-tale, aggravates.
¹⁰ ‘ Judge not unheard,’ the mastiff cried,
 ‘ But weigh the cause on either side :
 Think not that treachery can be just,
 Nor take informers’ words on trust ’—
¹¹ He spoke, and all the truth appear’d :
 The cur was hang’d ; the mastiff clear’d.

GAY.

33. *Alexander on passing the Granicus.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

 ¹ Exultation and ² Pride ; ³ Contempt ; ⁴ Exultation and Pr .

¹ Witness, ye heavenly powers, how Alexander
 Honours and loves a soldier. Oh ! my Clitus,
 Say, was it not in passing the Granicus
 Thou didst preserve me from unequal force ?

It was, when Spithridates and Resaces
 Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,
 And clove my temper’d helmet quite asunder ;
 Then I remember, then thou didst me service :
 And I am prouder to have pass’d that stream,
 Than that I drove a million o’er the plain.

Can none remember ? Yes, I know all must,

² When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
 Perch’d on my beaver in the Granic flood,
 When Fortune’s self my standard trembling bore,

³ And the pale Fates stood frightened on the shore,


⁴ When the Immortals on the billows rode,

And I myself appear’d the leading god.

LEE.

34. *Helena upbraiding Hermia.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

 ¹ Grief and Anger, relaxing into ² Affectionate Regret ; rises
 again into ³ Reproach and ⁴ Grief.

¹ Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
 Have you conspir’d, have you with these contriv’d
 To bait me with this foul derision ?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,

²The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us : oh ! is it all forgot ?
 All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificer-góds,
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
 As if our hands, our sides, our voices, minds,
 Had been incorpo'rate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition ;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
 So with two seeming bodies, both one heart.
³And will you rend our ancient love asunder
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
⁴Though I alone do feel the injury.

SHAKSPEARE.

35. *Night Thoughts.*

SOLEMN EXPRESSION :


¹Meditative Manner ; ²Awe ; ³Alarm ; ⁴Regret ; ⁵Alarm, with
⁶Awe ; ⁷Pity ; ⁸Admiration ; ⁹Pity ; ¹⁰Admiration ; ¹¹Awe, with
¹²Fear, and ¹³Astonishment ; ¹⁴Dread ; ¹⁵Exultation.

¹The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. ²As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours :
³Where are they ? ⁴with the years beyond the flood.
⁵It is the signal that demands despatch :
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears
 Rise up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss,
 A dread eternity,—⁶how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?
⁷How poor, ⁸how rich, ⁹how abject, ¹⁰how august.

How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
¹¹How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mix'd.
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain,
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd !
 Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine.
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god ! ¹²I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down surpris'd, aghast,
 And wondering at her own :—how reason reels !
¹³O what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarm'd.
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy ?
¹⁴An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
¹⁵Millions of angels can't confine me there.—YOUNG.

36. *The Hare and the Tortoise.*

LIVELY AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION :

 ¹Narrative manner ; ²Contempt ; ³Narrative manner ; ⁴Vaunting ; ⁵Narrative manner ; ⁶Warning ; ⁷Defiance ; ⁸Narrative manner ; ⁹Rapidity of manner ; ¹⁰Drawling manner ; ¹¹Rapidity of manner ; ¹²Sneering ; ¹³Narrative manner ; ¹⁴Sneering ; ¹⁵Narrative manner, with an occasional expression of Slyness and Caution ; ¹⁶Argumentative manner.

¹In days of yore, when Time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as sung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward Hare of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighbou'ring plain,
²Would oft deride the drudging crowd :
³For geniuses are ever proud
⁴He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow ;
 For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow ;

Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

⁵A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :

⁶“ O Puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to the race.

⁷Come, 'tis a match ;—nay, no denial,
I'll lay my shell upon the trial.”

⁸’Twas done, and done, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar’d, and distance set.

The scamp’ring Hare ⁹outstripp’d the wind,

¹⁰The creeping Tortoise lagg’d behind,
And scarce had pass’d a single pole,

¹¹When Puss had almost reach’d the goal.

¹²“ Friend Tortoise,” ¹³quoth the jeering Hare,

¹⁴“ Your burthen’s more than you can bear :

To help your speed, it were as well

That I should ease you of your shell :

Jog on a little faster, prythee,

I’ll take a nap and then be with thee.”

¹⁵The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer,

But still resolv’d to persevere,

And to the goal securely crept

While Puss, unknowing, soundly slept.

The bets were won, the Hare awake,

When thus the victor Tortoise spake :

¹⁶“ Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,


Things are not always done by starts ;

You may deride my awkward pace,

But slow and steady wins the race.”—LLOYD.

37. *Sin and Death.*

NARRATIVE MANNER :

-  ¹ Disgust and Dread ; ² Narrative manner, rising again into
³ Disgust and ⁴ Dread ; ⁵ Narrative manner, deepening into ⁶ Gloom,
⁷ Horror, and ⁸ Rage ; renews the expression of ⁹ Gloom and
¹⁰ Dread.


—Before Hell Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape ;
The one seem’d woman to the waist, and fair ;

¹ But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast,—a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting. About her middle round,
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal. ² Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
³ Nor uglier follow the night hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, ⁴ while the labour'ring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. ⁵ The other shape,
 (If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
 Or substance might be call'd that ⁶ shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either) ⁷ black it stood as night,
⁸ Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; ⁹ what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
¹⁰ The grisly monster moving onward, came
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.

MILTON.

38. *Opening of L'Allegro.*

GAYETY OF MANNER:

 ¹ Scorn and Aversion; ² Delight and Love.

¹ Hence! loath'd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings;
 There under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
² But come thou goddess fair and free
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore ;
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jests and youthful jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreath'd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides ;
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And, in thy right hand, lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her and live with thee,
 In unreprov'd pleasures free.—MILTON.

39. *Opening of Il Pensieroso.*

SOLEMNITY OF MANNER :

☞ ¹ Scorn and Aversion mingled with Pity ; ² Awe, mingled with
³ Delight, sometimes relaxing into ⁴ Gloom.

— ¹ Hence ! vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams ;
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. —
² But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of mortal sight,

And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast and demure,
 All in that robe of darkest grain
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn : —
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
³ And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
⁴ With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.—MILTON.

40. *An ancient Battle poetically described.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Hurry and Trepidation ; ² Solemnity ; ³ Trepidation ; ⁴ Force and Eagerness ; relaxes toward the ⁵ Plaintive ; ⁶ Narrative manner ; deepens into ⁷ Solemnity and ⁸ Dread.

¹ Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
 And buckled on their shining arms in haste.
 Troy rous'd as soon : ² for on that dreadful day,
 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay ;
³ The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ;
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusty plain ;
 Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground ;
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
⁴ And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
 Host against host their shado'wy legions drew ;
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew ;
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscu'ous cries ;
 Triumphant shouts and ⁵ dying groans arise ;
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dyed,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

⁶ Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,

Commutu'al death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds ;
⁷ But when the sun the height of heaven ascends,
 The sire of gods his golden scales suspends
 With equal hand. In these explores the fate
 Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty weight.
 Press'd with its load the Grecian balance lies
 Low sunk on earth : the Trojan strikes the skies.
⁸ Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads ;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads ;
 Thick lightnings flash ; the muttering thunder rolls ;
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls ;
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire,
 The god in terrors, and the skies on fire.—POPE'S HOMER.

41. *A modern Battle poetically described.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Narrative manner, with some Solemnity ; ² Hurry and Trepidation, ³ Eagerness, ⁴ Solemnity, and ⁵ Dread, with a long pause at the end of the Stanza ; ⁶ Solemnity ; ⁷ Eagerness and Exultation ; ⁸ Plaintive expression.

¹ On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

² But Linden saw another sight
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death, to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

³ By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd
 To join the dreadful revelry.


⁴ Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

⁵ But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stain'd snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

⁶ 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphu'rous canopy.
 The combat deepens :—⁷ on, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave ;
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry.
⁸ Few, few shall part where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And ev'ry turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.—CAMPBELL.

43. *Address to Independence.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

 ¹ Exultation, Determination, and ² Defiance ; ³ Exultation ;
⁴ Scorn ; ⁵ Exultation ; ⁶ Scorn ; ⁷ Indignation and ⁸ Contempt ;
⁹ Indignation predominates ; ¹⁰ Contempt predominates ; ¹¹ Warn-
 ing, with some solemnity of manner, which assumes the expression
 of disgust, in pronouncing that word ; ¹² Enthusiastic Delight ;
¹³ Defiance, and ¹⁴ Determination.

¹ Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
² Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
³ Thou, guardian genius, thou didst teach my youth
⁴ Pomp and her tinsel liv'ry to despise :
⁵ My lips, by thee chastis'd to early truth,
⁶ Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

⁷ Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity, combin'd
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind ;
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow,
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow ;
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
⁸ Presents her cup of stale profession's froth,

And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.
 In Fortune's car behold the minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd :
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
⁹ For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensu'al snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
¹⁰ And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;
¹¹ Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene,
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baneful pinions of Disgust.

¹² Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chants,
 And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
 There Study shall with Solitude recline,
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow swains,
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains,
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,
 And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread,
 And Industry supply the humble store,
 And Sleep, unbrib'd, his dews refreshing shed ;
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
¹³ Shall chase far off the goblins of the night,
¹⁴ And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

SMOLLETT.

44. *Farewell to Anna's Grave.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ A slight expression of ¹ Weariness and Disgust ; ² The unmingled predominant expression ; ³ Weariness ; ⁴ Affectionate warmth ; ⁵ Feebleness ; ⁶ Affectionate warmth.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
¹ For I am sick of lingering here ;—

2 And ev'ry hour affection cries,
 Go and partake her humble bier.
 I wish I could : for when she died
 I lost my all ; and life has prov'd
 Since that sad hour a dreary void,
 A waste unlovely and unlov'd. —
 4 But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
 Shall duly to her grave repair,
 And pluck the ragged moss away,
 And weeds that have no busi'ness there ?
 And who with pious hand shall bring
 The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
 And violets that unheeded spring,
 To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?
 And who, while memo'ry loves to dwell
 Upon her name for ever dear,
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
 And pour the bitter, bitter tear ? +
 I did it ; and would Fate allow,
 Should visit still, should still deplore ;
 5 But health and strength have left me now,
 And I, alas ! can weep no more.
 6 Take, then, sweet maid, this simple strain,
 The last I offer at thy shrine ;
 Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
 And all thy memo'ry fade with mine.
 And can thy soft persuasive look,
 Thy voice that might with music vie,
 Thy air, that every gazer took,
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye,
 Thy spirits frolicksome as good,
 Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,
 Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
 Thy gay good humour,—can they fade ?
 Perhaps ; but sorrow dims my eye :
 Cold turf, which I no more must view !
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh, !
 A long, a last, a sad adieu.

GIFFORD.

45. *The Dying Gladiator.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Earnest and Plaintive manner; ² Firmness and Defiance; ³ Plaintive manner; ⁴ Firmness and Defiance; ⁵ Plaintive manner; ⁶ Warning; ⁷ Rage, relaxes toward ⁸ Feebleness; resumes ⁹ Firmness and ¹⁰ Force; relaxes into ¹¹ Feebleness; ¹² Force; ¹³ Plaintive manner; ¹⁴ Determination and ¹⁵ Eagerness; ¹⁶ Plaintive manner; ¹⁷ Force; ¹⁸ Feebleness; ¹⁹ Indignation; ²⁰ Awe; ²¹ Plaintive manner, mingled with ²² Reproach.

¹ Will then no pity'ing hand its succour lend,
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end?

² To free the unconquer'd mind, whose gen'rous power
Triumphs o'er nature in her saddest hour?

³ Bow'd low and full of death his head declines,

⁴ Yet o'er his brow indignant valour shines;
Still glares his closing eye with angry light,
Now glares, ⁵ now darkens with approaching night.

⁶ Think not with terror heaves that sine'wy breast;

⁷ 'Tis vengeance visible, and ⁸ pain suppress'd:

⁹ Calm in despair, in agony sedate,
His proud soul ¹⁰ wrestles with ¹¹ o'ermastering fate.

That pang the conflict ends:—¹² he falls not yet;
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,
At once, by death, death's ling'ring power to brave;
He will not sink, but plunge into the grave,
Exhaust his mighty soul in one last sigh,
And rally life's whole energy—to die.

¹³ Unfear'd is now that cord, which oft ensnar'd
The baffled rival whom his falchion spar'd;
Those clarions mute, which, on the murderous stage,
Roused him to deeds of more than martial rage.
Once pois'd by peerless might, once dear to fame,
The shield which could not guard, supports his frame;

¹⁴ His fix'd eye dwells upon his faithless blade,
As if in silent agony he pray'd,—

¹⁵ 'Oh! might I yet by one avenging blow
Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!'

¹⁶ Vain hope! the streams of life-blood fast descend;

¹⁷ That giant's arm's upbearing strength ¹⁸ must bend,

¹⁹ Yet shall he scorn, procumbent, to betray
 One dastard sign of anguish or dismay,
 With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath,

²⁰ In pangs sublime, magnificent in death.

²¹ But his were deeds unchronicled ;—his tomb
 No patriot wreaths adorn ;—to cheer his doom
 No soothing thoughts arise of duty done,
 Of trophied conquests for his country won ;
 And he whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame
 To Ctesilas, he dies without a name.

Haply, to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride,
 The hero slave or hireling champion died,
 When Rome, ²² degenerate Rome, for barba'rous shows,
 Barter'd her virtue, glory, and repose,
 Sold all that freemen prize as great and good,
 For pomps of death, and theatres of blood.

CHINNERY. *Oxford Prize Poem.*

46. *The Miseries of the Poor and Luxury of the Rich.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Grief and Indignation ; ² Indignation predominates ; ³ Grief predominates ; ⁴ Indignation ; ⁵ Grief, with solemnity of expression ; ⁶ Indignation ; ⁷ Slightly Sarcastic manner ; ⁸ Grief with Solemnity ; ⁹ Grief, giving way to a momentary expression of ¹⁰ Delight ; ¹¹ Grief, and slightly imitative expression in uttering the line ' pinched with cold and shrinking from the shower.'


¹ Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
² Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide, *c/*
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
 To see profusion which he must not share ·
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's wo. *+*
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
³ There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

⁴ Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
⁵ There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
⁶ The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
⁷ Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
⁸ Are these thy serious thoughts ? ⁹ Ah turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd :
¹⁰ Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
¹¹ Now lost to all,—her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores the luckless hour,
 When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

GOLDSMITH.

47. *The Jackdaw.*

LIVELY AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION :

 ¹ Narrative manner ; ² Repining and ³ Distaste ; ⁴ Alacrity.


¹ There is a bird, who, by his coat
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be suppos'd a crow ;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.
 Above the steeple shines a plate
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather ;
 Look up—your brains begin to swim—
 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him ;
 He chooses it the rather.
 Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees

The bustle and the raree show
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure, and at his ease.
 You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
 On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall :
 No, not a single thought like that
 Employs his philosophic pate
 Or troubles it at all.
 He sees that this great roundabout,
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physick, law,
 Its customs and its busi'ness,
 Are no concerns at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—Caw !
²Thrice happy bird ! I, too, have seen
 Much of the vanities of men,
 And ³sick of having seen them,
⁴Would cheerfully these limbs resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And—such a head between them.

COWPER.

48. *Invocation to Music.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER :

 ¹ Enthusiasm ; ² Plaintive expression ; ³ Vehemence ; ⁴ Solemnity ; ⁵ Gentleness and Delight rising into ⁶ Vehemence ; ⁷ Exultation ; ⁸ Diminution of force relaxing into ⁹ Softness.


¹ Descend, ye Nine, descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre.
² In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling flute complain :
 ³ Let the loud trumpet sound
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
⁴ While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

⁵ Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear,
⁶ Now louder and yet louder rise,
 And fill, with spreading sounds, the skies :
⁷ Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
⁸ In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
⁹ Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

POPE.

49. *Beauty illumined by Soul.*

NARRATIVE MANNER:

 ¹ Weariness and Distaste ; ² Delight ; ³ Distaste ; ⁴ Delight :
⁵ Delight expressed with gentleness and affection ; ⁶ Suddenness of emotion ; ⁷ Narrative manner, with some archness in the ensuing line ; ⁸ Delight ; ⁹ Delight mingled with Melancholy ; ¹⁰ Delight expressed with gayety and rapture.

There's a beauty for ever ¹ unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender :
² That was not *her* beauty—that ³ sameness of splendor,
⁴ But the loveliness ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there giving warmth, as it flies
 From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes.
⁵ When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face ;
⁶ And when angry,—⁷ for e'en in the tranquilerest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
⁸ The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
⁹ If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
¹⁰ Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring,

While her laugh, full of life, without any controul
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul,
 And where it most sparkled, no glance could discover
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun.

THOMAS MOORE.

50. *Jephtha's daughter to her Father.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Enthusiastic Firmness; relaxes into the Plaintive manner;
² Affectionate Warmth, rising again into ¹ Enthusiastic Firmness,
 but relaxing into the ⁵ Plaintive, again rises into ⁶ Firmness and
⁷ Exultation; ⁸ Affectionate tenderness.

¹ Since our country, our God, O my sire,
 Demand that thy daughter expire;
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow;
 Strike the bosom that's bar'd for thee now,
² And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more.
³ If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow,—
⁴ And of this, O my father, be sure,
 That the blood of thy child is as pure
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
⁵ And the last thought that soothes me below.
 Though the virgins of Salem lament,
⁶ Be the judge and the hero unbent;
⁷ I have won the great battle for thee,
 And my father and country are free.
⁸ When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
 When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
 Let my memo'ry still be thy pride,
 And forget not I smil'd as I died.

BYRON

51. *Greece, as it impressed the mind of the Poet in 1810.*

SOLEMNITY OF EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹Plaintive manner; ²Admiration and Regret; ³Dread and ⁴Pity; ⁵Horror; ⁶Eager Hope; relaxes into ⁷Calm Regret; ⁸Narrative manner, assumes an expression of ⁸Dread, which relaxes into ¹⁰Pity; with the addition of much ¹¹Solemnity as the description draws to a conclusion.

¹ He who hath bent him o'er the dead

Ere the first day of death is fled,

(The first dark day of nothingness,

The last of danger and distress,)

² Before decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,

And mark'd the mild angelic air,

The rapture of repose that's there,

The fix'd, yet tender traits, that streak

The languor of the placid cheek,—

And—³ but for that sad shrouded eye

⁴ That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,

And—⁵ but for that chill, and changeless brow

Where cold obstruction's apathy

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,

As if to him it could impart

The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon——

⁶ Yes—but for these, and these alone——

Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,

⁷ We still might doubt the tyrant's power ;

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,

The first, last look by death reveal'd.

⁸ Such is the aspect of that shore :

⁹ 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more ;

⁹ So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,

We start ;—for soul is wanting there.

¹⁰ Hers is the loveliness in death

Which parts not quite with parting breath ;

But beauty of that fearful bloom,

That hue which ¹¹ haunts it to the tomb ;

Expression's last receding ray,

A gilded halo hovering round decay,

The farewell beam of feeling past away :

Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth.
BYRON.

52. *Influence of Natural Objects in calling forth the
Imagination.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER:

☞ ¹ Delight, mingled with Awe; ² Scorn; ³ Delight and Awe;
⁴ Narrative manner, assuming ⁵ Solemnity of expression; which
relaxes toward the ⁶ Plaintive manner; ⁷ Delight.

'Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe !
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion ! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood, didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul ;
² Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
³ But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
⁴ Nor was this fellowship vouchsaf'd to me
With stinted kindness. In November days
When ⁵ vapours, rolling down the valleys, made
A lonely scene more lonesome ;—among woods
At noon ;—and ⁶ mid the calm of summer nights,
When by the margin of the trembling lake
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went
In solitude ;—⁷ such intercourse was mine ;
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,
And by the waters all the summer long

WORDSWORTH.

53. *Pleasures of Hope.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER :

☞ ¹ Delight ; ² Narrative manner ; rises again into ³ Delight ; ⁴ Argumentative manner ; relaxes into ⁵ Pity ; ⁶ Delight ; ⁷ Awe, mingling with, and qualifying the expression of ⁶ Delight, with an occasional expression of ⁹ Triumph.

At summer's eve, when Heaven's ærial bow
 Spans, with bright arch, the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky ?
 Why do those hills of shado'wy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?
² 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain with its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
³ The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way ;
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
 And ev'ry form that fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.
⁴ What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
⁵ Can Wisdom lend, with all her boasted power,
 The pledge of joy's anticipated hour ;
 Ah no ! she darkly sees the fate of man,
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span ;
 Or if she holds an image to the view,
⁷ 'Tis nature pictur'd too severely true.
⁶ With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
 Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
⁷ Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
 Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
⁸ Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
 When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And heav'n's last thunder shakes the world below
⁹ Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's fun'ral pile.—CAMPBELL.

54. *Pleasures of Memory.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER:

☞ ¹ Delight mingled with ² Regret ; ³ Delight predominates ;
⁴ Exultation ; ⁵ An expression of Force and Determination ; with
 occasional ⁶ Solemnity ; returns to the expression of ⁷ Force,
 Determination, and Triumph ; ⁸ Calm Delight.

¹ Sweet memo'ry ! wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail
 To view the fairy haunts of ² long-lost hours,
 Bless'd with far greener shades, far fresher bowers.

When joy's bright sun has shed his ev'ning ray,
 And hope's delusive meteors cease to play,
 When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
³ Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows ;
 Like yon fair orb she gilds the brow of night
 With the mild magic of reflected light. *

⁴ And who can tell the triumphs of the mind
 By truth illumin'd and by taste refin'd ?
 When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
⁵ Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
 Oft will she rise, with searching glance pursue
 Some long-loved image vanish'd from her view,
 Dart through the deep recesses of the past
⁶ O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast,
⁷ With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
 And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

⁸ Hail, memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumber'd glories shine.
 Thought and her shado'wy brood thy call obey,
 And place and time are subject to thy sway.
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air hope's summer visions fly,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
 If but a beam of sober reason play,
 Lo ! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away :
 But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light,

And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest
Where virtue triumphs and her sons are bless'd.

ROGERS.

55. *Fall of Jerusalem.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Regret ; occasionally rises toward ² Delight ; relaxes into
³ Regret ; rises into ⁴ Delight ; relaxes again into ⁵ Regret.

—¹ See, where yon proud city,
As though at peace and in luxurious joy,
Is hanging out her bright and festive lamps.

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion ! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
And I—can I refrain from weeping....?

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour ;
The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more ;
Her tale of splendor now is told and done ;
The wine cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

² Oh ! fair and favour'd city ! There of old
The balmy airs were rich with melody
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold,

³ Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

⁴ How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
Down which the maidens danc'd with tinkling feet ;
How proud the elders in their lofty gate !


How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-rob'd Levites and high-mitred Priests ;
How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state ?

⁵ Her streets are raz'd, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves ;
Her feasts are holden mid the Gentile's scorn ;
By stealth her Priesthood's holy garments worn ;
And where her Temple crown'd the glittering rock,
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

MILMAN

56. *Pilgrims and Crusaders.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION, RISING INTO VEHEMENCE :

 ¹ Delight, relaxes into a ² Calmer expression ; ³ Indignation ; ⁴ Scorn, and ⁵ Pity : ⁶ Ardour, increasing into ⁷ Enthusiasm, occasionally relaxing toward a ⁸ Softer expression, with ⁹ Alarm ; rises again into ¹⁰ Enthusiasm, and concludes with ¹¹ Solemnity.

Mid Zion's towèring fanes in ruin laid
The pilgrim saint his murmu'ring vespers paid ;

¹ 'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove

The checquer'd twilight of the olive grove ;

'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,

And wear, with many a kiss, Messiah's tomb,

While forms celestial fill'd his trancèd eye,

The day-light dreams of pensive piety ;

² O'er his still breast a tearful fervor stole,

And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

³ Oh ! lives there one who mocks his artless zeal,
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel ?

⁴ Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,

The dull, lethargic sovèrign of the breast ;

Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,

⁵ No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

⁶ Far other whom the hermit wak'd to war,

When from the regions of the western star,

⁷ Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,

A countless host, the red-cross warriors came :

E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,

And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;

While beardless youths and tender maids assume

The weighty morion and the glancing plume.

⁸ In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield

The ponderous falchion and the sun-like shield,

⁹ And start to see their armour's iron gleam

Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream,

¹⁰ The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,

All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran :

¹¹ Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,

And hovèring vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

HEBER.

57. *The Last Minstrel.*

PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Narrative manner; ² Pity; ³ Delight; ⁴ Pity; ⁵ Narrative manner; ⁶ Anxiety; ⁷ An expression of Force and Power, which relaxes into that of ⁸ Pity; ⁹ Narrative manner; ¹⁰ Pity; ¹¹ Narrative manner; ¹² Exultation; ¹³ Entreaty with awaking Confidence; ¹⁴ Narrative manner; ¹⁵ Awe; ¹⁶ Pity; ¹⁷ Cheering; ¹⁸ Narrative manner; ¹⁹ Hesitation and Anxiety; ²⁰ Enthusiasm, increasing to the end.

¹ The way was long, the wind was cold
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek and tresses gray
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry;
² For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them and at rest.

³ No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High plac'd in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;

⁴ A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tun'd, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had lov'd to hear.

⁵ He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:

⁶ The minstrel gaz'd with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step, at last,

The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
⁷ Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,

⁸ But never clos'd the iron door
Against the desolate and poor. X

⁹ The duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien and revèrend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :

¹⁰ For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree,
In pride of powèr and beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

¹¹ When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,

¹² Began to rise his minstrel pride :

¹³ And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought evèn yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she lov'd the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

¹⁴ The humble boon was soon obtain'd,
The aged minstrel audience gain'd ;

¹⁵ But when he reach'd the hall of state
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :

¹⁶ For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes long pass'd of joy and pain
Came wildèring o'er his agèd brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.

The pitying duchess prais'd its chime,

¹⁷ And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till ev'ry string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.

¹⁸ And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again :
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

¹⁹ Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
 And an uncertain warbling made,
 And oft he shook his hoary head.
 But when he ²⁰ caught the measure wild,
 The old man rais'd his head and smil'd,
 And lighten'd up his faded eye
 With all a poet's ecstasy.
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along ;
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost ;
 Each blank in faithless memo'ry void
 The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
 And while his harp responsive rung,
 The last of border minstrels sung.

WALTER SCOTT.

58. *The Passions : an Ode.*

NARRATIVE MANNER :

☞ In this Exercise, the passions which diversify the predominant expression being introduced by name, require no further indication.

+ When Music, heavenly maid, was young, ✕
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting :
 By turns they felt the glowing mind,
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd ; +
 ✕ Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ; ✕
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art, ✕
 Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power. ✕ ✕

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try, X
Amid the chords, bewilder'd, laid,
And back recoil'd,—he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made. W

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings. —

With woful measures wan Despair
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail ;
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song :
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung :—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose ;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;—
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head. X

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes thy véering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love,—now raving call'd on
 Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound :
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunters' call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green,
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet, entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the sound,
 They saw in Tempè's vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love form'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

POPULAR, SENATORIAL, FORENSIC, AND PULPIT ELOCUTION.

As the character and situation of a Speaker should materially influence his manner, some brief extracts from speeches, ancient and modern, that exemplify the styles of oratory here mentioned, will conclude this chapter.

A mixed multitude will be addressed with the utmost freedom of expression, with looks and voice calculated to reach the whole, and with little attention to minute forms and graces. A legislative assembly will demand in general a more reserved address, at least in the opening, though there may be occasions which carry the speaker beyond the usual observances. A regulated address should also distinguish forensic elocution: the speaker must bear in mind that he has to conciliate and persuade the judges of the cause, to whom deference and respect are necessary; nor must his warmth, however great, ever make him lose sight of this circumstance. Lastly, an address to a Christian congregation from their pastor must display the utmost decorum and seriousness of manner: the expression of whatever passion must be chastened and subdued, and the whole deportment of the speaker should testify a consciousness of the solemnity of his charge.

59. *The Consul Titus Quintius to the Roman Multitude.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Indignation with shame; rises into ² Astonishment; relaxes into ³ Grief; assumes ⁴ Confidence; ⁵ Compassion, ⁶ Argument appealing with ⁷ Solemnity, and ⁸ Candour; ⁹ Reproach, with ¹⁰ Irony and Sarcasm, with ¹¹ Grief, and renewed ¹² Sarcasm; ¹³ the voice sinks into a low, but full tone, with a renewed expression of Candour, and Solemnity of appeal, and rises by degrees into greater vehemence, with an occasional expression of ¹⁴ Contempt.

¹ Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—

posterity will know it—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius, the *Æqui* and *Volsci*, (scarce a match for the *Hernici* alone,) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised. The course of manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but could I have imagined that so great ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would by death or banishment (if all other means had failed) have avoided the situation I am now in. ² What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken while I was Consul! ³ Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate. ⁴ But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise, the consuls? or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, punish us yet more severely. ⁵ If you are to blame, may neither gods nor men punish your faults, only may you repent! ⁶ No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice; they have been too often vanquished not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of the city. The eternal disputes between the Senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous.

⁷ In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? ⁸ You desired tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them:—You were eager to have decemvirs; we consented to their creation:—You grew weary of these decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate:—Your hatred pursued them when reduced to be private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, patricians of the first rank in the republic:—You insisted on the restoration of the tribuneship; we yielded:—we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected: you have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights;

and we have suffered it; and we still suffer it. ⁹ When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we, under our defeat. ¹⁰ When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, besiege the Senate House, make a Camp of the Forum, fill the jails with all our chief nobles; and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at the least, sally out at the Æsquiline gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? ¹¹ Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. ¹² Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from these assemblies? ¹³ Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth. If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not, in a few days, drive these ¹⁴ pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

LIVY.

60. *Queen Elizabeth to her Forces at Tilbury in 1588.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Cheerfulness and Alacrity, rising into ² Confidence and ³ Determination ; ⁴ Encouraging.

¹ My loving people ; We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery ; ² but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear:—I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chief strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects. And therefore I am come among you at this time, not for my recreation or sport, ³ but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die among you all ; and to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood—even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman ; but I have the heart of a king, and a king of England too ; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms ; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, your judge, and the rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. ⁴ I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns ; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded more noble and worthy subject ; nor do I doubt, by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over the enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

61. *Demosthenes to the Freemen of Athens assembled to legislate.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :

☞ ¹ Narrative manner, becoming ² Argumentative, and rising gradually into the predominant expression ; ³ Reproach ; ⁴ Argument, with increasing vehemence as it proceeds ; ⁵ Reproach ; ⁶ Exhortation with encouragement ; sometimes with an expression of ⁷ Dignity ; sometimes of ⁸ Reproach mingled with contempt ; ⁹ Encouragement ; ¹⁰ Determination.

¹ Had we been convened, Athenians, on some new subject of debate, I had waited until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued silent ; if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. ² But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered ; though I have risen first, I presume I may expect your pardon : for if they, on former occasions, had advised the necessary measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians, these our affairs must not be thought desperate ; no, though our situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct, is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this ? ³ That our own total indolence has been the cause of all our present difficulties. ⁴ For were we thus distressed in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies that surround him, and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions ; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this : there was a time, Athenians, when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round ; when many of the states now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had Philip then reasoned in the same manner—How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territories, while I am destitute of all assistance

—he would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians, he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror; that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field—the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations; he holds all people in subjection; some, by the right of conquest,—others, under the title of allies and confederates: ⁵for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

⁶And if you, my countrymen, will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, ⁷if you will be yourselves, and ⁸banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) shall regain your dominions, recal those opportunities your supineness has neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. ⁹For you are not to imagine that, like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever, fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians, there are who fear him, who envy him, who hate him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind; nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true, they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. ¹⁰But let us shake off this indolence: for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act or remain quiet, but braves you with his menaces; and is not contented with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of further conquests; and while we sit down inactive and irresolute, encloses us on all sides with his toils.

FROM THE FIRST PHILIPPIC.

62. *Lord Chatham to the British House of Peers : in reply to Lord Suffolk, Secretary of State, who had asserted that the employment of Indians in the War against the British Americans, besides its policy and necessity, was allowable on the principle, that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and Nature had put into our hands.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION :


☞ ¹ Indignation ; assumes ² Solemnity ; resumes the more unmixed expression of ³ Indignation, with occasional tones of ⁴ Astonishment ; ⁵ Sinks at the conclusion into a deep and solemn expression of feeling.

¹ I am astonished, I am shocked to hear such principles confessed ; to hear them avowed in this house, or even in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "That God and Nature have put into our hands !" What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not ; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife ! to the cannibal torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims ! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. ² I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn ;—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine ;—to save us from pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble

lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. ³ In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal thirsting for blood!—against whom?—⁴ your protestant brethren?—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, to extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. ⁵ My Lords, I am old and weak, and unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

63. *Exordium of Cicero's Oration against Verres.*

NARRATIVE MANNER:


 Rises into ¹ Indignation, relaxes into ² Narration, becomes ³ Argumentative, and rises again into ⁴ Indignation.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, namely, that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought on his trial before you, ¹ to the confusion of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence on his riches, is already acquitted—I mean Caius Verres. ² I have undertaken this trial, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the very great expectation

of the Roman people ; not that I might draw hatred upon that illustrious order of which the accused happens to be, but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. ³ For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such, that in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials ; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people ; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with, or tributary to us. ⁴ I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, which is, to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

64. *Exordium of Erskine's Defence of the D  an of St. Asaph.*

NARRATIVE MANNER :

 ¹ Surprise ; ² Indignation, with ³ Surprise ; ⁴ Argument rising into Vehemence ; ⁵ Earnestness with Ardour ; relaxes into ⁶ Narration, but rises again into earnestness and ardour occasionally mingled with an expression of ⁷ Disdain, and of ⁸ Determination.

Gentlemen of the Jury,—My learned friend having informed the Court that he means to call no other witnesses to support the prosecution, you are now in possession of the whole of the evidence ; ¹ and on this evidence the prosecutor has ventured to charge my reverend client, the Dean of St. Asaph, with a seditious purpose to excite disloyalty and disaffection to the person of the king, and an armed rebellion against the state and constitution of his country.

Gentlemen, the only difficulty I shall feel in resisting ² this false and malevolent accusation, is, to repress my feelings, excited by its folly and injustice, within those bounds which leave the faculties their natural and un-

clouded operation ; ³ for I solemnly declare to you, that if he had been indicted for a libeller of our holy religion, only for publishing that the world was made by its almighty Author, my astonishment could not have been greater than to see this little book presented to a grand jury of English subjects, as a libel upon the government of England. ⁴ Every sentence contained in it, if the interpretation of words is to be settled not according to fancy, but by the common rules of language, is to be found in the brightest pages of English literature, and in the most sacred volumes of English law ; if any one sentiment from the beginning to the end of it be seditious or libellous, the Bill of Rights was a seditious libel ; the Revolution was a wicked rebellion ; the existing government is a traitorous conspiracy against the hereditary monarchy of England ; and our gracious sovereign, whose title I am persuaded we are all of us prepared to defend with our blood, is a usurper of the crowns of these kingdoms.

⁵ Gentlemen, in thus declaring my opinion, I place it as my own opinion in front of my address to you, and I wish you not to mistake for the mere zeal of professional duty the energies of truth and freedom. ⁶ For although, in ordinary cases, the advocate and the private man ought in sound discretion to be kept asunder, yet there are occasions where ⁷ such separation would be treachery and meanness. In a case where the dearest rights of society are to be supported by resisting a prosecution of which the party accused is but a mere name ; where the whole community is to be wounded through the sides of that party ; and where the conviction of the individual will be the subversion or surrender of public privileges ; the advocate has a more extensive charge. The duty of the patriot citizen then mingles itself with his obligation to his client, and he disgraces himself, dishonours his profession, and betrays his country, if he does not step forth in his genuine character, and vindicate the rights of his fellow-citizens, which are attacked through the medium of the man he is defending. ⁸ Gentlemen, I do not shrink from that responsibility upon this occasion, but desire to be considered the fellow-criminal of the defendant, if, by your verdict, he shall be found a criminal.

65. *An Exhortation concerning the Worship of God, and the Practice of Holiness.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER :

☞ ¹ Affectionate warmth ; ² Awe ; ³ Affectionate warmth ; ⁴ Reproving ; ⁵ Affection ; ⁶ Contempt ; ⁷ Awe mingled with delight ; ⁸ The predominant expression unqualified ; ⁹ Awe ; ¹⁰ Reproving ; ¹¹ Satisfaction and Delight ; ¹² Threatening ; ¹³ Encouraging ; ¹⁴ Reproving ; ¹⁵ Encouraging ; ¹⁶ Warning ; ¹⁷ Delight, with an occasional tone of ¹⁸ Reproof ; ¹⁹ Awe mingled with delight.

It is our duty to love God as our Father, to reverence him as our Lord, to honour him as our Benefactor, and to fear him as our Judge : in each character must he be worshipped. ¹ What man of sound piety does not love the author of his soul ? ² or who will dare to set him at nought, who is the ruler of all things, and whose power shall last throughout eternity ? ³ As our Father, he produced us into the light which we enjoy : through him we live ; through him we took possession of our worldly abode. As our God, he nourishes, he sustains us by means inexhaustible ; we dwell in his house ; we are members of his family ; ⁴ and although less obedient, less attentive than becomes us, and the ever-during kindnesses of our Father and our Lord require ; ⁵ yet are we permitted to seek his indulgence by our belief and worship, by rejecting the ⁶ vile pursuits and mean rewards of this world, and ⁷ meditating on those which are eternal and divine.

⁸ That we may accomplish this end, we must obey, we must worship, and love God ; forasmuch as He is the cause of all things, and the rule of all virtue, and the fountain of all good. ⁹ What indeed is greater than God in power, or higher in understanding, or clearer in brightness ? And as he created us for wisdom and justice, ¹⁰ we are inexcusable, if, by renouncing Him who gives us life and feeling, by being subservient to earthly vanities, and by cleaving to the pursuit of temporal blessings, we fall from innocence and piety. He is not a happy man whom the deadly pleasures of vice, whom opulence, the encourager of sensual desires, whom empty ambition, whom perishable honours, allure : entangled by these, and enslaved to the body, the human soul is condemned to eternal death : ¹¹ but

he alone is happy who is innocent and just. For him, immortality is the legitimate and honourable reward; a reward which God, from the beginning, has appointed for those holy and uncorrupted souls that preserve themselves unspotted from the world. ¹² Nor can any be partakers of this heavenly and eternal prize, who have polluted their consciences by fraud, rapine, or deceit, whose wrongs against their fellow-men have left stains of guilt that cannot be effaced. ¹³ Wherefore, if we wish to be deemed wise, and worthily to bear the name of men, it becomes us all to live superior to the vile concerns of earth, in order that, by a blessed necessity, we may be joined to God.

¹⁴ Away! then, with impiety; peace! to those turbulent discords and dissensions which break and dissolve the concord of human society, the heavenly bond of public union, ¹⁵ and let our study be, to make ourselves good and beneficent to the utmost of our power. If something more than a common share of riches and wealth fall to our lot, let it not be squandered for the pleasure of one, but imparted for the welfare of all. ¹⁶ For pleasure is as short-lived as the body to which it ministers; ¹⁷ but justice and beneficence are as immortal as the soul, that, by its good deeds, assimilates itself to God. Let us consecrate Him not in temples, but in our hearts; for all things are destructible which are made with hands. Let us purify that temple which is defiled, ¹⁸ not by smoke or by dust, but by evil thoughts; that temple which is illumined, not by burning tapers, but by the clear light of wisdom: ¹⁹ in which if we think that God is ever present, we shall so live as to have him always propitious, without any cause to fear his wrath.

LACTANTIUS.

66. *Comparison between Human and Divine Justice.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER:

☞ ¹ A long Pause should precede this passage, and the argumentative manner assume an expression of Warning, with Impressive Solemnity.

‘Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required,’ is a general rule, the equity of which is so apparent to common sense, that it admits of no dispute, and

calls for no explanation. A single mite offered by a poor widow, is a present fit for the King of Heaven; though such a present from the hand of a rich man, would hardly be a decent charity to a poor widow. And thus in all instances to which the rule is applicable.

But plain as this general maxim is, the weakness and wickedness of men have almost totally excluded it from human judicatures. For as it is in every one's power to pretend ignorance of a law or some other inability, in excuse for crime, so if the excuse were as easily admitted as it could be pleaded, a door would be opened to all kinds of licentiousness, and that fear of punishment would be taken off, which is so necessary a restraint upon the depraved inclinations of men. And since the wisest and ablest judges cannot discern (some few cases perhaps excepted) between real and affected ignorance; or so distinguish between the powers and abilities of one man and of another, as to proportion rewards and punishments according to this rule; therefore the law puts all, except those who are manifestly deficient in reason, upon the same level: it supposes every man to know the laws of his country, and consequently, where a malicious act is proved, it presumes a malicious intention, and the criminal is sentenced accordingly.

But how justifiable soever this proceeding may be, upon the necessity there is for it in order to preserve some tolerable degree of peace and quiet in the world: yet it is evident that the general presumptions upon which all human judicatures proceed, do not leave reason for an exact distribution of justice; and it often happens that men are made equal in punishment, who, if all circumstances could be considered, are not equal in crime.—But could you introduce a judge endowed with a perfect knowledge of men's hearts, there would be an end of all such general presumptions: he would do, in every case, what was exactly right and equitable; and the only standing rule of such a court would be that of the text—unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.

¹ One such court there is, in which He who knows the secrets of every heart will sit judge himself; before whose

tribunal there will want no evidence to convict the guilty, no advocate to defend the innocent: there, no pretended excuse will be admitted, no real one excluded: there, every man with all his actions, with all his talents and abilities, and all his opportunities of knowing the will of God, will be weighed in the balance; and unto whom much was given, of him shall much be required.—SHERLOCK.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAMATIC READING,

OR

EXERCISES IN ACTING.

In pronouncing plays and such like conversation pieces, a good reader of very inferior talents for mimicry may be heard with pleasure; but he will be qualified to give a higher degree of life and force to the dialogue and characters, by delivering them as an actor. ART OF DELIVERING WRITTEN LANGUAGE—1775.

In comœdiis—servi, lenones, parisiti, rustici, milites, vetulæ, meretriculæ, ancillæ, senes austeri ac mites, juvenes severi ac luxuriosi, matronæ, puellæ, inter se discernuntur. Aliud oratio sapit—actione enim constat, non imitatione.

QUINCTILIAN.

INTENTION OF THE EXERCISES.

The talent required for delivering, with complete effect, such pieces as are contained in the chapter before us, is by no means indispensable to accomplish a *Speaker*. To be affected by the passions to which all human beings are liable, and to give expression to those passions in one's *own* character,—is one thing; and this is all we expect from the *Speaker*.:—to assume peculiarities of manner indicating correspondent peculiarities of corporeal or mental constitution, whether original or habitual, is to do much more than this; and is the duty not of the mere speaker, but of the actor. It must however be confessed, that though the difference of purpose and function is, on the broad view, sufficiently evident, yet it is not always easy to say of particular pieces, that they do, or do not require, for their full effect, a little of the actor's, as well as of the speaker's talent. The intention of the following Exercises is, to afford opportunity for acquiring so much of the actor's talent as may be thought desirable; and in using them, if he uses them at all, the pupil is therefore to attempt, with each change of person, some change of manner, by which that person is supposed to be characterized. We might call the manner so assumed—*mimicry*; but mimicry is mostly, and perhaps justly, understood only of the imitation of some *one* person's manner:—but it is the imitation of certain sorts of manner that he must aim at; that is, such as are

subjectible to certain general designations ; the manner, for instance, of the meek, the morose or surly, the violent in temper, the affectionate, the repulsive, the gloomy ; the manner, too, of persons of some particular age of life, sex, country, province, or profession. The term *humour*, if understood as among the dramatists in Queen Elizabeth's day, seems the best adapted for implying that which in every exercise the pupil should keep in view, over and above the expression of the more general passions. It is true, that in modern usage, this term is apt to be understood only of laughable peculiarities of character ; but there is no reason for this limited sense ; and the learner will please to observe, that it is *not* meant with this limited sense where it stands at the head of the page throughout this chapter.

1. *The Seven Ages.*

☞ The characters in this piece being merely described, the humour must be touched with delicacy. The speaker, by his action, represents the infant in the nurse's arms, utters "muling" with slight mimicry, and turns with aversion at the mention of "puking." In the next character, "whining" must be uttered with mimicry of voice, "creeping" with mimicry of action,—and, "unwillingly to school" must imitate sulkiness or pouting. The lover must be described with languishing soft tones, except where he mentions his "mistress' eyebrow," which must be said with a glowing expression. In proceeding with the soldier, the tone becomes rough, and the action sudden. The justice must be described with the voice of a fat elderly man, and the line "full of wise saws," &c., must be given with mock gravity. The next character requires a thin tone, except at the words, "big manly voice," where the tone must be firm ; but "childish treble," and "pipes and whistles," must be uttered with mimicry. The conclusion requires solemnity of tone, strongly contrasting with all that precedes.

✕ All the world 's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players ;
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts ;
 His acts being seven ages. ✕ At first the infant,
 Muling and puking in his nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 ✕ Unwillingly to school. ✕ And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad .
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow ✕ Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;

Seeking the bubble, reputation,
 Even in the cannon's mouth. X And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. X The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big, manly voice
 Turning again to childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. X Last scene of all
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. *The Fly and the Spider.*

☞ To read this fable dramatically, there must be three voices,—
 the narrator's natural voice,—a feigned rough voice for the spider,
 —and a feminine voice with much archness of manner for the
 fly.

Fresh was the breath of morn; 'the busy breeze,'
 As poets tell us, 'whisper'd through the trees,'
 And swept the dew-clad blooms with wings so light;
 Phœbus got up and made a blazing fire,
 That gilded every country house and spire,
 And smiling, put on his best looks so bright.
 On this fair morn, a spider who had set,
 To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
 With curious art upon a spangled thorn,
 At length, with gravely, squinting, longing eye,
 Near him beheld a pretty plump young fly,
 Humming her little orisons to morn.


'Good morrow, dear Miss Fly,' quoth gallant Grim;
 'Good morrow, Sir,' replied Miss Fly to him:
 'Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about.'
 'I'm much oblig'd t'you, Sir,' Miss Fly rejoin'd,
 'My eyes are both so very good, I find,
 That I can plainly see the whole without.'

'Fine weather, Miss'—'Yes, very, very fine,'
 Quoth Miss,—'prodigious fine indeed :'
 'But why so coy,' quoth Grim, 'that you decline
 To put within my bower your pretty head ?'
 ' 'Tis simply this,'
 Quoth cautious Miss,
 'I fear you like my pretty head so well,
 You'd keep it for yourself, Sir,—who can tell ?'
 'Then, let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
 And prove that all your fears are foolish, vain.'
 'I've a sore finger, sir; nay more, I fear
 You really would not let it go again.'
 'Poh poh! child, pray dismiss your idle dread;
 I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head;
 Well then, with one kind kiss of friendship meet me :'
 'La, Sir,' quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
 'I fear our salutation would be long;
 So loving too, I fear that you would eat me.'

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
 To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

WALCOT.

3. *Hodge and the Vicar.*

 In this piece, all that Hodge says must be uttered in a broad rustic dialect, and accompanied by correspondent action. The Vicar's manner must be full of urbanity. Giles must be plain, distinct, and a little broad; and the narrator's own manner must be distinguishable from all these.

Hodge, a poor honest country lout,
 Not over-stock'd with learning,
 Chanc'd, on a summer's eve, to meet
 The vicar, home returning,
 'Ah! master Hodge,' the vicar cried,
 'What, still as wise as ever ?'
 The people in the village say
 That you are wondrous clever.'
 'Why, master parson, as to that
 I beg you'll right conceive me,
 I do na brag, but yet I know
 A thing or two, believe me.'

' We 'll try your skill,' the parson cried,
 ' For learning what digestion :
 And this you 'll prove, or right or wrong,
 By solving me a question :
 Noah of old three babies had,
 Or grown-up children rather ;
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd :
 Now, who was Japhet's father ?'
 ' Rat it !' cried Hodge, and scratch'd his head,
 ' That does my wits belabour :
 But howsomde'er, I'll homeward run,
 And ax old Giles, my neighbour.'
 To Giles he went, and put the case
 With circumspect intention :
 ' Thou fool,' cried Giles, ' I 'll make it clear
 To thy dull comprehension.
 Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
 Or cattle-doctor rather ;
 Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are call'd :
 Now, who is Harry's father ?'
 ' Adzooks ! I have it,' Hodge replied,
 ' Right well I know your lingo ;
 Who 's Harry's father? stop—here goes !
 Why long Tom Smith, by jingo.'
 Away he ran to find the priest
 With all his might and main,
 Who, with good humour, instant put
 The question once again :
 ' Noah of old three babies had,
 Or grown-up children rather ;
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd :
 Now who was Japhet's father ?'
 ' I have it now,' Hodge grinning cried,
 ' I 'll answer like a proctor ;
 Who 's Japhet's father? now I know ;
 Why long Tom Smith, the doctor.'—ANON.

4. *Sir Archy Macsarcasm and Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.*

☞ The former of these characters must be read in a strong Scotch dialect, and the latter in an Irish. There is no narrative; and if the two dialects are properly discriminated, the reader will be able to pass from one person of the dialogue to the other without any mention of the names.

[*Sir Archy Macsarcasm.*] Here, i' the sooth, they are aw sprang from sugar hogsheads, and rum puncheons, and wool packs, and hop sacks, and iron bars, and tar jackets. In short they are a composition of jews, and turks, and refugees, and of aw the commercial vagrants of the land and sea; a sort of amphibious breed are they. Ah! there's as much deeference betwixt oor nobeelity of the north and theirs of the sooth, as betwixt a haund of blood and a mongrel. And there's nai scant of wealth or honour in oor family. We hai in the hoose of Macsarcasm twa barons, three viscounts, six earls, and yane marquise, besides baronets and lairds out of aw reckoning.

[*Sir Call. O'Brall.*] You are sensible, Sir Archy, that my family is as ould as any in the three kingdoms, and oulder too. For all my family by my father's side are the true ould Milesians, and related to the O'Flaherties, the O'Shaughnesses, the MacLaughlins, the O'Donnaghans, the O'Callaghans, the O'Geoghans, and all the tick blood of the nation. And I myself you know am an O'Brallaghan, which is the ouldest of them all.

[*Sir Archy Mac.*] I believe you are of an auncient family, Sir Callaghan, but you are oot in yane point—where ye said ye were as auncient as any in the three kingdoms:—hoot hoot awa, mon; ye monno say that:—What the de'el! consider oor auncient families of the north: why ye of Ireland are but a colony frai us,—an ootcast—a mere ootcast, and as such ye remain to this hoor.

[*Sir Call. O'Brall.*] I beg your pardon, Sir Archy; that

is the Scotch account, which you know niver spakes truth, because it is always partial. But the Irish History, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemus Thurlough Flannaghan O'Brallaghan, and he says in his chapter of genealogy that the Scotch are all Irishmen's bastards.

[*Sir Archy Mac.*] Hoo, Sir, baistards! d'ye mak us illeegeetimate, illeegeetimate, Sir! But I must impute it to yeer ignorance and vanity. And let me counsil ye as a friend, Sir Callaghan; never enter into a dispute aboot leeterature, or heestory, or the anteequity of families; for ye a'gotten sick a wecked, awkward, cursed jargon upon yeer tongue, mon, that ye are never inteeligible in yeer language.

[*Sir Call. O'Brall.*] Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy. It is you that have got such a cursed twist of a great fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it to you—MACKLIN.

5. *Anne Page and her Lovers.*

☞ Several characters are to be discriminated in this dialogue. Fenton's voice must be youthful, manly, and gentle: Anne Page's must contrast with it, by its feminine softness. Justice Shallow must be known at once, from his piping tones, to be a feeble old man: Abraham Slender has a thin voice and silly bashful action. Mrs. Quickly's voice has a variety of notes in it, but all tending to be shrill. Page is blunt and plain. The characters should be known without naming them, but the short passages which mention who enter, and who make their exeunt, must be read in a plain narrative manner.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

[*Fenton.*] I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

[*Anne Page.*] Alas! how then?

[*Fenton.*] Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my' estate being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:

Beside these, other bars he lays before me,—
 My riots past, my wild societies ;
 And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
 I should love thee but as a property.

[*Anne Page.*] May be he tells you true.

[*Fenton.*] No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come !
 Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
 Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne ;
 Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
 Than stamps in gold, or sums in seal'd bags ;
 And 'tis the very riches of thyself
 That now I aim at.

[*Anne Page.*] Gentle master Fenton,
 Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir :
 If opportunity and humble suit
 Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

Fenton and Anne Page retire a little.

Enter Justice Shallow, Abraham Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

[*Justice Shallow.*] Break their talk, mistress Quickly ;
 my kinsman shall speak for himself.

[*Abraham Slender.*] I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't :
 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

[*Justice Shallow.*] Be not dismayed.

[*Abraham Slender.*] No, she shall not dismay me : I
 care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

[*Mrs. Quickly.*] Hark ye, mistress Anne ; master Slender
 would speak a word with you.

[*Anne Page.*] I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
 O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 Look handsome in three hundred pounds a-year !

[*Mrs. Quickly.*] And how does good master Fenton ?
 Pray you a word with you.

Mrs. Quickly draws Fenton aside.

[*Justice Shallow.*] She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy,
 thou hadst a father !

[*Abraham Slender.*] Mistress Anne, I had a father ;—my
 uncle can tell you good jests of him ; Pray you, uncle,

tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

[*Justice Shallow.*] Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

[*Abraham Slender.*] Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

[*Justice Shallow.*] He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

[*Abraham Slender.*] Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

[*Justice Shallow.*] He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

[*Anne Page.*] Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

[*Justice Shallow.*] Marry I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

[*Abraham Slender.*] Nay, don't go, uncle.—I wish he hadn't gone, I do.

[*Anne Page.*] Now, master Slender.

[*Abraham Slender.*] Now, good mistress Anne.

[*Anne Page.*] What is your will?

[*Abraham Slender.*] My will? Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven: I am not such a sickly creature.

[*Anne Page.*] I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

[*Abraham Slender.*] Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my good luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page.

[*Page.*] Now, master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house; I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

[*Fenton.*] Nay, master Page, be not impatient. Will You hear me?

[*Page.*] No, good master Fenton—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
Come daughter and son Slender, come you in.

Mrs. Quickly and Fenton remain.

[*Fenton.*] Shall I do any good thinkst thou? shall I not lose my suit?

[*Mrs. Quickly.*] Master Fenton, you shall speak to Mrs. Page. I'll be sworn on a book the maid loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

[*Fenton.*] Yes, marry, have I: what of that?

[*Mrs. Quickly.*] Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith it is such another Nan;—but I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart;—ha! ha! ha!—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company:—but indeed she is too much given to allicholy and musing: But for you: Well, go to!

[*Fenton.*] Well, I shall see her again to-night. If thou seest her before me, commend me, and give her this ring. There's money for thy pains.

Mrs. Quickly alone.

Now Heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. *Bobadil, Young Knowell, Matthew, and Downright.*

☞ Bobadil must be loud and swaggering; Young Knowell, gentlemanly, with an evident touch of sly banter; Matthew, foolishly conceited; Downright, sudden and determined.

Enter Matthew, Young Knowell, and Bobadil.

[*Matthew.*] Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of

him, where we were to day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother, master Downright? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this day-light!

[*Y. Knowell.*] We were speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he has fallen foul of you too.

[*Matthew.*] Oh, ay, sir; he threatened me with the bastinado.

[*Bobadil.*] Ay, but I think I taught you prevention for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

[*Matthew.*] Indeed, it is an excellent fencing trick. [*practising.*]

[*Bobadil.*] Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy: it must be done like lightning; hey! [*practising at a post.*] Tut, 'tis nothing if not done in a—punto.

[*Y. Knowell.*] Captain, did you ever try any of our masters of defence here?

[*Bobadil.*] I'll tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts of the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants,—pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen: they will be doing with the pismire,—raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all; but I delight not in murder. Yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed; for, though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

[*Y. Knowell.*] Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

[*Bobadil.*] Alas, no! what's a peculiar man in a nation? not seen.

[*Y. Knowell.*] Oh, but your skill, sir!

[*Bobadil.*] Indeed, that might be some loss: but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by way of private,

and under seal,—I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself: but were I known to his majesty, and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

[*Y. Knowell.*] Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

[*Bobadil.*] Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong, and able in constitution: I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have;—and I would teach these nineteen the special rules,—as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbrocata, your Passada, your Montanto,—till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done,—say the enemy were forty thousand strong,—we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy;—they could not in their honour refuse us;—well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more,—kill them; twenty more,—kill them; twenty more,—kill them too; and thus would we kill, every man, his twenty a day; that's twenty score; twenty score are four hundred; four hundred a day in five days, that's two thousand; so that twenty times five—a hundred days—kills them all up—the whole forty thousand—by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentlemanlike carcass to perform, (provided there be no treason practised upon us,) by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

[*Y. Knowell.*] Why, seeing what a man you are, I would not stand in that Downright's shoes that you were threatening so. You would kill him a thousand times over.

[*Bobadil.*] No, sir, you mistake. I would not draw my weapon upon him. I would give him the bastinado.

[*Y. Knowell.*] 'Faith, sir, and here he comes.

[*Bobadil.*] No, that's not he : are you sure it is? No, no : —he's gone. Nay, had that been he, he had not gone thus, believe me.

[*Y. Knowell.*] Why, sir, he's here again.

Enter Downright.

[*Downright.*] Oh, have I found you?—Come, draw, draw ; what ! you will not draw ?

[*Bobadil.*] I beseech you, gentleman ; I am bound to keep the peace.

[*Downright.*] What ! you will not draw ? Then there's that for you, [*beating him,*] and that,—and that.

[*Y. Knowell.*] What, captain ! twenty more,—kill them ; twenty more ; kill them too ! Go get you a surgeon, captain : ha ! ha ! ha !—farewell, valiant captain !

BEN JONSON.

7. *Croaker and Honeywood.*

☞ Croaker must preserve throughout a tone of exaggerated lamentation ; Honeywood must be cheerful in manner, till the melancholy of his fellow dialogist partially affects him, though by starts he must still show his habitual cheerfulness.

[*Croaker.*] A pleasant morning to you, Mr. Honeywood, and many of them.—How is this? You look shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—but Heaven send we be all better this day three months.

[*Honeywood.*] I heartily concur in the wish, Mr. Croaker, though I own, not in your apprehension.

[*Croaker.*] May be not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising, trade falling ; money flying out of the kingdom, and Frenchmen swarming into it to eat us up, and pervert our morals and religion.

[*Honeywood.*] They will scarcely pervert you or me, I should hope.

[*Croaker.*] May be not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any re-

ligion to lose. I am only afraid for our wives and daughters.

[*Honeywood.*] I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

[*Croaker.*] May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or not. The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufacture formerly ; but now-a-days, the devil a thing about them is of their own manufacture, except their faces.

[*Honeywood.*] But however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home : there, at least, a due respect for your authority prevents them.

[*Croaker.*] Ah, my dear friend, you know but very little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached on every one of my privileges, that I am now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

[*Honeywood.*] But a little spirit exerted on your side might, perhaps, restore your authority.

[*Croaker.*] No, though I had the spirit of a lion. I do rouse sometimes : but what then ? always haggling, haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

[*Honeywood.*] It is a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

[*Croaker.*] Ah, my dear friend, those were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself.—Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you ! And so true a friend : we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

[*Honeywood.*] Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

[*Croaker.*] I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me: because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure, I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk;—poor, dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker, and so we used to laugh.

[*Honeywood.*] His fate affects me.

[*Croaker.*] Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down: while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls asleep as fast as we do.

[*Honeywood.*] To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which is past, the prospect is hideous.

[*Croaker.*] Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be coaxed and humoured till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

[*Honeywood.*] Very true, sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

[*Croaker.*] Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son shall not lose the benefit of such fine conversation;—I'll just step home for him: I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself. And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove that the earthquake is coming to pay us a visit, from Lisbon to the Canary islands, from the Canary islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to London.

GOLDSMITH.

8. *Antony and Ventidius.*

☞ Antony, throughout his grief and despair, must preserve an habitual dignity of deportment, and his elocution must be flowing and harmonious. Ventidius must have the manner of an old man, but without feebleness: his address must be bluff, and somewhat stern, except when softened by commiseration.

[*Antony.*] They tell me 'tis my birthday; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness:

'Tis what the day deserves that gave me breath.

He throws himself on the ground.

Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now; now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and this will be too large:
When thou 'rt contracted to thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes, then Octavia
Shall bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar,
And he will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the Universe
Lie still and peaceful there.

Ventidius, who has been listening, approaches.

[*Ventidius.*] I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[*Antony, starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

[*Ventidius.*] Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was than you to him,
When last I left you.

[*Antony.*] I'm angry.

[*Ventidius.*] So am I.

[*Antony.*] I would be private: leave me.

[*Ventidius.*] Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

[*Antony.*] Will not leave me!

Where have you learn'd that answer? Who am I?

[*Ventidius.*] My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:
You're all that's good and godlike.

[*Antony.*] All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

- [*Ventidius.*] 'Twere too presuming
To say I will not : but I dare not leave you ;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
- [*Antony.*] Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied ?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.
- [*Ventidius.*] Look, emperor, this is no common dew :
I have not wept these forty years, but now
My mother comes afresh into mine eyes ;
I cannot help her softness.
- [weeps !]
- [*Antony.*] By Heaven ! he weeps ; poor good old man, he
The big round drops—stop them, stop them, *Ventidius*,
Or I shall blush to death : they set my shame,
That caus'd them, full before me.
- [*Ventidius.*] I'll do my best.
- [*Antony.*] Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends ;
See, I have caught thy tears. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—Nay, father——
- [*Ventidius.*] Emperor !
- [*Antony.*] Emperor ! why that's the style of victory ;
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so : but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
- [*Ventidius.*] I warrant you.
- [*Antony.*] Actium, Actium !—oh !—it sits upon me :
Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, broken slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams !——
- [*Ventidius.*] Out with it ; give it vent.
- [*Antony.*] Urge not my shame——
I lost a battle.
- [*Ventidius.*] So has Julius done.
- [*Antony.*] Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly ; [think'st :
But Auton ——

[*Ventidius.*] Nay, stop not.

[*Antony.*] Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it,) like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought,—fled first, *Ventidius* :
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave :
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

[*Ventidius*] I did.

[*Antony.*] I'll help thee—I have been a man, *Ventidius*—

[*Ventidius.*] Yes, and a brave one ; but—

[*Antony.*] I know thy meaning—
But I have lost my reason,—have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease,—
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other hands :
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purpled greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne,
On tides of people crowding to my triumphs,
The wish of nations ; and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace :
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me ; till I took pains
To chide her from me : yet she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,—
Gone,—gone,—divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched : pr'y thee, curse me.

[*Ventidius.*] No.

[*Antony.*] Why?

[*Ventidius.*] You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failing.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

[*Antony.*] I know thou wouldst.

[*Ventidius.*] I will.

[*Antony.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha !

[*Ventidius.*] You laugh.

[*Antony.*] I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

[*Ventidius.*] You would be lost then?

[*Antony.*] I am.

[*Ventidius.*] I say you are not. Try your fortune.

[*Antony.*] I have to the' utmost. Dost thou think me
Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learn'd to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

[*Ventidius.*] Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do:
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

[*Antony.*] No; I can kill myself, and so resolve.

[*Ventidius.*] I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

[*Antony.*] Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

[*Ventidius.*] No, 'tis *you* dream; you sleep away your
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. [hours
Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journeys
I've led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian borders to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks and chopp'd hands; there's vir-
[tue in them:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

[*Antony.*] Where left you them?

[*Ventidius.*] I said in Lower Syria.

[*Antony.*] Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

[*Ventidius.*] They will not come.

[are mutinous.

[*Antony.*] Not come? Why mock my hopes?—then they

[*Ventidius.*] Most firm and loyal.

[*Antony.*] And will not march to succour me? Oh, trifle!

[*Ventidius.*] They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

[*Antony.*] What was't they said?

[*Ventidius.*] They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, you 'd sell to her.

[*Antony.*] No more!

On all my other faults, I do allow
Your tongue free licence; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

[*Ventidius.*] Behold, you Powers,
To whom you have intrusted human kind!
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!

[*Antony.*] You grow presumptuous.

[*Ventidius.*] I take the privi'lege of plain love to speak.

[*Antony.*] Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence:
Thou art a traitor.

[*Ventidius.*] For showing you yourself,
Which none else dares to do. Had I been so,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,—
Come to partake your fate,—to die with you.
What hinder'd me to ha've led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavia's hands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

[*Antony.*] Forgive me, soldier,
I've been too passionate.

[*Ventidius.*] Nay, kill me, sir,

Pray kill me : yet you need not : your unkindness
Will leave your sword no work.

[*Antony.*] Pr'y thee forgive me.

[*Ventidius.*] No prince but you
Could merit the sincerity I've used,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it ;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the best and chief of human race :
But Cleopatra——

[*Antony.*] Nay—go on, go on !
Thou durst not trust my passion ; but thou mayst :
Thou only lov'st : the rest have flatter'd me.

[kind word !

[*Ventidius.*] Heaven's blessing on your heart for that
May I believe you love me ? Speak again.

[*Antony.*] Indeed I do : your praises were unjust ;
But I 'll deserve them : lead me as thou wilt,—
Lead me to victory ; thou know'st the way.

[*Ventidius.*] And wilt thou leave this——

[*Antony.*] Pr'y thee do not curse her,
And I will leave her.

[*Ventidius.*] That 's my royal master !
And shall we fight ?

[*Antony.*] I warrant thee, old soldier ;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, ' Come, follow me ! '

[*Ventidius.*] Oh now I hear my empèrør : in that word
Octavius fell. Gods ! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all ;
I 'll thank you for the' exchange.

[*Antony.*] Oh, Cleopatra !

[*Ventidius.*] Again !

[*Antony.*] I ha've done ; in that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

[*Ventidius.*] Methinks you breathe
Another soul ; your looks are most divine.

[*Antony.*] Oh, thou hast fir'd me ; and my soul in arms
Mans every part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp : in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way ; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield ;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

[*Ventidius.*] Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour !

[*Antony.*] Come on, my soldier ;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like time and death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them, mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.—*DRYDEN.*

9. *Passages from the Tragedy of 'Remorse.'*

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Castle of Valdez.* SCENE II. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Valdez, Ordonio, and Alvar.

☞ Ordonio must be troubled and disturbed in manner, his looks often wandering, his elocution often flurried. Valdez must have the characteristics of age in tone and gesture : Alvar is manly, firm, collected.

[not
[*Ordonio.*] These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew
That I too had receiv'd the wizard's message,——
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
But now he's satisfied I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he intrusts him wholly to my keeping.

[*Valdez.*] 'Tis well, my son. But have you yet discover'd
What meant those speeches which the wizard made—

‘Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning?’
Then, when the wizard fix’d his eye on *you*,
And you, I know not why, look’d pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now?

[*Ordonio.*] *Me? what ails me?*
A pricking of the blood... It might have happen’d
At any other time... Why scan you me?

[*Valdez.*] His speech about the corse, and stabs and murder
Bore reference to the assassins. [*derers,*

[*Ordonio to himself.*] Dup’d! dup’d! dup’d!
The traitor Isidore! [*A pause: then aloud, and wildly.*]
I tell thee, my dear father,
I am right glad of this.

[*Valdez.*] True! sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.
The picture gave their statures and their faces
So plainly to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognise.

[*Ordonio.*] Yes! yes! we recognise them.
I was benumb’d, and stagger’d up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil’d round them. Now, ’tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely through its channels.

[*Valdez.*] These magic sights! O that I ne’er had yielded
To your entreaties. Neither had I yielded,
But that I held it for a stratagem
Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—fancies quelling fancies!

[*and wherefore?*

[*Ordonio.*] Love! love! and then we hate! and what?
Hatred and love! fancies opposed by fancies!
What, if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfeatu’ring stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestin’d transiency,
And cold dishonour? Grant it, that this hand

Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—where's the crime of this ?

[*Valdez.*] Wild talk, my son ! But thy excess of feeling—
[*to himself.*] Almost I fear it has unhing'd his brain.

[*Ordonio.*] Say, I had laid a body in the sun !
Well, in a month, there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had kill'd him .
Yet who shall tell me that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumber'd—

[*Valdez.*] O mere madness !
He must be sooth'd, he must be disenchanted.
His fond, too fond affection still doth brood
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it.

[*Ordonio.*] Yes ! yes ! e'en like a child that too abruptly
Rous'd by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewilder'd and talks idly.

Father,

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave
E'en now were digging ours ? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar ?
Leave all to me : the wizard must show more :
These keys will bring me to him.

Alvar in a Wizard's gown.

[*Alvar.*] And this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother that offends against us.
With other ministrations, thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wand'ring and distemper'd child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
The melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a disso'nant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;

But, bursting into spirit, wins his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.
——Hark! I hear footsteps: nearer now, and nearer.
What if it were my brother coming hither?
Thus far he knows me not: since last he knew me,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note: besides, he thinks me dead,
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodi'ly sense is slow to recognise.

Ordonio enters with a goblet in his hand.

[*Ordonio.*] Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspir'd against my life and honour,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the' air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bladder runs foul of another,
The weaker needs must break.

[*Alvar.*] I see thy heart.
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortur'd man,
This is the reve'lry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.

[*Ordonio.*] Feeling! feeling!
The death of' a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the bevêrage; this chill place demands it.

Ordonio proffers the goblet.

[*Alvar.*] Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing.

But it has life, Ordonio : life, enjoyment,
 And, by the power of its miracu'lous will,
 Wiolds all the complex movements of its frame
 Unerringly to pleasurable ends.
 Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim,
 I would remove it with an anxious pity.

[Ordonio.] What meanest thou?

[Alvar.] There's poison in the wine.

[Ordonio.] Thou hast guess'd right ; there's poison in the [wine ;

There's poison in t—which of us two shall drink it?
 For one of us must die.

[Alvar.] Whom dost thou think me?

[Ordonio.] The' accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

[Alvar.] I know him not.

[Ordonio.] Good ! good ! that lie ! by heaven
 It has restor'd me. Villain ! thou shalt drink it :
 Now I'm thy master.

[Alvar.] Why, what strange solution
 Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
 And drug them to unnatu'ral sleep?—My master !

Alvar takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.

[Ordonio.] Thou mountebank !

[Alvar.] Mountebank and villain !

Then what art thou ? For shame, put up thy sword !
 What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm ?

I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest :

I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,

And turn it to a motionless distraction.

Thou blind self-worshipper ! thy pride, thy cunning,

Thy faith in universal villainy,

Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn

For all thy human brethren—out upon them !

What have they done for thee ? have' they given thee

Cur'd thee of starting in thy sleep ? or made [peace ?

The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight ?

Art happy when alone ? Canst walk by' thyself

With even step and quiet cheerfulness?

——Yet, yet thou mayst be sav'd——

[*Ordonio.*]

Sav'd? sav'd?

[*Alvar.*]

One pang!

Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

[*Ordonio.*] Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on

Can it give up the dead, or recompact [remorse!

A mangled body?

[*Alvar.*]

Ay, but Alvar——

[*Ordonio.*]

Alvar!

Still Alvar! Alvar—howl it in mine ear!

Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,

And shoot it hissing through my brain!

[*Alvar.*]

Alas!

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock

Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,

And bore him to the strand,—then, son of Valdez,

How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!

Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,

And thou wast dear to him: Heaven only knows

How very dear thou wast. Why didst thou hate him?

O Heaven, how he would fall upon thy neck,

And weep forgiveness!

[*Ordonio.*]

Spirit of the dead!

Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild

At its own dreams!—off—off—fantastic shadow!

[*Alvar.*] I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not.

[*Ordonio.*] Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoe'er thou art—

I fear thee, man!

Alvar throws off his wizard's gown.

[*Alvar.*] Does then this thin disguise impenetrably

Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds,

And long impriso'nment in unwholesome dungeons,

Have marr'd perhaps all trait and lineament

Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,

My anguish for thy guilt——Ordonio—brother!

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

[*Ordonio, drawing back and gazing at him.*] Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

He attempts to kill himself; Alvar prevents him:

[*Alvar.*] We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs, and you may yet be happy.

[*Ordonio.*] O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompense this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! live! why, yes! 'twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!
Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

[*Alvar.*] Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!
Now is the time for greatness: think that heaven——
—Nay hear me, brother, hear! some secret poison
Drinks up thy spirits.

[*Ordonio.*] Let the' eternal justice
Prepare my puni'shment in the obscure world,
I will not bear to live—to live!—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment'
——I stand in silence like a slave before thee,
That I may taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar! Oh! couldst thou forget me!

*He runs despairingly to a distant part of the dungeon, and
covers his face with his hands.*

[*Alvar.*] Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn
If listen'd to; but if repell'd with scorn,
At length, as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears;
Still bids, *Remember*; and still cries, *Too late*;
And, while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

COLERIDGE.

10. *Gesler, and Albert the son of William Tell.*

☞ Gesler's natural manner, haughty and sullen, is partially subdued by his fear at the opening of the scene, but it appears as his fears diminish. Albert, with the tones, the address, and simplicity of a child, is steady and determined.

[*Gesler.*] Alone, alone! and every step the mist
Thickens around me! On these mountain tracks
To lose one's way, they say is sometimes death.
What ho! holloa!—No tongue replies to me!
What thunder hath the horror of this silence!
I dare not stop—the day, though not half run,
Is not less sure to end his course; and night,
Dreary when through the social haunts of men
Her solemn darkness walks, in such a place
As this, comes wrapp'd in most appalling fear!
I dare not stop, nor dare I yet proceed,
Begirt with hidden danger. If I take
This hand, it carries me still deeper to
The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun,
Where once to faint with hunger, is to die:
If this, it leads me to the precipice.
Curs'd slaves!
To let me wander from them! Ho!—Holloa!
My voice sounds weaker to mine ear; I've not
The strength to call I had, and through my limbs
Cold tremor runs, and sickening faintness seizes
Upon my heart! O, heaven, have mercy! See not
The colour of the hands I lift to thee!
Look only on the strait wherein I stand,
And pity it! Let me not sink! Uphold,—
Support me! Mercy! mercy!

He leans as against a rock, stupified with terror and exhaustion—Albert approaches as from a distance, using his pole while he advances.

[*Albert.*] I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
Will let me. Ha! a rock to shelter me!
Thanks to 't. A man, and fainting! Courage, friend,

Courage! A stranger that has lost his way—
Take heart—take heart; you're safe. How feel you
Gives him drink from a flask. [now?

[*Gesler.*] Better.

[*Albert.*] You have lost your way upon the hill?

[*Gesler.*] I have.

[*Albert.*] And whither would you go?

[*Gesler.*] To Altorf.

[*Albert.*] I'll guide you thither.

[*Gesler.*] You're a child.

[*Albert.*] I know

The way: the track I've come is harder far
To find.

[*Gesler.*] The track you've come! What mean you? Sure
You have not been still farther in the mountains?

[*Albert.*] I've travelled from Mount Faigel.

[*Gesler.*] No one with thee?

[*Albert.*] No one but God.

[*Gesler.*] Do you not fear these storms?

[*Albert.*] God's in the storm.

[*Gesler.*] And there are torrents, too,
That must be cross'd.

[*Albert.*] God's by the torrent, too.

[*Gesler.*] You're but a child.

[*Albert.*] God will be with a child.

[*Gesler.*] You're sure you know the way?

[*Albert.*] 'Tis but to keep
The side of yonder stream.

[*Gesler.*] But guide me safe,
I'll give thee gold.

[*Albert.*] I'll guide thee safe without.

[*Gesler.*] Here's earnest for thee. Here—I'll double that,
Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
Take it.

[*Albert.*] No.

[*Gesler.*] You shall.

[*Albert.*] I will not.

[*Gesler.*] Why?

[*Albert.*] Because

I do not covet it; and, though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.

[*Gesler.*] Ha!—who taught
Thee that?

[*Albert.*] My father.

[*Gesler.*] Does he live in Altorf?

[*Albert.*] No, in the mountains.

[*Gesler.*] How!—a mountaineer?

He should become a tenant of the city;
He'd gain by i't.

[*Albert.*] Not so much as he might lose by 't.

[*Gesler.*] What might he lose by 't?

[*Albert.*] Liberty.

[*Gesler.*] Indeed!

He also taught thee that?

[*Albert.*] He did.

[*Gesler.*] His name?

[*Albert.*] This is the way to Altorf, sir.

[*Gesler.*] I'd know

Thy father's name.

[*Albert.*] The day is wasting—we
Have far to go.

[*Gesler.*] Thy father's name, I say?

[*Albert.*] I will not tell it thee.

[*Gesler.*] Not tell it me!

Why?

[*Albert.*] You may be an enemy of his.

[*Gesler.*] May be a friend.

[*Albert.*] May be; but should you be

An enemy—Although I would not tell you

My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
Will you follow me?

[*Gesler.*] Ne'er mind thy father's name :
What would it profit me to know 't? Thy hand ;
We are not enemies.

[*Albert.*] I never had
An enemy.

[*Gesler.*] Lead on.

[*Albert.*] Advance your staff
As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.

[*Gesler.*] What, must we take that steep?

[*Albert.*] 'Tis nothing. Come,
I'll go before—ne'er fear. Come on—come on !

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

11. *Adrastus, King of Argos ; Crythes, Captain of the Guard ; Ion, a foundling brought up in the family of the Priest of Apollo, and subsequently discovered to be the son of Adrastus.*

☞ Adrastus must be proud, stern, authoritative in manner, and sudden in passion : Crythes, restrained and cautious : Ion, youthful in manner, mild but firm, and his elocution smooth and graceful.

[*Adrastus.*] The air breathes freshly after our long night
Of glorious revelry. I'll walk awhile.

[*Crythes.*] It blows across the town ; dost thou not fear
It bear infection with it?

[*Adrastus.*] Fear ! dost talk
Of fear to me?

Let the air blast me now !—

I stir not ; tremble not ; these massive walls,
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home
Of a great race of kings, along whose line
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes
Of armed sovereigns spread to godlike port,
And, frowning in the' uncertain dawn of time,
Strike awe, as powers who rul'd an elder world,

In mute obedience. I, sad heritor
Of all their glories, feel our doom is nigh ;
And I will meet it as befits their fame ;
Nor will I vary my selected path
The breadth of my sword's edge, nor check a wish,
If such unkingly yielding might avert it.

[*Crythes.*] Thou a'rt ever royal in thy thoughts.

[*Adrastus.*] No more——
I would be private. [*Exit Crythes.*]

Grovelling parasite !
Why should I waste these fate-environ'd hours,
And pledge my great defiance to despair
With flatterers such as thou ;—as if my joys
Requir'd the pale reflection cast by slaves
In mirror'd mockery round my throne, or lack'd
The aid of reptile sympathies, to stream
Through fate's black pagantry. Let weakness seek
Companionship : I 'll henceforth feast alone.

Crythes re-enters.

[*Crythes.*] My liege, forgive me.

[*Adrastus.*] Well ! Speak out at once
Thy business, and retire.

[*Crythes.*] I have no part
In the presumptu'ous message that I bear.

[*Adrastus.*] Tell it, or go. There is no time to waste
On idle terrors.

[*Crythes.*] Thus it is, my lord :—
As they were burnishing their arms, a man
Enter'd the court, and when they saw him first
Was tending towards the palace ; in amaze
We hail'd the rash intruder ; still he walk'd
Unheeding onward, till the western gate
Barr'd further course ; then turning, he besought
Our startled band to herald him to thee,
That he might urge a message, which the sages
Had charg'd him to deliver.

[*Adrastus.*] Ha ! the graybeards

Who, mid the altars of the gods, conspire
 Against the image of supernal power
 On earth? What sage is so resolv'd to play the
 That he would die for 't? [orator

[*Crythes.*] He is but a youth,
 Yet urg'd his prayèr with a sad constancy
 Which could not be denied.

[*Adrastus.*] Most bravely plann'd !
 Sedition worthy of the reverend host
 Of sophist traitors !
 'Tis fit when burning to insult their king,
 And, warn'd the pleasure must be bought with life,
 Their valour send a boy to speak their wisdom.
 Thou know'st my last decree ; tell this rash youth
 The danger he incurs ;—then let him pass,
 And own the king more gentle than his masters.

[*Crythes.*] They have already told him of the fate
 Which waits his daring ; courteously he thank'd us,
 But still with solemn accent urg'd his suit.

[*Adrastus.*] Tell him once more, if he persists, he dies—
 Then, if he will, admit him. Should he hold
 His purpose, then do thou conduct him hither,
 And see the headsman instantly prepare
 To do his office. [*Exit Crythes.*]

So resolv'd, so young——
 'Twere pity he should fall ; yet he *must* fall,
 Or the great sceptre which hath sway'd the fears
 Of ages, will become a common staff
 For youth to wield, or age to rest upon,
 Despoil'd of all its virtues. He *must* fall,
 Else they who prompt the insult will grow bold,
 And, with their pesti'lent vauntings through the city,
 Raise the low fog of murky discontent, [place,
 Which now creeps harmless through its marshy birth-
 To veil my setting glories. He is warn'd ;
 And if he cross yon threshold, he shall die.

Re-enter Crythes, with Ion.

[*Crythes.*] The king !

[*Adrastus.*] Stranger, I bid thee welcome ;
We are about to tread the same dark passage, [sworn]
Thou almost on the instant. [*To Crythes.*] Is the
Of justice sharpen'd, and the headsman ready ?

[*Crythes.*] Thou mayst behold them plainly in the court ;
Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground,
The steel gleams on the altar, and the slave
Disrobes himself for duty.

[*Adrastus to Ion.*] Dost thou see them ?

[*Ion.*] I do.

[*Adrastus.*] By heav'n he does not change !
If, even now, thou wilt depart, and leave
Thy traito'rous thoughts unspoken, thou art free.

[*Ion.*] I thank thee for thy offer ; but I stand
Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich
In all that makes life precious to the brave ;
Who perish not alone, but in their fall
Break the far-spreading tendrils that they feed,
And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt hear me
For them, I am content to speak no more.

[*Adrastus.*] Thou hast thy wish then. Crythes ! till you
Cast its thin shadow on the approaching hour, [dial]
I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,
Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
Now leave us.

[*Crythes.*] What, alone ?

[*Adrastus.*] Yes, slave ! alone.
He i's no assassin ! [*Exit Crythes.*]

Tell me who thou art.
What gen'rous source owns that heroic blood [wars]
Which holds its course thus bravely ? What great
Have nurs'd the courage that can look on death,
Certain and speedy death, with placid eye ?

[*Ion.*] I am a simple youth, who never bore
The weight of armour,—one who may not boast
Of noble birth, or valour of his own.
Deem not the powers which nerve me thus to speak

In thy great presence, and have made my heart,
 Upon the verge of bloody death, as calm,
 As equal in its beatings, as when sleep
 Approach'd me nestling from the sportive toils
 Of thoughtless childhood—to belong to me!—
 These are the strengths of Heaven; to thee they
 Bid thee to hearken to thy people's cry, [speak,
 Or warn thee that thy hour must shortly come!

[warnings.

[*Adrastus.*] I know it must; so mayst thou spare thy
 The envious gods in me have doom'd a race,
 Whose glories stream from the same cloud-girt founts,
 Whence their own dawn'd upon the infant world;
 And I shall sit on my ancestral throne
 To meet their vengeance; but till then, I rule
 As I have ever rul'd, and thou wilt feel.

[*Ion.*] I will not further urge thy safety to thee;
 It may be, as thou say'st, too late; nor seek
 To make thee tremble at the gathering curse
 Which shall burst forth in mockery at thy fall.
 But thou art gifted with a nobler sense—
 I know thou art, my sovereign!—sense of pain
 Endur'd by myriad Argives, in whose souls,
 And in whose fathers' souls, thou and thy fathers
 Have kept their cherish'd state; whose heart-strings,
 The living fibres of thy rooted power, [still
 Quiver with agonies thy crimes have drawn
 From heavenly justice on them.

[*Adrastus.*] How! my crimes?

[*Ion.*] Yes; 'tis the eternal law, that where guilt is,
 Sorrow shall answer it; and thou hast not
 A poor man's privilege to bear alone,
 Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,
 The penalties of evil; for in thine
 A nation's fate lies circled.—King Adrastus!
 Steel'd as thy heart is with the usages
 Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
 Thou wast a child, and canst not be relentless.
 Oh, if maternal love embrac'd thee then,

Think of the mothers who, with eyes unwet,
Glare o'er their peri'shing children: hast thou shar'd
The glow of a first friendship, which is born
Midst the rude sports of boyhood? think of youth
Smitten amidst its playthings,—let the spirit
Of thy own inno'cent childhood whisper pity!

[*Adrastus.*] In every word thou dost but steel my soul.
My youth was blasted;—parents, brother, kin—
All that should people infancy with joy—
Conspir'd to poison mine; despoil'd my life
Of innocence and hope—all but the sword
And sceptre—dost thou wonder at me now?

[*Ion.*] I knew that we should pity——

[*Adrastus.*] Pity! dare
To speak that word again, and torture waits thee!
I am yet king of Argos. Well, go on—
Thy time is short, and I am pledg'd to hear.

[*Ion.*] If thou hast ever lov'd——

[*Adrastus.*] Beware! beware!

[*Ion.*] Thou hast! I see thou hast! Thou art not
[marble,
And thou shalt hear me!—Think upon the time
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images
In sparkling waves;—recal the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled,
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd
Its happy being;—taste in thought again
Of the stol'n sweetness of those ev'ning-walks,
When pansied turf was air to wing'd feet;
When circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky;
When thy heart,
Enlarg'd by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all!

[*Adrastus.*]

That tone ! that tone !

Whence came it? from thy lips? It cannot be—
The long-hush'd music of the only voice
That ever spake unbought affection to me,
And wak'd my soul to blessing!—O, sweet hours
Of golden joy, ye come! Your glories break
Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds!
Roll on! roll on!—Stranger, thou dost enforce me
To speak of things unbreath'd by lip of mine
To human ear:—wilt listen?

[*Ion.*]

As a child.

[*Adrastus.*] Again!—that voice again!—thou ha'st seen
As never mortal saw me, by a tone [me mov'd
Which some light breeze, enamour'd of the sound,
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamo'rous ecstasies;
Yet, in that moment, while thè uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words
Of me, the nursling—

‘ Woe unto the babe !

Against the life which now begins, shall life,
Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and, both soon
End this great line in sorrow!— [quench'd,

Ere I grew

Of years to know myself a thing accurs'd,
A second son was born, to steal the love
Which fate had else scarce rified : he became
My parents' hope, the darling of the crew
Who liv'd upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
To trace in every foible of my youth—
A prince's youth !—the workings of the curse ;
My very mother—Jove !—I cannot bear
To speak it now—look'd freezingly upon me !

[*Ion.*] But thy brother—

[*Adrastus.*] Died. Thou hast heard the lie,
The common lie that ev'ry peasant tells
Of me, his master,—that I slew the boy.
'Tis false! One summer's eve, below a crag
Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb,
He lay a mangled corpse: the very slaves
Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart,
Now coin'd their own injustice into proofs
To brand me as his murderer.

[*Ion.*] Did they dare
Accuse thee?

[*Adrastus.*] Not in open speech:—they felt
I should have seiz'd the miscreant by the throat,
And crush'd the lie half spoken with the life
Of the base speaker;—but the tale look'd out
From the stol'n gaze of coward eyes, which shrank
When mine have met them.

[*Ion.*] Didst not declare thy innocence?

[*Adrastus.*] To whom?
To parents who could doubt me? To the ring
Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,
Who should have studied to prevent my wish
Before I spoke it? To the common herd,—
The vassals of our house,—the reptile mass—
Declare to them? No! though my heart had burst,
As it was nigh to bursting!—To the mountains
I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow
Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
My spirit's fever, but it was in vain.

[*Ion.*] Yet succour came to thee?

[*Adrastus.*] A blessed one!
Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,
And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps
Were in a wood-encircled valley stay'd
By the bright vision of a maid, whose face
Most lovely, more than loveliness reveal'd
In touch of patient grief, which dearer seem'd

Than happiness to spirit sear'd like mine.
 With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
 The body of her aged sire, whose death
 Left her alone. I aided her sad work,
 And soon two lonely ones by holy rites
 Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,
 In stream-like unity flow'd silent by us
 In our delightful nest. My father's spies—
 Slaves, whom my nod should have consign'd to stripes
 Or the swift falchion—track'd our sylvan home
 Just as my bosom knew its second joy,
 And, spite of fortune, I embrac'd a son——
 —Oh! could I now behold that son a moment,
 Were it with knife uplifted to my heart,
 I would embrace him with my dying eyes,
 And pardon destiny.——While jocund smiles
 Wreath'd on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
 Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
 The ruffians broke upon us, seiz'd the child;
 Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock
 'Neath which the deep wave eddies: I stood still
 As stricken into stone: I heard him cry,
 Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe
 Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
 Of waters that shall cover him for ever,
 And could not stir to save him!

[*Ion.*]

And the mother——

[*Adrastus.*] She spake no word, but clasp'd me in her
 And lay her down to die. A lingering gaze [arms,
 Of love she fix'd on me—none other lov'd,
 And so pass'd hence. By Jupiter, her look!
 Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
 She lives again! She looks upon me now!
 There's magic in 't. Bear with me—I am childish.

Re-enter Crythes.[*Adrastus.*] Why art thou here?[*Crythes.*] The dial points the hour.

[*Adrastus.*] Dost thou not see that horrid purpose pass'd?
 Hast thou no heart—no sense?

[*Crythes.*] Scarce half an hour
Hath flown since the command on which I wait.
[roll'd since then.
[*Adrastus.*] Scarce half an hour!—Years — years have
Begone! remove that pageantry of death——
It blasts my sight—and hearken! Touch a hair
Of this brave youth, or look on him as now
With thy cold headsman's eye, and yonder band
Shall not expect a fearful show in vain.
Hence, without word! [*Exit Crythes.*] What wouldst
[thou have me do?

[*Ion.*] Let thy awaken'd heart speak its own language;
Convene thy Sages;—frankly, nobly meet them;
Explore with them the pleasure of the gods,
And whatso'er the sacrifice—perform it.

[*Adrastus.*] Well! I will seek their presence in an hour;
Go summon them, young hero: hold! no word
Of the strange passion thou hast witness'd here.

[*Ion.*] Distrust me not.—Benignant Powers, I thank ye!
[*Exit Ion.*]

[*Adrastus.*] Yet stay—he's gone—his spell is on me yet;
What have I promis'd him?

An idle dream
Of long-past days hath melted me! It fades—
It vanishes—I am again a king!

TALFOURD.

12. *Van Artevelde, Van den Bosch, and various Citizens
of Ghent, in the Fourteenth Century.*

SCENE I. *The platform at the top of the Steeple of St. Nicholas at day-break.* SCENE II. *Before the Stadt-house.* SCENE III. *The platform at top of the Steeple.*

☞ The manner of Artevelde must be firm, collected, and manly: that of Van den Bosch, surly and violent: the various Citizens should be marked by just so much difference of manner, as may indicate difference of persons.

[*Artevelde.*] There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!
What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below!

Within the sweep of yon encircling wall,
 How many' a large creation of the night,
 Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
 Peopled with busy transitory groups,
 Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd !
 —If, when the shows had left the dreamers' eyes,
 They should float upward visibly to mine,
 How thick with apparitions were that void !
 But now the blank and blind profundity
 Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.
 —I have not slept : I am to blame for that.
 Long vigils, join'd with scant and meagre food,
 Must needs impair that promptitude of mind
 And cheerfulness of spirit, which, in him
 Who leads a multitude, is past all price.
 I think I could redeem an hour's repose
 Out of the night that I have squander'd, yet.
 The breezes, launch'd upon their early voyage,
 Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.
 I will enfold my cloak about my limbs,
 And lie where I shall front them ;—here, I think.
 If this were over——blessed be the calm
 That comes to me at last ! A friend in need
 Is nature to us, that, when all is spent,
 Brings slumber——bountifully——whereupon
 We give her sleepy welcome——if all this
 Were honourably over——Adriana——
 I heard a hoof, a horse's hoof I'll swear,
 Upon the road from Bruges,—or did I dream ?
 No ! 'tis the gallop of a horse at speed.

[*Van den Bosch, without.*] What ho ! Van Artevelde !

[*Artevelde.*] Who calls ?

[*Van den Bosch, entering.*] 'Tis I.

Thou art an early riser, like myself ;
 Or is it that thou hast not been to bed ?

[*Artevelde.*] What are thy tidings ?

[*Van den Bosch.*] Nay, what can they be ?
 A page from pestilence and famine's day-book ;
 So many to the pest-house carried in,

So many to the dead-house carried out,
The same dull, dismal, damnable old story.

[*Artevelde.*] Be quiet; listen to the west'ly wind,
And tell me if it brings thee nothing new.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Nought to my ear, save howl of hungry
That hears the house is stirring—nothing else. [dog

[*Artevelde.*] No,—now—I hear it not myself—no—
The city's hum is up—but ere you came [nothing.
'Twas audible enough.

[*Van den Bosch.*] In God's name, what?

[*Artevelde.*] A horseman's tramp upon the road from
[Bruges.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Why then be certain, 'tis a flag of truce!
If once he reach the city we are lost.
Nay, if he be but seen, our danger's great.
What terms so bad they would not swallow now?
Let's send some trusty varlets forth at once
To cross his way.

[*Artevelde.*] And send him back to Bruges?

[*Van den Bosch.*] Send him to hell—and that's a better
[place.

[*Artevelde.*] Nay, softly, Van den Bosch; let war be war,
But let us keep its ordinances.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Tush!
I say, but let them see him from afar,
And in an hour shall we, bound hand and foot,
Be on our way to Bruges.

[*Artevelde.*] Not so, not so.
My rule of governance has not been such
As e'er to issue in so foul a close.

[have govern'd?

[*Van den Bosch.*] What matter by what rule thou mayst
Think'st thou a hundred thousand citizens
Shall stay the fury of their empty maws
Because thou'st rul'd them justly?

[*Artevelde.*] It may be
That such a hope is mine.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Then thou art mad,
And I must take this matter on myself.

[*Artevelde.*] Hold, Van den Bosch ; I say this shall not be.
I must be madder than I think I am
Ere I shall yield up my authority,
Which I abuse not, to be used by thee.

[*Van den Bosch.*] This comes of lifting dreamers into
I tell thee in this strait and stress of famine, [power.
The people, but to pave the way for peace,
Would instantly dispatch our heads to Bruges.
Once and again I warn thee that thy life
Hangs by a thread.

[*Artevelde.*] Why, know I not it does !
What hath it hung by else since Utas' eve ?
Did I not, by mine own advised choice,
Place it in jeopardy for certain ends ?
And what were these ? To prop thy tott'ring state ?
To float thee o'er a reef, and, that perform'd,
To cater for our joint security ?
No, verily ; not such my high ambition.
I bent my thoughts on yonder city's weal ;
I look'd to give it victory and freedom ;
And working to that end, by consequence
From one great peril did deliver thee—
Not for the love of thee or of thy life,
Which I regard not, but the city's service ;
And if, for that same service, it seem good,
I will expose thy life to equal hazard.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Thou wilt?

[*Artevelde.*] I will.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Oh, Lord! to hear him speak!
What a most mighty emperor of puppets
Is this that I have brought upon the board!
But how if he that made it should unmake?

[*Artevelde.*] Unto His sovereignty who truly made me
With infinite humility I bow !
Both, both of us are puppets, Van den Bosch ;
Part of the curious clock-work of this world ;

We scold and squeak, and crack each other's crowns ,
 And if, from twitches mov'd by wires we see not,
 I were to toss thee from this steeple's top,
 I should be but the instrument,——no more,——
 The tool of that chastising Providence
 Which doth exalt the lowly, and abase
 The violent and proud : but let me hope
 Such is not mine appointed task to-day.
 Thou passest in the world for worldly-wise
 Then, seeing we must sink or swim together,
 What can it profit thee, in this extreme
 Of our distress, to wrangle with me thus
 For my supremacy and rule? Thy fate,
 As of necessity bound up with mine,
 Must needs partake my cares : let that suffice
 To put thy pride to rest till better times.

[and talk'st,

[*Van den Bosch.*] Tush, tush, Van Artevelde ; thou talk'st
 And honest burghers think it wondrous fine :
 But thou mightst easi'lier, with that tongue of thine,
 Persuade yon smoke to fly i' the face o' the wind,
 Than talk away my wit and understanding.
 I say yon herald shall not enter here.

[*Artevelde.*] I know, sir, no man better, where my talk
 Is serviceable singly, where it needs
 To be by acts enforc'd. I say, beware,
 And brave not mine authority too far.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Hast thou authority to take my life ?
 What is it else to let yon herald in
 To bargain for our blood ?

[*Artevelde.*] Thy life again !
 Why, what a very slave of life art thou !
 Look round about on this once popu'lous town ;
 Not one of these innumerable house-tops
 But hides some spectral form of misery,
 Some peevish, pining child, and moaning mother,
 Some aged man that in his dotage scolds,
 Not knowing why he hungers,—some cold corse
 That lies unstraighten'd where the spirit left it.

Look round and answer what thy life can be
 To tell upon the balance of such scales.
 I too would live—I have a love for life—
 But rather than to live to charge my soul
 With one hour's lengthening out of woes like these,
 I'd leap this para'pet with as free a bound
 As e'er was school-boy's o'er a garden wall.

[*Van den Bosch.*] I'd like to see thee do it.

[*Artevelde.*] I know thou wouldst ;
 But for the present be content to see
 My less precipitate descent ; for lo !
 There comes the herald o'er the hill.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Beshrew thee !
 Thou shalt not have the start of me in this.

Artevelde hastens out—Van den Bosch as hastily follows him. Immediately is heard the clash as of an outward door shut with great force, and the voice of Van den Bosch within, clamouring for egress, accompanied by violent blows from his hands and feet against the door.

People assembled. Frans Ackerman and Peter Van Nuijtre in front.

[*Ackerman.*] 'Tis certain something has befallen him.

[*Van Nuijtre.*] But where ? He might be found if so it were.

[*Ackerman.*] Hast sought him at Jozyne's estaminet ?

[*Van Nuijtre.*] There, and at every lodgement in the city.
 Old mother Van den Bosch was confident
 He went forth early to Van Artevelde's.

[*Ackerman.*] Sure nothing can have happen'd to him there.

[*Van Nuijtre.*] That's what I doubt. The best will have
 They were not in such unison of mind [their failings.
 As might have been desir'd.

[*Ackerman.*] I cannot think it.
 But this day's business shall proceed no farther
 Until the truth appear. Soft. now he comes.

Van Artevelde enters. There is a dead silence. He

walks slowly, and with a mournful appearance, up the steps of the platform.

[*Artevelde.*] Are we all here?

[*One from the crowd.*] What's left of us is here—
Our bones.

[*Artevelde.*] We're wasted in the flesh, 'tis true;
But we have spirits left. We all are here.

[*Ackerman.*] I will say nay to that. Where's Van den
Bosch?

[*Artevelde.*] Silence, Frans Ackerman! we want not him.

[*Ackerman.*] Then I demand if he be dead or living.

[*Artevelde.*] He lives.

[*Ackerman.*] Where is he, then?

[*Artevelde.*] Where all shall be
Who seek, by mutiny against their chief,
To do unlawful deeds. What ask ye more?
He is arrested and confin'd.

[*Ackerman.*] What cause
For this proceeding hath that brave man given?

[*Artevelde.*] If, as his friend, thou ask wherein he err'd,
I'll tell it to this people and to thee,—
Not, mark you me, as rendering account,
For that were needless,—but of free good will.
Sirs, Van den Bosch insisted, in despite
Of all dissuasion, all authority,
The messenger from Bruges should be waylaid
And put to death—yea, nothing less would serve,—
That so the tidings, which I'm here to tell,
Might never reach your ears. To place restraint
Upon this obsti'nate humour, and give scope
To your deliberations, for awhile
He is in duress. Are ye well content?

[*they*]

[*Many voices.*] Content, content! The tidings, what are

[*Artevelde.*] Frans Ackerman, thou hear'st what cause
Me, much reluctant, thus to use thy friend: [constrain'd]
Art thou content?

[*Ackerman.*] I am.

[*Artevelde.*] So far is well.

And we set forth unanimous, to end
I trust no otherwise. Fair sirs of Ghent!
Van Aeswyn, the ambassador from Bruges,
Comes with credentials from the earl, to show
What mind he bears to you. Bitterer words
Did never Christian man to Christians send.
But we are fallen, my friends, and vain it were
For us to quarrel with the proud man's scorn.
Then to the matter take ye heed alone,
And trouble not your hearts for aught beside.
He will admit you to no terms but these;—
That every man and woman born in Ghent
Shall meet him on the road, half way to Bruges,
Bare-footed and bare-headed, in their shirts,
With halters on their necks, and there kneel down,
And place their lives and chattels at his mercy.
This if ye do not now, he ha's sworn an oath
That he will never hearken to you more,
But famine shall consume you utterly,
And in your desolate town he'll light a flame
That shall not be extinguish'd. Speak your minds.
Will ye accept the proffer'd terms, or no?

[*Burghers.*] Give us your counsel. Tell us what is best.

[*Artevelde.*] What can I say? You know that as you are
You cannot live. Death opens every door,
And sits in every chamber by himself.
If what might feed a sparrow should suffice
For soldiers' meals, ye have not wherewithal
To linger out three days. For corn there's none.
A mouse imprison'd in your granaries
Were starv'd to death. And what then should I say?
Why truly this: that whatsoe'er men's plight,
There is a better and a worser way,
If their discretion be not overthrown
By force of their calamities. Three things
Ye have to choose of. You may take his terms,
And go with halters round your necks to Loo.

You will be then his servants and his wealth :
 The labourers of his vineyard ; and I deem,
 Although a haughty lord he be, and cruel,
 That he will have the sense to spare his own,
 When vengeance hath been fed. I say, I deem
 That when the blood of those that led you on,
 And of their foremost followers, hath flow'd,
 He will be satiate and stay his hand.
 If this to try be your deliberate choice,
 I will not say that ye be ill-advis'd.
 How are ye minded ? Let your Deacons speak.

The people speak in consultation.

[prove the counsel.

[*Deacon of the Mariners.*] We of the mariner's craft ap-

[be done.

[*Deacon of the Cordwainers.*] There's nothing better can

[*Deacon of the Fullers.*] Agreed !

Our craft was never forward in the war.

[three ways

[*Deacon of the Weavers.*] But, master Philip, said you not
 There were to choose of ? Tell us what remains.

[*Artevelde.*] You may have patience and expect the close.
 If nothing else seem fit, betake yourselves
 Unto your churches ; at the altar's foot
 Kneel down and pray, and make a Christian end,
 And God will then have mercy on your souls.
 This is the second way.

[*Deacon of the Weavers.*] And what the third ?

[*Artevelde.*] If there be found amongst you men whose
 Runs not so chilly yet as thus to die, [blood
 Then there's this third way open—but not else :
 That they whose plight is best, and hearts are stout,
 Be muster'd suddenly, equipp'd and arm'd ;
 That with our little left of food, and wine,
 The sumpter-beasts be laden for their use ;
 That then they follow me : to-morrow's eve
 Shall find us knocking at the gates of Bruges,

And then we'd strike a stroke for life or death :
 This is the third and sole remaining course :
 Choose of the three.

[*Many voices.*] Choose for us, master Philip ;
 You are more wise than we.

[*Artevelde.*] If by my choice
 Ye will abide—a soldier's death for me!

[*forth to Bruges.*

[*A great many voices.*] To Bruges, to Bruges ; a venture

[*Artevelde.*] Why yet, then, in our embers there is life !

Let whosoe'er would follow me, repair
 To the West Port. Five thousand will I choose
 From them that come, if there should be so many :
 And when night falls, we'll sally from the gates.

[*lantly resolv'd.*

[*Many citizens again.*] For Bruges ! for Bruges ! 'tis gal-

[*Artevelde.*] Then fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent !

This is the last time you will see me here,
 Unless God prosper me past human hope.
 I thank you for the dutiful demeanour
 Which never once in any of you all
 Have I found wanting, though severely tried
 When discipline might seem without reward.
 Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends ;
 But let not that deprive me of your loves,
 Or of your good report. Be this the word ;
 My rule was brief, calamitous—but just.
 No glory which a prosperous fortune gilds,
 If shorn of this addition, could suffice
 To lift my heart so high as it is now.
 This is that joy in which my soul is strong,
 That there is not a man amongst you all
 Who can reproach me that I us'd my power
 To do him an injustice. If there be,
 It is not to my knowledge ; yet I pray him,
 That he will now forgive me, taking note
 That I had not to deal with easy times.

[*First Citizen.*] Oh, master Philip, there is none—not one !

[*Second Citizen.*] Most justly and most wisely you have
[rul'd us.

[*Artevelde.*] I thank you, sirs; farewell to you once more.
Once more, farewell. If I return to Ghent,
A glory and dominion will be yours,
Such as no city since the olden time
Hath been so bold to conquer or to claim.
If I return no more—God's will be done!
To Him and to His providence I leave you.

He descends, the people come round him, seizing his hands, and crying confusedly, 'God bless you, master Philip! God be with you!'

Nay, press not on me, friends; I see ye weep,
Which ye did never for your past mischances.
But ye shall be disburthen'd of your griefs,
The rather than dishearten'd by these tears;
Or else should I reprove them—so—farewell!

All go away but Van Artevelde, who sees Van Ryk approaching on the other side, and addresses him.

[hind you?

[*Artevelde.*] How now, Van Ryk,—you left a guard be-
Come back with me, I'll now see Van den Bosch.
Take thou this key, and go, set ope the door;
For I must speak a word to him at once.

[*Van Ryk.*] Oh sir! you must not enter; he is mad.
I would not give a denier for the life
Of any that should enter now; he's arm'd,
And rages like a man possess'd with devils

[*Artevelde.*] Whence tak'st thou that conclusion?

[*Van Ryk.*] For three hours
He strove and shouted as though fifty fiends
Were doing battle on the narrow stair:
He flung his body with such desperate force
Against the door, that I was much in doubt
Whether the triple bars had strength to hold it.
Then—God be merciful! the oaths and curses!
Faster they came than I could tell my beads.

[*Artevelde.*] But all is silent now ?

[*Van Ryk.*] The last half-hour
I have not heard him.

[*Artevelde.*] Well, I shall see him.

[*Van Ryk.*] Surely, you will not enter ?

[*Artevelde.*] Nay, I must :
We must be friends again. His aid is wanted.

[*Van Ryk.*] He will assault you ere a word be spoken.

[*Artevelde.*] He is a hasty man ; but we must meet.

[*Van Ryk.*] Then I will see him with you.

[*Artevelde.*] By no means.
I seek his confidence ; a show of force
Were sure to baffle me. I go alone.

[*Van Ryk.*] For mercy's sake forbear. Should you go in,
Or you or he will ne'er come out alive.

[*Artevelde.*] Nay, nay, thou know'st not with what win-
I can sleek down his wrath. Come on with me,
And mind thou this, that no intrusive step
Trouble my conference with Van den Bosch. [*Excunt.*]

Van den Bosch asleep : Van Artevelde enters.

[*Artevelde.*] He has been drunk with anger, and he sleeps.
Lest he be not the soberer for his doze,
I shall do well to strip him of his weapons.
Come, courtier, from thy house—come from thy case,
Thou smooth and shining dangler by the side
Of them that put thee to a deadly use :
Thou art dismiss'd.

He lays aside the dagger.

And come thou likewise forth
Thou flashing flouri'sher in the battle-field ;
Gaudy and senseless tool of sovereignty,
Up to thy shoulders thou shalt reek in blood,
And 'tis but wiping thee to make thee clean,

So poor a thing art thou!—there—get thee gone.—

He lays aside the sword.

Now that he's stingless I may stir him up.

Ho! Van den Bosch! arouse thee; what, thou sleep'st?

Why, here's a sluggard!—Up, thou lubberly sot!

Get thee afoot; is this a time to sleep?

Up, ere I prod thee with my sword—up, slug!

Up, drowsy clod—why now I think thou wak'st.

[*velde!*

[*Van den Bosch.*] What noisy villain's that?—Van Arte-

[*Artevelde.*] Nay, never grope and fumble for thy weapons;
They are convey'd away.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Oh! bloody villain,
And wilt thou murder me unarm'd?

[*Artevelde.*] Out! out!

More like to whip thee for thy fond conceit:

I tell thee, man, a better friend than I,

Thou'st not been bless'd with for this many a year.

When all is known to thee, thyself shalt say

That a more friendly deed was never done thee

Than this of mine,—the shutting of thee up.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Philip of Artevelde, I say thou liest—

Give me my sword again. I say thou liest—

Give me my dagger and my sword—thou liest—

Thou art a caitiff and a lying knave,

And thou hast stol'n my dagger and my sword.

[*Artevelde.*] Nay, softly, friend.

[*I'm plunder'd—*

[*Van den Bosch.*] I'm robb'd, I'm robb'd,

I'm plunder'd of my weapons—of my sword.

Give me my sword again, thou liar, thou!

I'm plunder'd of my dagger and my sword.

Give me my sword, thou robber, or I'll kill thee.

[*longer.*

[*Artevelde.*] Do that, and thou shalt need thy sword no

[*my sword?*

[*Van den Bosch.*] Thou coward, wilt thou give me back

[*Artevelde.*] There—take it, and the devil give thee good
Now that thou hast it, mayhap thou'lt be brought [on 't!
To leave thy bellowing, and listen. Hark!

[*Van den Bosch.*] I have thee now, Van Artevelde, I have
Ha, ha! I have my sword—I have thee now. [thee,

[*Artevelde.*] And if thou hadst thy senses and thine ears,
It were a better having for the nonce.
Wilt thou be still and listen to me?

[*Van den Bosch.*] No.
Thou art a liar. Draw thy sword and fight.

[*Artevelde.*] I give thee back thy lie, and take thy challenge.
To mortal proof we'll put it, if thou wilt,
But not by instant combat. Three days hence
I pledge my word to answer thy demand,
And I will show the reasons why no sooner.

[sword.

[*Van den Bosch.*] A murrain on thy reasons! draw thy

[*Artevelde.*] I'll fight thee when I please, and not before.

He draws his sword and flings it from him.

[fight?

[*Van den Bosch.*] Art thou a coward? wherefore wilt not

[*Artevelde.*] There is a time for all things. Here I stand,
Unarm'd before thee, and I will be heard.
That which so much thou tak'st to heart was done,
Purely to save thy credit, much indeed
Endanger'd by thy wilfulness and haste.
I would have done myself no less offence
To do thee so much service. Say thine arm
Had cut me off the messenger from Bruges,—
Ghent hears the ruinour—magnifies at once
The untold terms to unconditio'nal peace,
And mad with rage for comfort thus repell'd,
Had turn'd upon thee to thine overthrow.
But listen what instead I've brought to pass:
The terms were told,—such sanguinary terms
As we had cause to look for; on that ground
I mov'd the people to a last attempt

Of desperate daring, and we go to-night,
 Five thousand men, to seek the earl at Bruges.
 Now, Peter Van den Bosch, give ear to me :
 Thy mouth has been, this many a day, stuff'd full
 Of vengeance dire denounc'd against this earl.
 The blood of Heins, of Launoy, and Van Ranst,
 (True friends of thine, if truth and friendship be !)
 Sinks in the ground, nor honour'd, nor aveng'd,
 Save by the mouthing of an idle threat.
 Dead men and living, vows after vows sent up
 In hot succession to the throne of Heaven,
 Deep ravage done amongst thy native fields,
 Strange tortures suffer'd by thy countrymen,
 Call thee with common voice to turn thy wrath
 To just account ;—and is it come to this,
 That for the matter of but one day's feud,
 With one tried friend that never did thee hurt,
 Thou canst forget all else, and put thy cause
 To immi'nent hazard at the utmost verge
 Of all its fortunes and its ultimate hope !
 If so, I cry thee mercy ; I mistook thee ;
 For I had counted on thy aid to-day,
 To do the things that thou so oft hast threaten'd.

[*Van den Bosch.*] Van Artevelde, I never yet forgave
 So deep an injury as thou hast done me ;
 But, seeing how things bear, I'll pass it by,
 Until this last adventure have an end.
 Then shalt thou reckon with me for the past.

[*Artevelde.*] For that I stand prepar'd. Meanwhile, I pray
 Let needful harmony subsist between us ; [thee,
 Nor let the common welfare feel this feud.
 Take thou thy charge in this day's work ; come down,
 And I will give it thee. From me thou'lt find
 All fit observance.

[*Van den Bosch.*] I will take my charge.

HENRY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER V.

IMPASSIONED READING QUALIFIED BY TASTE,
WITH EXERCISES ADAPTED TO A CHRONOLOGICAL
OUTLINE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

Huic rei superest tempus; neque enim semel legentur; (nempe, poetæ eximii.) Interim et sublimitate heroici carminis animus assurgat, et ex magnitudine rerum spiritum ducat, et optimis imbuatur: utiles Tragœdi; alunt et Lyrici; si tamen in his non auctores modo, sed etiam partes operis elegeris:—pueris, quæ maxime ingenium alant atque animum augeant, prælegenda: ceteris, quæ ad eruditionem modo pertinent, longa ætas spatium dabit.—QUINCTILIAN.

Taste———a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species. AKENSIDE.

INTENTION OF THE EXERCISES.

THE intention of this chapter will perhaps be best shown by directing attention to the chapters that have preceded. The first three of these proposed, successively, the following objects:—an exact and firm articulation of the words, and a complete oral junction of those that form clauses;—a modulation of the voice on words, on clauses, and on sentences, entirely agreeing with their grammatical and logical relation to each other;—an impassioned expression, proving by quality of tone, by look, by gesture, the truth and reality of the speaker's feelings. Brought thus far onward in his course, we considered the pupil, so far as *delivery* is concerned, to be accomplished as a *speaker*; and here our Exercises in Elocution might have stopped: but then they must have stopped with such subjects only as the understanding and the feelings of every speaker could readily embrace. To take in other subjects,—such as the speaker could not do full justice to, without exhibiting, for the time, a cast of thought and peculiarities of humour probably not natural to him, a fourth chapter was added, with the view of enabling him at times to be an actor, if such ability were thought desirable. And now a fifth chapter is proposed, the intention of which is, to furnish the pupil with opportunities of learning to blend his acquired powers, when the purpose is, neither to read merely, nor simply to speak, nor to act; but, in the situation and under the circumstances of a reader, to deliver the

written language of poetry with critical judgement and truth of feeling,—in short, with *taste*. It must be evident, however, that the ability for this requires much more mental training than can be brought within the scope of any single department of instruction: it requires the concentration of all the means which a liberal education provides, for quickening and refining the mental powers; and, in particular, a wide acquaintance with works of taste, and a consequent knowledge of the principles of composition, so that the characteristics of different writers, or schools of writers, may be readily discerned. The chapter before us pretends not to supply the means for such a course of training: the outline of English Poetry which it furnishes must be very meagre, and the Exercises can be selected only from some of the sources indicated: even these must be abridged, and in other respects adapted to the pupil's powers: but preparing the way for a fuller course of study, or used orally to assist such a course, our Readings* chronologically arranged, as they follow hereunder, may have a value.

READINGS ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFERENT PERIODS OF ENGLISH POETRY.†

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL MEMORANDA.

The history of our Poetry runs parallel with that of our language. This had formed itself, some little time before the days of Chaucer, out of the ancient Saxon, by a gradual and insensible admixture with the Romance languages; and that which gave a new character to our language, operated thenceforward, to the days of Elizabeth, on our national poetry. Whatever of gloom, of melancholy grandeur, of joys that only gleam, and sadness that always casts its shadows,—whatever of this kind, along with the high moral feelings thence engendered, might have been the characteristics of purely Saxon poetry, in common with the poetry of all the Teutonic tribes,—was modified or changed by familiarity with the gayer strains that reached our island from Normandy, Provence, and Italy. The portraiture

* Readings, on our plan, are passages selected, and so adapted as to be effective for audible reading: it is to be understood that such passages are meant to convey, by the aid of an adequate elocution, the general spirit of the poet under notice, and do not pretend to uniform accuracy of quotation: they leave for silent study the entire and uncorrupt works of the poet that may be the subject of such illustration.

† We presume the learner to be previously familiar with the grammatical structure of our language, with its history, and with the mechanism of its verse. On these points he is referred to the author's English Grammar. See especially Part II. Chapter II., (page 45,) for the history of the language; and Part IV. (page 243) for its Prosody.

of life and manners; adventures of gallant knights; fictions supplied by the prevalent superstitions; complaints of lovers; and the praise of ladies high-born, chaste, and fair;—these were the themes of poetry from the days of the Conqueror till the accession of the pedant king, and the full predominance of Greek and Latin lore. Up to these days of learning, the bard ‘warbled his native wood notes wild,’ owning no allegiance to the laws of Criticism, and looking at no models but the previous popular poems of his own age. Thus far Poetry was *Romantic*: before it became *Classical*, it was *Pedantic*, or, as it has been more commonly called, *Metaphysical*, that is, dealing in abstractions, and playing upon words with much intellectual skill, but without any warmth of feeling. When this false taste had passed away, our poets, in imitation of those of France, submitted their minds to the leading of Greek and Roman guides; and nothing was allowed to be good in poetry, which had not a prototype in that which had been inspired by the Muses of Parnassus, or which did not present something in form, taste, turn, or purpose, that those muses might be presumed to sanction and approve. The time during which English poetry thus submitted herself to the laws of classical taste, extended from the Restoration in 1660, to the close of the last century. At the opening, or perhaps a little before the opening, of the present century, a change had come over the minds of men: there was no longer a disposition to reverence, but to oppose, all principles and practice, that had no other foundation than old custom; and this disposition, which produced or threatened revolutionary changes in all the governments of Europe, seems to have had its effect on our poetry during the last forty years; so that we may almost venture to call this *modern* period, the *Revolutionary* age of poetry. The poetical productions of this period have presented no one characteristic feature, but an almost boundless variety in subject, thought, and form. One thing is perhaps evident, that so far as the poets of this age have taken example from previously existing patterns, they have, for the most part, gone back to the periods of Romantic poetry, rather than to the writings which reflected the classical types in the century and a half preceding their age. But we may also trace, in many examples of modern poetry, a revival of the wild, deep, and melancholy tones of the Teutonic bards; a spirit that has been caught from the Germans, in whom the poetical temperament of our common ancestors may be traced with less admixture than it has flowed to us. And while innovation in *practice* has been partly owing to this cause, we have been encouraged in our departure from the laws of classic times by a mode of criticism different in *principle*, and also derived from the Germans. Instead of measuring the effusions of poetry by the standard works of ancient days,—a method of examination which confines the attention to exterior points of difference or resemblance,—the German critics endeavour to take their stand *within the mind* of the poet, and to ascertain the excellence of his poetry by the truthfulness and the vigour of the *impressions made there*. To be a poet in *mind*, is, to

receive impressions from the external world that strongly excite the emotive part of our constitution; and he is a poet in practical reality, who, with these strong feelings, succeeds, by any means which do not belong to a distinct art, in placing nature in interesting points of view, so that others are affected as himself. Now it is the object of that mode of criticism which the Germans call *æsthetic*, to assist the latter part of this process, by going back to the first; to explain, and so to enforce, the means used, by referring them to the impression which the poet seeks to reconvey, and to justify these means, be they what they may, if, assisted by the explanation, they are proved adequate to the effect,—this effect not being below the proper aim of poetry. Such is the principle of criticism which has interfered with, though it has not set aside, the ancient laws of taste in poetry:—for these laws are still operative on our national literature, in some parts of it with more, in others with less of stringency. It is, however, one of the disturbing causes that have prevented the poetry of the last forty years from taking any one characteristic feature, and left no other general term for it than *Modern* or *Revolutionary*.

THE FIRST, OR ROMANTIC PERIOD OF ENGLISH POETRY.

MEMORANDA *continued*.

Omitting ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, a versifier of historical legends in the thirteenth century; omitting ROBERT LANGLAND, the supposed author of the *Visions of Piers Plowman*; we have no one on whom the name of *poet* can justly fall of earlier date than GEOFFREY CHAUCER. He was born in 1328, the second year of Edward the Third, and died in 1400, the second of Henry the Fourth. Our Readings will attempt to show the spirit that still survives in the works of this father of our poets.

CHAUCERIAN READINGS.

PROEMIUM.

The Canterbury Tales, on which the fame of Chaucer chiefly rests, is a poem formed in some degree on the plan of the Decamerone, the work of the Italian writer Boccaccio. A prologue introduces us to a number of persons; and of these, each, in turn, subsequently tells a tale. The tales are too many, and too long for our purpose; but the prologue, breathing still the life, the manners, the occupations of the day, may be taken without any change, except what is necessary to make it intelligible. And, be it observed, that if Chaucer could be intelligibly recited in the language

of his day, he would be heard with a more than necessary quaintness,—a quaintness not in its present degree original, but added by the lapse of time. Yet injustice would be done in an opposite way, if he were presented in such a dress as Dryden and Pope have given to certain portions of his works. His plainness and simplicity are a principal charm; and of these he must not be divested.

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.*

When that sweet April show'rs, with downward shoot
The drought of March have pierc'd unto the root,
And bath'd every vein with liquid power,
Whose virtue rare engendereth the flower;
When Zephyrus also, with his fragrant breath,
Inspir'd hath, in every grove and heath,
The tender shoots of green; and the young sun
Hath in the Ram one half his journey run,
And small birds in the trees make melody,
That sleep and dream all night with open eye;
So nature stirs all energies and ages,
That folks are bent to go on pilgrimages,

* Extracted, with the sanction of Mr. R. H. Horne, and of the publishers (Whittaker and Co., London), from 'Chaucer's Poems Modernized' by WORDSWORTH, R. H. HORNE, LEIGH HUNT, ROBERT BELL, &c. (It is proper to say that, in making the extract, some slight variations and omissions have been ventured upon.) The exactitude with which the original is modernized, without being in other respects changed, may be judged by comparing the first twelve lines above, with the correspondent lines of Chaucer unaltered:—

Whannë that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perc'd to the rote,
And bath'd every veine in swiche licour,
Of which virtúe engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus ekë with his sotë brethe
Enspir'd hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppës; and the yongë sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfë course y-ranne,
And smale foulës maken melodie,
That slepen allë night with open eye,
So pricketh hem Natüre in hir corages,——
Than longen folk to go on pilgrimages.

And palmers forth to wander through strange strands,
 To sing the holy mass in sundry lands :
 And more especially from each shire's end
 Of England, they to Canterbury wend,
 The holy blissful martyr there to seek,
 Who had upheld them when that they were weak.

It fell, within that season on a day
 In Southwark, at the Tabard * as I lay,
 Ready to wend upon my pilgrim route
 To Canterbury, with a heart devout,
 At night were come into that hostelry
 Well nine-and-twenty in a company
 Of sundry folk, who thus had chanc'd to fall
 In fellowship ; and pilgrims were they all,
 That now to Canterbury town would ride.
 The chambers and the stables they were wide,
 And all of us refresh'd, and of the best.

And shortly when the sun was gone to rest,
 So had I spoken with them every one,
 That I was of their fellowship anon,
 And made them promise early to arise
 To take our way there, as we did advise.
 But ne'ertheless, while I have time and space,
 Ere that I further in this story pace,
 Methinks it were accordant with good sense,
 To tell you the condition and pretence
 Of each of them so as it seem'd to me ;
 And what they were—of kind, and of degree ;
 And also what array they then were in :——
 And at a knight so will I first begin.

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
 Who from the hour on which he first began
 To ride out, vow'd himself to chivalry,
 Honour and truth, freedom and courtesy.
 In his lord's war right worthy had he shone
 And thereto ridden—none had further gone,—

* The sign of the inn—now the Talbot. A tabard is a herald's coat ; a talbot a kind of hunting dog :—from a sort of similarity in sound, it is probable that the former transformed itself to the latter when it became a less familiar emblem.

In Christian and in Heathen land, no less ;
And ever honour'd for his worthiness.
At Alexandria was he when 'twas won.
Full oft the wassail board he had begun,
Above the bravest warriors out of Prusse ;
In Lithuania had he serv'd, and Russe ;
No Christian man so oft of his degree.
At Algeziras, in Grenada, he
Had join'd the siege, and ridd'n in Belmarie :
At Layas was he, and at Satalie
When they were won ; and, borne on the great sea,
At many a noble fight of ships was he.
In mortal battles had he been fifteen,
And fought for our true faith at Tramissene,
In the lists thrice—and always slain his foe.
And this same worthy knight had been also
In Anatolia some time with a lord,
Fighting against the foes of God 'is word ;
And evermore he won a sovèrèign prize.
Though thus at all times honour'd, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet a word discourteous said
In all his life to any mortal wight :
He was, in sooth, a perfect, gentle knight.
But for to tell you of his staid array,—
His horse was good, albeit he was not gay.
He wore a fustian cassock, short and plain,
All smutch'd with rust from coat of mail, and rain.
For he was late return'd ; and he was sage,
And car'd for nought but his good pilgrimage.

His son, a young 'SQUIRE, with him there I saw,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor ;
With locks crisp curl'd, as they'd been laid in press :
Of twenty years of age he was, I guess,
And in his stature of the common length,
With wondrous nimbleness, and great of strength :
And he had been in expeditions three,
In Flanders, Artois, and in Picardie ;
And borne him well, though in so little space,
In hope to stand fair in his lady's grace.

Embroider'd was he, as it were a mead
 All crowded with fresh flowers, white and red.
 Singing he was, or fluting, all the day :
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his gown, with sleeves right long and wide :
 Well could he sit his horse, and fairly ride.
 He could make songs, and letters well indite,
 Joust, and eke dance, and portraits paint, and write.
 His amo'rous ditties nightly fill'd the vale ;
 He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
 Courteous he was, modest, and serviceable,
 And carv'd before his father at the table.

A YEOMAN had he ; and no page beside,
 (It pleas'd him, on this journey, thus to ride,)
 And *he* was clad in coat and hood of green.
 A sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen,
 Under his belt he bare full thriftily ;
 Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly ;
 His arrows droop'd not with feathers low ;
 And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.
 His head was like a nut, with visage brown.
 Of wood-craft all the ways to him were known.
 An arm-brace wore he that was rich and broad,
 And, by his side, a buckler and a sword ;
 While on the other side a dagger rare
 Well sheath'd was hung, and on his breast he bare
 A large St. Christopher of silver sheen.
 A horn he had ; the baldrick was of green.
 A forèster was he truly, as I guess.

There likewise was a nun, a PRIORESS,
 That of her smiling was full simple and coy.
 Her greatest oath was but ' by Saint Eloy ;'
 And she was nam'd Madame Egline.
 Right well she sang the services divine,
 Entun'd in her nose with accent sweet ;
 And French she spake full properly and neat,
 After the school of Stratford, at Bow town,
 For French of Paris was to her unknown.
 At table she was scrupulous withal ;
 No morsel from her lips did she let fall,

Nor in her sauce would dip her fingers deep :
 Well could she carry' a morsel, and well keep,
 That not a drop e'er fell upon her breast.
 In courtesy her pleasure much did rest.
 Her dainty upper lip she wip'd so clean,
 That in her cup there was no farthing seen
 Of grease, when she had drunk ; and for her meat
 Full seemly bent she forward on her seat.
 And of a truth she was of great disport ;
 Pleasant to all, and amiable of port.
 It gave her pain to counterfeit the ways
 Of court, its stately manner and displays ;
 And to be held in distant reverence.
 But for to tell you of her conscience,
 She was so tender and so pitèous,
 She would shed tears if that she saw a mouse
 Caught in a trap, if it were hurt or dead.
 She had some small dogs, which she always fed
 With roasted meat, and milk, and fine wheat bread ;
 But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
 Or if men struck at them, and made them smart :
 And all was conscience and tender heart.
 Full seemly was her kerchief crimp'd across ;
 Her nose well cut and long ; eyes gray as glass ;
 Her mouth was small, and thereto soft and red,
 And certainly a forehead fair she had ;
 It was almost a span in breadth, I trow :
 And truly she was not of stature low.
 Most proper was her cloak, as I was 'ware.
 Of coral small about her arm she bare
 Two strings of beads bedizen'd all with green,
 And thereon hung a brooch of gold full sheen,
 On which was graven first a crown'd A,
 And after, '*Amor vincit omnia.*'

Another NUN, also, with her had she,
 Who serv'd instead of chaplain ;—and PRIESTS three.

A MONK there was, of skill and mastery prov'd ;
 A bold hand at a leap, who hunting lov'd :
 A manly man, to be an abbot able.
 Full many a dainty horse had he in stable,

And when he rode, men might his bridle hear
A gingling in a whistling wind, as clear
And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell,
Where reign'd he lord o'er many a holy cell.
The rules of Saint Maure and Saint Benedict,
Because that they were old and something strict,
He let, as other old things, backward pace,
And of the new world follow'd close the trace.
He rated not the text at a pluck'd hen,
Which saith that hunting 'fits not holy men,
Or that a monk beyond his bricks and mortar,
Is like a fish without a drop of water——
That is to say, a monk out of his cloister :—
Now this same text he held not worth an oyster ;
And I say his opinion was not bad.
Why should he study' and make himself half mad,
Upon a book in cloister aye to pore,
Or labour with his hands, and dig and bore,
As Austin bids? 'How shall the world be serv'd?'
Let the world's work for Austin be reserv'd.
Therefore our Monk spurr'd on, a jolly wight ;
Greyhounds he kept, as swift as birds of flight :
In riding hard, and hunting for the hare,
Was all his joy ; for these, no cost would spare.
I saw his large sleeves trimm'd above the hand
With fur, and *that* the finest in the land ;
And, for to keep his hood beneath his chin,
He had of beaten gold a curious pin :
A love-knot at the greater end there was.
His head was bald, and shone like any glass ;
And eke his face, as it had been anoint :
He was a lord full fat, and in good point.
His eyes were deep, and rolling in his head,
Which steam'd, as doth a furnace melting lead.
His boots were supplè, his horse right proud to see ;
Now certainly a prelate fair was he :
He was not pale as a poor pining ghost :
A fat swan lov'd he best of any roast.
His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.
A FRIAR there was, a wanton and a merry ;

Licens'd to beg, a wondrous solemn man.
In all the orders four, there's none that can
So much of dalliance wrap in language fair.
Full many' a marriage had he brought to bear
For women young, and paid the costs with sport.
Unto his order he was rare support.
Right well belov'd, in fellowship was he
With jolly franklins all, and yeomanry ;
And eke with women, of each town the flower ;
For in confession he possess'd a power
More than a curate, as himself could state ;
Being of his order a licentiate.
Full sweetly would he hear confession made ;
Pleasantly was his absolution said.
He was an easy man in penance naming,
And knew that alms fell heavy from light blaming ;
Since to an order poor, when much is given,
It proves the culprit has been rightly shriven ;
For if a sinner pay dear for his bent,
He knew the man must certainly repent ;
And many a man so hard is of his heart,
He will not weep, although his soul should smart :
Therefore, instead of prayers, and sorrowing,
Men to poor friars must their silver bring.
His tippet always was stuff'd full of knives
And pins, as presents meant for handsome wives.
And certainly his note was blithe and gay ;
Well could he sing, and on the psalt'ry play.
In songs and tales the prize o'er all bore he.
His neck was white as is the fleur de lis.
Strong was he also, as a champion,
And knew the taverns well in every town,
And every ostler there, and tapster gay,
Much more than he knew beggars by the way.
For unto such a worthy man as he,
It doth not suit, nor to his faculty,
To give unto such lazars countenance ;
It is not right—no interest can advance,
To deal with knaves and scrubs who have so little ;
But all with rich, and those who sell good victual.

Therefore 'bove all where profit might arise,
 Courteous he was, and full of service wise.
 There was no man one half so virtuous :
 He was the clevērest begga'r in all his house ;
 And farm'd a certain district as in grant :
 None of his brethren came within his haunt :
 And though a widow scarcely had a shoe,
 So pleasant was his '*In principio*,'
 He still would have a farthing ere he went :
 His harvest was far better than his rent.
 And rage he could as it had been a whelp,
 In love-days ;* yet he often gave great help :
 For there was he, not like a cloisterer froze,
 With threadbare cape, as suits a scholar poor,
 But he was like a bishop or a pope :
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
 Round as a new bell from the moulder's press :
 Somewhat he lispēd for his wantonness,
 To make his English sweet upon his tongue :
 And in his harping, when that he had sung,
 His eyes they twinkled in his head aright,
 As do the stars upon a frosty night :
 And *Hubert* was this worthy friar's name.

Next him, with forkēd beard, a MERCHANT came
 In motley dress, and high on horse he sat :
 He wore a stately Flanders beaver hat ;
 His boots, that fitted close, were neat of make :
 His reasons very solemnly he spake,
 Sounding the increase of his gains alway.
 He wish'd the channel had no dues to pay,
 Running 'twixt *Middleburgh* and *Overwell* :
 French crowns well could he by exchanges sell :
 All chances he with his shrewd wits beset ;
 And no one knew that he was much in debt ;
 So steadily he govern'd all his moves
 With bargains, and with bills that work'd in grooves.
 In truth he was a worthy man withal ;
 But sooth to say, his name I can't recal.

* Days which were appointed for the settlement of disputes in the most loving manner.

A CLERK there was, from *Oxford*, in the press,
Who in pure logic plac'd his happiness.
His horse was lean as any garden rake ;
And *he* was not right fat, I undertake,
But hollow look'd, and sober, and ill fed :
His uppermost short cloak was a bare thread ;
For he had got no benefice as yet,
Nor for a worldly office was he fit.
For he had rather have, at his bed's head,
Some twenty volumes, cloth'd in black or red,
Of Aristotle' and his philosophy,
Than richest robes, fiddle, or psaltery.
So, though a true philosopher was he,
Yet had he little gold beneath his key ;
For ev'ry farthing that his friends e'er lent,
In books, and how to learn from books, he spent ;
And busily he pray'd for the sweet souls
Of those, who gave him wherewith for the schools.
He bent on study his chief care and heed :
And not a word he spake more than was need,
And this was said with form and gravest stress,
And short and quick, full of sententiousness.
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech ;
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A SERJEANT of the LAW, wise, wary, arch,
Who oft had gossip'd long in the church porch,
Was also there, full rich of excellence :
Discreet he was, and of great reverence ;
For such he seem'd ; his words were all so wise.
Justice he was full often in assize,
By patent and commission from the crown,
For his keen science, and his high renown.
Of fees and robes he many had, I ween :
So great a purchaser was nowhere seen.
All was fee simple to him, in effect ;
His rightful gainings no one could suspect.
So busy' a man as he no circuit has ;
And yet he seem'd busier than he was.
He had at tip of tongue all cases plain,
With all the judgements, since *King William's* reign.

He likewise could indite such perfect law,
 None in his parchments could pinch out a flaw ;
 And every statute he knew well by rote.
 He rode but homely in a medley coat,
 With band of twill'd silk round the loins made fast :
 —On his array, no more time shall I waste.

A FRANKLIN* in this company appear'd :
 White as a daisy was this Franklin's beard.
 With sanguine hues did his complexion shine :
 Well lov'd he in the morn a sop in wine :
 His days he gave to pleasure, every one ;
 For he was Epicurus's own son :
 A householder, well-known of good degree,
 Saint Julian,† in his neighbourhood, was he.
 With bread and ale his board was always crown'd ;
 A better cellar nowhere could be found :
 His pantry never was without bak'd meat,
 And fish, and flesh ;—so plenteous and complete,
 It snow'd within his house of meat and drink :
 With all the dainties that a man could think,
 After the sundry seasons of the year,
 His meats he chang'd, and his supper cheer :
 Full many a partridge fat had he in mew,
 And many a bream and many a jack in stew :
 Woe to his cook, unless his sauces were
 Made piquant rich, and ready all his gear.
 His table with repletion heavy lay
 Amidst his hall, throughout the feast-long day.
 At sessions there was he, both lord and sire :
 Full often time he had been Knight o' the Shire.
 A dagger, and a purse of netted silk,
 Hung at his girdle, white as morning milk.
 Sheriff—comptroller—magistrate—he'd been,—
 A worthier franklin there was nowhere seen.

A HABERDASHER and a CARPENTER,
 A WEAVER, DYER, TAPISER,‡ were here,

* A large freeholder, and wealthy country gentleman.

† St. Julian was eminent for providing his votaries with good lodgings and accommodations of all sorts.

‡ Maker of tapestry.

All in the self-same livery attir'd,
And with a grave fraternity inspir'd.
Right fresh and new their spruce appearance was :
Their knives were not trick'd out with common brass,
But all with silver neatly overwrought ;
Their girdles and their pouches eke, methought.
Each seem'd a worthy burgess, fit and fair
To sit in the guild-hall on high-floor'd chair ;
And, for the wisdom that his brain could plan,
Was well cut out to be an Alderman.
Enough for this they had of kine and rent,
And very gladly would their wives assent,
Or else they were to blame I swear by Adam :
'Tis a fine thing to be entitled ' Madam,'
And foremost walk to fêtes, at eve or morn,
And have a mantle royally up-borne.

A Cook was carried with this pilgrim coil,
The chickens and the marrow-bones to broil,
And powder tarts, and frost the sweetmeats rare :
To London ale, with one draught, he could swear :
And he could roast, and seethe, and broil, and fry,
Make pounded game-soups, and well bake a pie.
But great harm was it—as it seem'd to me—
That on his shin an angry sore had he :—
But for blanc-mange, he made that with the best.

A SHIPMAN was there, come from out the West ;
He was at Dartmouth born, for aught I know :
He rode upon a hack nag, any how,
All in a coarse frock reaching to his knee.
A dagger, hanging by a lace, had he
About his neck, under his arm adown.
The summer hot had made his hue all brown ;
And certainly he was a fellow good :
Wine had he drawn right often from the wood
In Bourdeaux docks, while that the dealers snor'd :
For a nice conscience he car'd not a cord.
If that he fought, and had the higher hand,
By watër he sent them home to ev'ry land.*

* Verbatim from Chaucer : perhaps the meaning is, that in a sea-fight he always sent his enemies to the bottom when he so far got the advantage as to be able to do it.

But of his craft to calculate each tide,
 The inland streams, and unknown strands beside,
 The harbour, compass, moon, and vessel's trim,
 'Twixt Hull and Carthage there was none like him.
 Hardy he was, and very wise, I reckon :
 With many a tempest had his beard been shaken :
 He knew well all the havens, as they were,
 From Gothland, to the Cape de Finisterre,
 And every creek in Britain, and in Spain :
 His jolly bark was call'd the *Magdelain*.

A DOCTO'R OF PHYSIC rode with us along ;
 There was none like him, in this wide world's throng,
 To speak of physic and of surgery ;
 For he was ground'd in astrology :
 He very much prolong'd his patients' hours
 By natu'ral magic ; and thè ascendant powers
 Of figures that he cast, his art could make
 Benign of aspect, for his patient's sake.
 He knew the cause of ev'ry malady,
 Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry,
 And how engender'd—what the humors were—
 He was a very perfect practiser.
 The cause once known, and root of the disease,
 Anon he plac'd the sick man at his ease.
 Full ready had he his apothecaries
 To send him drugs, and make electuaries,
 And each one made the other sure to win :
 Their friendship was no new thing to begin.
 Well the old *Æsculapius* he knew,
 And *Dioscorides*, and *Rufus* too ;
Hali, and old *Hippocrat-es*, and *Galen*,
Serapion, *Rasis*, and wise *Avicen* ;
Averroes, *Damascene*, and *Constantin*,
 Deep-seeing *Bernard*, *Gatesden*, *Gilbertin*.
 His diet by its nutriment weigh'd he ;
 For to be charg'd with superfluity
 In meat and drink, had been to him a libel :—
 His study was but little in the Bible.
 He was all clad in crimson and sky-gray
 With thin silk lin'd, and lustrous taffeta :

And yet he was but modèrate in expense :
He hoarded what he gain'd i' the pestilence ;
For gold in physic is a cordial old—
Therefore the Doctor specially lov'd gold.

There was, from Bath, a good WIFE and a witty ;
But she was somewhat deaf, and that was pity :
In the cloth trade such crowds unto her went,
She beat the looms of Ypres and of Ghent.
In all the parish, good wife none was there
That, to mass-offering, step before her dare ;
Or if they did, certain so wroth was she,
That she at once forgot all charity.
Her folded head-cloths were of finest ground ;
I durst swear almost that they weigh'd a pound,
Which on the Sunday were upon her head :
Her stockings fine were of a scarlet red,
Full straightly tied, and shone right moist and new :
Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue :
She was a worthy woman to the core ;
Five husbands had she brought from the church-door ;
Not reckoning other company in youth :
But there's no need to tell this now, in sooth.
And thrice she at Jerusalem had been ;
And in her time had pass'd o'er many' a stream :
At Rome, Bologna, and Cologne had stay'd ;
And in Galicia, at the shrine, had pray'd.
She had known much of journeying by the way.
Her teeth had gaps between them, sooth to say.
Upon an ambler easily she sat,
With wimple large, and, on her head, a hat
As broad as is a buckler or a targe :
A riding-skirt about her round hips large
Was tied, and sharp spurs were on both her feet.
In fellowship well could she laugh, and treat
Of remedies for love she ha'd learn'd by chance ;
For of that art well knew she the old dance.

A good man of religion did I see,
And a poor PARSON of a town was he :
But rich he was of holy thought and work :
He also was a learned man, a clerk,

That truly did Christ's holy gospel preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And patient when adversity was sent ;
Such had he often prov'd, and loth was he
To curse for tithes and ransack poverty ;
But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about,
Of his own substance, and his offerings too.
His wants were humble, and his needs but few.
Wide was his parish—houses far asunder—
But he neglected not, for rain or thunder,
In sickness and in grief to visit all,
The farthest in his parish, great and small ;
Always on foot, and in his hand a stave.
This noble example to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught :
Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught,
And this new figure added he thereto,——
That if gold rust, then what should iron do ?
For if a priest be foul on whom we trust,
No wonder if an igno'rant man should rust ;
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see the shephèrd obscene, while clean the sheep :
Well ought a priest to all example give,
By his pure conduct, how his sheep should live.
He let not out his benefice for hire,
Leaving his flock encumber'd in the mire,
While he ran up to London, to St. Paul's,
To seek a well-paid chantery for souls,
Or with a loving friend his pastime hold ;
But dwelt at home, and tended well his fold ;
So that to foil the wolf he was right wary :
He was a shepherd and no mercenāry :
And though he holy was, and virtuous,
He yet to sinful men was pitèous ;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught ;
A lore benignant he discreetly taught :
To draw mankind to heaven, by gentleness
And good example, was his business ;

But if that any one were obstinate,
 Whether he were of high or low estate,
 Him would he sharply check with alter'd mien:
 A better parson there was no where seen.
 He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
 Nor spic'd his conscience at his soul's expense;*
 But Jesus' lore, which owns no pride or pelf,
 He taught—and first he follow'd it himself.

A PLOUGHMAN† hale, his brother, with him rode,
 Who of manure had spread full many' a load.
 A right good, constant, labouring man was he,
 Living in peace, and perfect charity.
 O'er all the world to God he gave his heart
 At all times, whether for his gain or smart;
 And next, his neighbour as himself he held.
 He thresh'd, made dikes, he planted, or he fell'd,
 For Jesus' sake in aid of each poor wight,
 And without hire, when it lay in his might:
 His tithes he also paid without a word,
 Both of his proper labour and his herd.
 —In a short frock he rode upon a mare.

A MILLER and a REVE‡ were also there,
 A SOMPNOUR† and a PARDO'NER‡—making four—
 A MANCIPLE†, and *myself*: there were no more.

The MILLER was a stout carl, deep of tones;
 Right large he was of brawn, and eke of bones,
 Which he prov'd well; for over all that came
 In wrestling, he would bear away the ram.
 With shoulders broad and short—a knob or gnarr—
 There was no door but he'd heave up the bar,
 Or break, by running at it with his head.
 His beard, as hair of sow or fox, was red,

* That is, he did not embalm or preserve his conscience by sophistries and artificial moralities.

† Ploughman here signifies a small farmer.

‡ Reve, a steward; Sompnour, a summoner (the officer now called an apparitor), who summoned delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, and gave evidence which subjected them to fines; —Pardoner, one who sold pardons or indulgences from the Roman See; Manciple, the caterer or steward of an Inn of Court.

And thereto broad, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the tip-top of his nose he had
 A wart, and thereon stood a tuft of hairs,
 Red as the bristles of a wild sow's ears :
 His open nostrils, they were black and wide.
 A sword and buckler bare he by his side.
 His mouth gap'd like a furnace, red and great.
 He was a huge wag, and enjoy'd his prate,
 Which mainly turn'd on sin, and haunts of vice.
 He oft stole corn, and charg'd for grinding, thrice.
 And so he had a thumb of gold*, pardie!—
 A white coat with a hood of blue had he.
 A bagpipe well he play'd with squeal and groan,
 And therewithal he brought us out of town.

There was a courteous MANCIPLE' of a temple,
 And catêrers all from him might take example,
 How to be wise in furnishing the board ;
 For whether he was paid, or had it scor'd,
 He for his bargain would his time so bide,
 That he was always on the safest side.
 Now, is not that a sign of heavên's good grace,
 When one of such unlearn'd wit should out-pace
 The wisdom of a heap of learned men ?
 Of gownsmen serv'd he more than three times ten,
 Who were in law expert and curïous ;
 Of which there were a dozen in that house,
 Fit to be stewards of the rents of land
 Of any lord that dwells in Engle-land,
 And make him live upon his own estate
 In debtless honour—were his spendings great,
 Or were they scarce and frugal as he would,
 That he might help his shire, and do it good
 In any ills that fall to mortal lot :—
 And yet this Mauci'ple made them fools, I wot.

The REVE he was a slender cholerick man,
 With beard as closely shaven as it can :
 His formal hair was shorn stiff round his ears ;
 His crown was dock'd as a priest's front appears.

* A gold thumb-ring.

Full long were both his spindle legs, and lean ;
Just like to walking-sticks—no calves were seen.
Well could he keep a garner and a bin ;
There was no auditor could on him win.
He knew well, by the drought and by the rain,
The yielding of the seed and of the grain :—
His lordship's flocks, his dairy, and his herd,
His swine, his horses, stores, and poultry-yard,
Were wholly in this Reve's good governing,
And 'twas his duty to give reckoning.
Since that his lord was twenty years of age
No one could find arrears upon his page :
There was no bailiff, herdsman, groom, or hind,
But he knew all his sleights, and how to find :
They dreaded him as though he had been death.
His dwelling-house stood fair upon a heath ;
With green trees all the place was soft in shade.
A bargain better than his lord he made.
Much riches had he privately in store.
He subtly pleas'd his lordship evermore,
Who gave and lent him of his substance good :
The Reve got thanks—besides a coat and hood.
In youth, a good trade practis'd well had he,
And was a clever hand at carpentry.
This Reve upon a stallion sat, I wot,
Of apple-spotted gray, and christen'd *Scot*.
His sky-blue surcoat lengthily was made,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this wight of whom I tell,
Near to a town that was call'd *Balderswell*.
Like to a friar his clothes were tuck'd about ;
And evèr he rode the hindmost of the route.

A SOMPNOUR was there with us in that place,
Who had a fire-red cherubin's large face,
Pimpled and crusted rough, with close eyes narrow :
As hot he was, and gamesome as a sparrow.
With scruffy eye-brows black, and blotch bald beard,
Of his grim visage children were afraid :
Quicksilver, suga'r of lead, nor yet brimstone,
Borax, litharge, nor oil of tartar—none—

Nor ointment made to melt away or bite,
 Would serve to soften down his tumors white,
 Or the red knobs that sat upon his cheeks.
 Garlic he much lov'd, onions too, and leeks,
 And strong wine, red as blood ; with which, when glad,
 He'd fall to jest and shout as he were mad ;
 But when he larger draughts adown had pour'd,
 Then, save in Latin, he'd not speak a word.
 In sooth, he knew a few terms—two or three,
 Which he had gather'd out of some decree ;
 No wonder,—for he heard it all the day :
 And certës, as ye know right well, a jay
 Can call out *Wat!* as well as can the pope :
 But if you tried him further, by one trope,
 Then had he spent all his philosophy—
 And '*Quæstio quid juris?*' would he cry.
 He was a libéral varlet, and a kind ;
 A better fellow could a man not find :
 And he would suffer, for a quart of wine,
 An honest carl to have his concubine
 A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full.
 Right craftily a pigeon could he pull ;
 But a good fellow if he took in hand,
 He would soon teach him in no awe to stand,
 In any case, of the Archdeacon's curse :
 He punish'd him whose soul was in his purse.
 Also he manag'd after his own guise
 The boys and girls of his own diocese,
 And knew their ways and counsels, to a thread.
 —He had a garland set upon his head,
 Large as an ale-house sign hung on a stake.
 —A buckler had he made him of a cake.

With him there rode a courteous PARDONER
 Of Rounceval, his friend and his compeer,
 Who had arriv'd straight from the Roman See.
 Full loud he sung 'Come hither, love, to me !'
 Our Sumpnour's voice bore a stiff burden round ;
 No trombone ever had so great a sound :
 This Pardoner had hair as yello'w as wax,
 But smooth it hung as doth a strike of flax ;

By ounces it hung scatter'd from his head,
And he therewith his shoulders overspread ;
Full thin it lay, in single shreds adown ;
But hood, for jollity, he would wear none ;
For this was truss'd up in his wallet close ;
He thought he rode all in new-fashion'd gloss :
Dishevell'd save his cap, he rode all bare.
Such glaring eyes he had as hath a hare :
A verni'cle* he had sew'd upon his cap :
His wallet lay before him in his lap,
Brimful of pardons, come from Rome all hot.
A voice he had as small as hath a goat.
No beard had he, and none could ever have ;
His chin was smooth as from the finest shave :
He fitly rode a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft from Berwick unto Ware,
You could not such another Pardo'ner trace :
For in his pack he had a pillow-case,
Which, as he said, was once Our Lady's veil.
He said he had a fragment of the sail
Saint Peter held, while, as his heart misgave him
Upon the sea, he pray'd our Lord to save him.
He had a cross of mixt ore, set with stones ;
And in a glass-case, treasur'd up pigs' bones.
But with these relics rare, when that he found
A parson poor, dwelling on rustic ground,
He, in a single day, more money got
Than the poor parson in two months, I wot :
And thus with flatt'ry, feints, and knavish japes,
He made the parson and his flock his apes.
But truly for to tell you all at last,
He was in church a noble ecclesiast.
Well could he read a lesson or a story,
Yet best of all he sang an offertory ;
For well he knew when he that song had sung,
That he must preach, and polish up his tongue

* Diminutive of *Veronike*,—a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ. The pardoner wears it as a token of having been at Rome, where the original picture was.

To win the silver, as he right well could ;
Therefore he sang the merrier and loud.

Now have I told you, almost without pause,
Thè estate, thè array, the number ; eke the cause
Why were assembled these in company
In Southwark, at this goodly hostelry.

MEMORANDA continued.

CHAUCER'S appearance in our poetry has been likened to a premature day in an English spring : nearly two hundred years intervene before we reach the name of Spenser ; and all that we find between these distant dates scarcely furnishes, out of a rank growth of obsolete cumbrous verse, a few wild flowers sufficient in number or beauty to repay the trouble of searching for them. JOHN GOWER, who died a few years later than Chaucer, wrote a heavy work in English, under the Latin name *Confessio Amantis* :—it is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, into which all subjects, both sacred and profane, are made to enter. JOHN LYDGATE, who, living at the same time with, or a few years after Gower, translated and paraphrased Boccaccio's *Fall of Princes*, exhibits more of the natural fire of poetry than his immediate predecessor. About this time, KING JAMES of Scotland, who, having been taken prisoner at sea by the English, was brought up at Windsor, celebrated in a work called *the Quair*, (the book,) his love of lady Jane Beaufort, whose hand he subsequently gained with his liberty. The wars of the Houses were unfavourable to poetry during the time they endured, though they furnished heart-stirring subjects for it afterwards ; nor have we any poet's name, except it be that of the eccentric and grotesque JOHN SKELTON, before we reach the times of Henry the Eighth. Skelton had written a short poem on the death of Edward the Fourth ; but the poet did not die till about the same time as Cardinal Wolsey, whom he made his enemy by satyrizing. The most interesting poets of the days of Henry the Eighth are, SIR THOMAS WYATT ; HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY ; and LORD VAUX. Our next Readings may attempt to exemplify the spirit of these courtly poets, by modernized Extracts.

READINGS FROM POETS BETWEEN CHAUCER AND SPENSER.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

PROEMIUM.

This poet, who was distinguished for his diplomatic services in the reign of Henry the Eighth, is supposed to have entertained an early passion for Ann Boleyn, which still

remained a secret flame, not quite smothered in his breast, when she became the object of higher notice. In our first extract, we shall find the Poet complaining of his state.

I see that Fate hath chosen me
 Thus secretly to live in pain,
 And to another given the fee
 Of all my loss, to have the gain :
 By fate assign'd thus do I serve,
 And other have than I deserve.

To seek by means to change this mind
 Alas ! I feel it will not be ;
 Within my heart I cannot find
 A way to set my chain'd heart free :
 Still I am doom'd by force to serve,
 And other have than I deserve.

Such is the fortune I must brave
 To love her most that loves me least,
 And still to seek, and still to crave,
 The prize another has possess'd :
 And thus in vain I seek and serve,
 And other have than I deserve.

And till I may appease my heat,
 If that my hap can hap so well,
 My wailing song must still repeat
 The woe it cannot truly tell :
 Yet thus unhappy must I serve,
 And other have than I deserve.

In our second extract, we find the poet addressing his Lute.

My Lute, awake ! perform thy last,
 And then together we will waste,
 And end what now I have begun :
 For when this song is sung and past,
 My Lute, be still ; for I have done.
 As lead can hurt the marble stone,
 My song may pierce her heart as soon,
 Or make her hear where ear is none :
 Shall we then sing, or sigh, or moan ?
 No, no, my Lute ; for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
 Repulse the waves incessantly,
 As she my suit and service won ;
 Long were they yielded zealously :
 But now my Lute and I have done.
 Cease, cease, my Lute ! it is the last
 Of labours this which now we waste ;
 For ended is what I begun :
 Our song is sung, our hope is past ;
 My Lute, be still ! for I have done.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

PROEMIUM.

This nobleman, who perished on the scaffold in 1546, in the flower of his age, by the machinations of his enemies at the court of Henry, had been imprisoned at Windsor some little time before his last detention in the Tower. At Windsor, he had spent some of the happiest years of his earlier life ; and the recollection of these, furnishes a mournful subject for his verse during the time of his captivity at the same place.

So cruel prison could they find, alas !
 As thou, proud Windsor ? where, in lusty joy,
 With a king's son my years I once did pass,
 With greater zest than Priam's sons of Troy.
 Now, each sweet place returns a taste full sour,—
 The large green courts where we were wont to rove
 With eyes upcast unto the maidens' tower,
 Wafting such sighs as folks may draw in love ;—
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dance cut short by tale of long delight,
 With looks that did than words more strongly sue,
 And plead to gentle hearts each other's right ;—
 The play at fives, when, as we plied the game,
 And saw not who did walk the leads above,
 Our eyes, by sudden glimpses of our dame,
 Did miss the ball, dazzled by looks of love ;—

The gravell'd ground, o'er which, with friendly hearts,
 We spurr'd the foaming horse, while sword and helm
 Did make appear, and eager chace with darts,
 As though we would each other overwhelm ;—
 The meads which still do show, as if with ruth,
 Their silver drops, where every breadth and length
 Have oft been swarm'd by trains of active youth
 Striving in games of nimbleness and strength ;—
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 With pleasant plaint, and with our ladies' praise,
 With confidence of grace already found,
 Or hope of speed, or dread of long delays ;—
 The forest wild, the hill all clad with green,
 O'er which, with shorten'd reins, the panting horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Follow'd the fearful hart in joyous course ;—
 The walls now void, that harbour'd us each night,
 Which now, alas ! revive within my breast
 What welcome each did give with calm delight,
 What pleasant dreams in quiet bed of rest !
 O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !
 Give me again my noble playmate here ;
 Give me the friends, the joys thou didst enclose ;
 Give me the hearts that still to mine are dear !
 Echo alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns to me a hollow sound of plaint ;
 I feel that where with freedom once I grew,
 I pine alone in bondage and restraint.
 Only in memory I find relief
 To banish from my mind the present grief.

SIR THOMAS VAUX.

PROEMIUM.

Sir Thomas was one of those who attended Cardinal Wolsey on his embassy to Francis I.; but we have reason to think that he lived beyond the days of Henry through the reign of Edward VI., and far into that of queen Mary.

He will aptly introduce us to the days of Elizabeth, by the following lines, in which, now old in life, he sings his renunciation of youthful thoughts, such as we find in the strains of the two previous poets.

These hairs of mine are messengers
Which bid me fast repent and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way :
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that show the length
How far my race was set to run ;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun ;
And I do feel, and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical ;
Their tune declares that I from ground
Did come, and go back to it shall :
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

MEMORANDA *continued.*

In entering on Elizabethan days, the poets who precede the two great names, still in the distance, are so numerous, and their merits so balanced, that our choice of some one in particular, by which to break the interval before we come to Spenser, is extremely difficult. The names immediately before us are, RICHARD EDWARDS, who died in 1566 ; WILLIAM HUNNIS, who died in 1568 ; GEORGE GASCOYNE, who died in 1577 ; JOHN HARRINGTON, who died in 1582 ; SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, who died in 1586 ; ROBERT GREEN, who died in 1592 ; THOMAS WARTON, who died in the same year, and ROBERT SOUTHWELL, a persecuted Jesuit, executed in 1595. Spenser was living during all this time, having been born in 1553, and dying at the close of the century ; but though living, he was not known as a poet till within the fifteen years before his death : therefore, we have still some five or six-and-twenty years in view before we reach his day. That this space may not be quite blank, by the mere mention of names, without an example from the poetry of the day, a Reading is added from a poem doubtless of this period, though the author is not certainly known.

VERSES BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR IN THE EARLY PART OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

PROEMIUM.

“*“The Soul’s Errand,” by whomsoever written, is a burst of genuine poetry.’ So speaks a modern critic, himself a poet. ‘I know not how that short production,’ continues Mr. Campbell, ‘has ever affected other readers, but it carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, by a dying man whose eye glares on eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world.’*”

Go, Soul, the body’s guest,
 Upon a thankless errand,
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant;
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go tell the Court it glows,
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Go tell the Church it shows
 What’s good, and doth no good;
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by others’ actions,
 Not lov’d unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions;
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their motive is ambition,
 Their practice only hate;
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that flaunt it most,
They beg for more by spending,
And in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give ev'ry one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of Coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they shall reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming,
 Tell Schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming ;
 If Arts and Schools reply,
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.
 And when thou hast, as I
 Command thee, done thy blabbing,
 Although to give the lie
 Deserve no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

 SPENSERIAN READINGS.

PROEMIUM.

The poet, in planning the Fairy Queen, disposed the whole poem into twelve books, fashioning, as he says, twelve moral virtues. Of these books, only six have survived their author. The other six may have been complete in manuscript, though this is doubted ; certain it is they were never published, nor seen complete by any credible witness. The six books which now form the poem, contain so many legends of knights, each of whom is patron and defender of a virtue. Our attention must be limited to one of these legends,—that which the first Canto embraces ; and of this we can but present certain portions. We enter a vast gallery filled with gorgeous pictures, far too many and too perplexing by their brightness to be all examined at present. But we may prepare for such pleasure hereafter, by learning from a few the character of the rest. Let us begin with the first picture.

A gentle knight is pricking on the plain,
 Y-clad in mighty arms and silver shield ;
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds do remain,
 The cruel marks of many' a bloody field,—
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steed doth chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdaining to the curb to yield :
 Full goodly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit
 As one for knightly jousts, and fair encounter fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living ever, him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd
 For sovèrign hope, which in his help he had.
 Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word ;
 And though in mien he seem'd too solemn sad,
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was y-drad.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
 Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a veil, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a black stole she did throw.—
 As one that inly mourn'd, she droop'd her head,
 And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow :
 It seem'd in heart some hidden care she fed :
 And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
 That lazy seem'd, for he was ever last,
 Weary perchance with bearing of the bag
 Of needments at his back.—Thus as they pass'd,
 The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
 And angry Jove such hideous storm of rain
 Did pour upon the lap of earth so fast,
 That ev'ry wight to shroud himself was fain ;
 And eke this couple fair, to shroud it did constrain.

Our next picture might be the shady grove in which the fair couple take shelter ; but let us pass on, taking with us such information as other parts of the legend afford, concerning the picture we have seen. The knight is come forth from the court of the ' Fairy Queen,' devoted to the service of the lady ; and she, the lady Una, is a princess who had applied at the same court for the succour of knighthood. The kingdom of her parents, in the far West, is wasted by a great dragon, while they are forced to confine themselves for safety within a brazen tower ; and to oppose and sub-

due this dragon is the sworn purpose of the red-cross knight, the patron of true holiness. But this will be his last combat: trials and temptations obstruct his journey; and his first trial is in the wood where they take shelter from the storm. It is the wandering wood, which leads him to the den of Error. The monster of this den he attacks and destroys; for the lady Una, who is truth herself, is near him: and being free from this danger, he, the lady, and the dwarf, quit the wood, and hold their course onward. At night-fall they meet with one who, in outward show, is a reverend hermit. Invited to take up their night's abode with him, let the place at which they arrive be our next picture.

A little lowly hermitage it was
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was a holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things at morn and even tide:
Thereby, a crystal stream did gently play,
Which, from a sacred fountain, wellèd forth away.

Arrivèd there, the little house they fill,
Nor look for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evèning so they pass;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass:
He told of saints and popes; and evermore
He strow'd an A-ve-Mary after and before.

Such is the picture before sleep had quite seized upon the weary guests; such is their entertainer in appearance while the night is closing in upon his lonely dwelling. But the guests are now asleep; and the old man is in his study, not at his beads or saying holy prayers, but amid books of magic, seeking out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds:

And forth he calls out of deep darkness dread
 Legions of sprites, the which, like little flies,
 Fluttèring about his ever-damnèd head,
 Await whereto their service he applies
 To aid his friends, or fright his enemies.
 Of these he chose out two, the falsest two,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies :
 He gave a message one of them unto,
 And kept the other near him, other work to do.

While that was absent, he, with hidden arts,
 Fashion'd a lady of this other sprite,
 And fram'd of liquid air her tender parts
 So lively, and so like in all men's sight,
 That weaker sense it would have ravish'd quite.
 The maker's-self, for all his wondrous wit,
 Was nigh beguilèd with so goodly sight.
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 A black stole did he cast, that seem'd for Una fit.
 The former sprite that went, now to him brought
 An idle dream, with which he bade him fly
 Where slept the knight all void of evil thought,
 And with false shows abuse his fantasy
 In such sort as he school'd him privily.
 And that new creature born of art undue,
 Full of the maker's guile, with usage sly,
 He taught to imitate that lady true,
 Whose semblance she did carry under feignèd hue.

Thus well instructed to their work they haste ;
 And coming where the knight in slumber lay,
 The one ill sprite upon his head they plac'd,
 And made him dream of loves and Cupid's play,
 That nigh his manly heart did melt away :
 Then all amid his soul's unbidden joy
 It seem'd to him his lady near him lay,
 And to him 'plain'd how that false wingèd boy
 Her chaste heart had subdu'd, and made it pleasure's toy.

*The knight awakes, and learns, as he thinks, that his lady
 has not only given up her heart to unholy love, but to other
 love than his. Darkness passes away,—*

And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robe through dewy air,
 And Titan had the hills discover'd,
 The royal virgin shook off drowsyhed :—
 When rising forth from out her lowly bower,
 She sought the knight ; but he away was fled.
 She sought the dwarf that tended her each hour,
 And he was fled ; then grief her heart did overpower.

And after him she rode with all the speed
 Her slower beast could make ; but all in vain :
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
 Prick'd on by wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitless pain.
 Yet she her weary limbs would never rest ;
 But ev'ry hill and dale, each wood and plain
 Did search, sore griev'd in her gentle breast
 He so ungently left her, whom she lov'd best.

We may expect that the red-cross knight, having yielded to appearances that separate him from the lady who is truth herself, will be exposed to worse delusions :

Young knight whatever that dost arms profess,
 And through long labours huntest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness
 In choice and change of thy dear-lov'd dame,
 Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 And, rash misweening, do thy heart remove :
 For unto knight there is no greater blame
 Than lightness and inconstancy in love :
 Our red-cross knight's example, this may plainly prove.

He is victorious over paynim champions whom he meets with on his way ; but he falls into the snares of the witch Duessa, who, in guise of a beautiful damsel in distress, and under the name Fidessa, leads him to the palace of Pride. Here he is in danger both from the Queen of that palace herself, and from her ministers Idleness, Gluttony Avarice,

Wrath, and the rest ; and when he hardly escapes from them, it is only to fall into the hands of a giant, whom, in his better days, he could have subdued. But let us look back to a picture we have left behind us :

She, that most faithful lady, all this while,
 Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
 Far from the people's throng, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd
 To seek her knight, who, subtly betray'd,
 By that false vision which the' enchanter wrought,
 Had her abandon'd. She, of nought afraid,
 Him through the woods and wide wastes daily sought,
 Yet wish'd-for tidings of him, none unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight,
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow far from all men's sight ;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside : her angel face
 As the great eye that lights the earth, shone bright
 And made a sunshine in that shady place,
 That never mortal eye beheld such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd that, from out the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rush'd suddenly,
 And hunting greedy after savage blood,
 The royal virgin helpless did espy ;
 At whom with gaping mouth full greedily
 To seize and to devour her tender corse
 When he did run,—he stopp'd ere he drew nigh,
 And losing all his rage in quick remorse,
 As with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

Then coming near, he kiss'd her weary feet,
 And lick'd her lily hand with fawning tongue,
 As he her wrong'd innocence did weet :—
 O ! how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue intent of wrong !

His proud submission, and his yielded pride,
 Though dreading death, when she had mark'd long,
 She felt compassion in her heart to slide,
 And drizzling tears to gush that might not be denied.

And with her tears she pour'd a sad complaint,
 That softly echo'd from the neighbou'ring wood ;
 While sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
 With pity calm'd, he lost all angry mood.
 At length, in close breast shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
 And on her snowy palfrey rode again
 To seek and find her knight, if him she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wak'd, he waited diligent
 With humble service to her will prepar'd :
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceiv'd her intent.

** Thus protected she is preserved from many dangers, but not from all. Yet in her worst extremities she is saved. When the royal brute who follows her steps is slain in her defence, and a paynim knight bears her away on his horse among hordes of savage men, even these are won from their natural manners to rise in her defence, and she stays unhurt among them till a knight sprung from their own race sets her again free, to renew the search after her champion knight of the red-cross. At length she meets the dwarf, who acquaints her with all that had happened to her knight,—the shows by which his constancy had been beguiled, the combats he had won, and his escape from the house of Pride, only to fall, in luckless conflict, under the power of the giant Orgoglio. And here we might stop to dwell with heartfelt sympathy on the picture of that lady listening to the tale, and then giving full vent to her sorrow : we might behold her, now led by the dwarf, making way with full de-*

termination to accomplish by some means the rescue of her knight : we might arrest our steps at the picture of another knight—a champion no less renowned than Prince Arthur,—who, with his accomplished squire, is seeking through the world the mistress of his heart, a lady who had been shown him in a dream, the print of whose form he had seen in the grass where she had been laid, but who, in her living person, is yet a stranger to him. But we must hasten onward to an event you will already anticipate—the rescuing of the red-cross knight from captivity by the willing services of Prince Arthur, who slays the giant, and brings forth the captive into open day : alas ! how distressful is that picture ! how is the patron of holiness changed from what he was !

His sad dull eyes, in hollows sunken deep,
 Could not endure the' unwonted sun to view :
 His cheek-bones bare from want of food and sleep,
 And empty sides deceiv'd of their due,
 Had made a heart of stone his hap to rue :
 His sinew'd arms, whose weight, like falling towers,
 Did use to rive steel plates and helmets hew,
 Were clean consum'd ; and all his vital powers
 Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk up like wither'd flowers.

Whom when his lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty joy ; to see him made her glad,
 But sad, more sad, to see his visage wan,
 That erst in flower of freshest youth was clad.
 Then, when her well of tears she wasted had,
 She said,—“ Ah dearest lord ! what evil star
 On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his influence bad,
 With this mis-seeming hue your manly looks to mar ?

“ But welcome, welcome, or in weal or woe,
 Welcome, whom I have lack'd too long a day ;
 And fie on Fortune, mine avow'd foe,
 Who would not till this hour her wrath allay ;
 But, for her wrong, shall treble penance pay
 Of treble good : good grows of evils past.”
 With cheering words like these she did assay
 To clear his brow ; but he, with looks aghast,
 A cheerless man, stood mute, by famine overcast.

By diet and care the knight is partially recovered, but he is not yet in condition to undertake the combat with the great dragon, the special object of his enterprise. Of this he furnishes proof in his next adventure. A knight of goodly appearance, but with a halter round his neck, crosses his path in most unseemly flight from a hidden foe. The red-cross knight stops him with much difficulty, and with still more difficulty draws from his trembling lips the story of his fear. "I lately chanced," says the affrighted warrior, "with a fair knight to keep in company;" and then acquainting his inquirer that this knight had been unhappy in his lady's love, he thus proceeds with his tale:

With whom conversing sad and comfortless
As on the way together we did fare,
We met a villain (God from him me bless!)
That curs'd wight from whom I scap'd whilerc,
A man of hell that calls himself Despair.
He first us greets; and after, fair areads
Of tidings strange, and of adventures rare;
And creeping close as snake in hidden weeds,
Then of our state inquires, and of our knightly deeds;

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Emboss'd with bale, and bitter-biting grief,
Which Love had caus'd with his deadly darts
And words whose edge surpasseth quick belief,
He, stead of aid, pluck'd from us all relief
That erst had kept us still in love with life:
Then hopeless, heartless, 'gan the cunning thief
Persuade us die, to stop all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife;

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That woful lover, loathing longer light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath:
But I, more fearful, or more lucky wight,
Dismay'd with that deform'd dismal sight,
Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear;
Nor yet assur'd of life by you, sir knight,
Since you to like infirmity are near,
If God prevent you not that charm'd speech to hear.

Might we expect after this, that the one knight should agree to lead, and the other to be led, to this wretch's abode? Yet, according to our legend, this is between them agreed upon; and our next picture is as follows:

They come, ere long, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff y-pight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave:
On top thereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl;
And all about it ghosts did, wand'ring, wail and howl:

And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
With crooked tops, and ragged rocky knees,
Stood for such wretches as had hang'd been,
Whose carcasses were scatter'd on the green
Or thrown about the cliffs. Arriv'd there,
The knight that led, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, nor durst approachen near;
But the other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The Knight of the Red-cross who has thus approached the abode of Despair, is followed by the watchful eye of the Lady Una: yet he enters the innermost den of the wretch, and seeing him there with the yet warm body of the self-murdered knight, his indignation is strongly kindled. Despair proposing to justify himself, points to the dead body, and thus speaks:

“That knight doth now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave,
Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life,—all greatly please.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
And so prevent the ills that follow may;
For what hath life that can it lov'd make,
Or give us cause we should not it forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that make the heart to quake,
And fickle fortune ever raging rife,
All these, and thousand more, do make a loathsome life.

Thou, wretched knight, of death hast greatest need,
If, in true balance, thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that dar'd warlike deed,
Has deeper sunk in evils desperate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Shut up, thou didst for death so often call:
And though thy luck prolong'd hath thy date,
Yet present death would like mishap forestal,
And all mishap hereafter which may thee befall.

And why shouldst thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days out to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
Heap'd high already with iniquity
Against the day of wrath to burthen thee?
Is't not enough thou wrongly hast revil'd
Thy lady's faith, and hast, with perjury,
Withdrawn thyself from her dominion mild
To serve a wicked witch, with whom thou art defil'd?

When, by such words as these, the miscreant
Had made the knight to waver, weak and frail,
While trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail,
To drive him to the last, and quite to quail,
He show'd him, painted on a table plain,
The damn'd ghosts that all in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

The sight thereof so throughly him dismay'd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw
 And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
 The righteous sentence of Almighty law :
 Then to him where he stood in frozen awe,
 He held up swords and poison, ropes and fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw ;
 And bade him choose what death he would desire ;
 For death was due to him, that had provok'd God's ire.

And when of these he none of them did take,
 He reach'd to him a dagger sharp and keen,
 And put it in his hand : his hand did quake
 And tremble like a leaf of aspin green ;
 And through his pale face troubled blood was seen
 To come and go with tidings from the heart,
 As it a running messenger had been :
 At last, as if resolv'd with life to part,
 He lifted up his hand, but back again did start :

When Una this did see, through ev'ry vein
 The curdled cold ran to her well of life,
 As she would swoon ; but soon reviv'd again,
 Out of his hand she snatch'd the curs'd knife,
 And threw it from him with reproaches rife :
 " Fie, fie," she said, " thou weak, faint-hearted knight !
 Is this the struggle, this the noble strife,
 Is this the battle and the promis'd fight
 With that same fire-mouth'd dragon, horrible and bright ?

Come, come away, too fleshly yet in mind,
 Nor let vain words bewitch thy unfix'd heart,
 Nor devilish thoughts thy better spirit blind :
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
 Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art ?
 Where justice grows, there grows the greater grace
 To quench the flaming brand of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing to deface :—
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this curs'd place."

And the knight arises, and remounts his steed ; and the motto of the next Canto informs us that

Her faithful knight, fair Una brings
To house of holiness,
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heavenly bliss.

Nursed by Faith, Hope, and Charity, the sisterhood of that mansion, the knight regains his health and strength ; and then with Una journies till the country is reached, where he must encounter the great dragon that he has vowed to destroy. The combat between the knight and the dragon might be our next picture ; but to what Englishman is not that picture already familiar ? Be it observed that the allusions in Spenser are often double ; and further, that his fairies are not the malicious diminutive beings which common fancy makes them : they resemble men and women in their size and shape, but are more spiritual, more powerful, and much more lovely. And while our fancies take in these "sights that youthful poets dream," it is intended that we should look into the world around us for correspondent realities, or into the world of established fiction for proofs that what is told, has a foundation in what has been told already. From the court of the Fairy Queen, the first readers of the poem could not fail to glance sometimes at the court of their own glorious Eliza. The Elfin knight of the red-cross was new to them only as a fairy knight : they remembered well their own patron saint, St. George of England, who fought with and subdued the dragon ; and therefore they were not surprised to learn that the fairies had bred St. George of England without revealing to him his place of birth, till the hour of his great victory. In this manner, then, the paintings carry to our minds much more than at first view they seem to mean ; but reaching meaning below the first surface, we may go deeper still, and find our search repaid. Nor, to most minds, will the search be toilsome : the truths will flash at once if found at all. If we cannot find them we are at liberty to leave them,—at least for the present,—and be content with the pictures as they appear to the outward eye.—One more of these pictures by the hand

of this ancient master, shall engage our attention, and then we will quit the gallery till taste or opportunity shall call us to it again:—The fiery dragon is dead, and the king of that country, now no longer laid waste, prepares to give his daughter's hand to the champion of the cross.

So forth he call'd her, his daughter fair,
The radiant Una, none to him so dear,
His only daughter and his only heir :
Who, forth proceeding with grave sober cheer,
As bright as doth the morning star appear
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing near,
And bringing to the world long-wish'd for light,—
So fair and fresh that lady usher'd forth in sight.

As fair and fresh as freshest flower in May ;
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her heav'nly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did wear
All lily white withouten spot or pride,
That seem'd like silk and silver woven near,
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

The blazing brightness of her beauty's beam,
And glorious light of her sun-shiny face
To tell, would be to strive against the stream :
My rugged lines are all too mean and base
The lustre of her lineaments to trace :
No wonder ; for her own dear-lov'd knight,
Though near her daily he had been in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight :
Oft had he seen her fair, but never so fair dight.

Her father with his hands the knot did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide ;
His own two hands, for such a turn most fit,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide ;

At which the torch one of the grooms did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night
 For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then 'gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day:
 And spread perfume from frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetch'd from far away,
 So that throughout that house, the sweetness lay
 Upon the air, and with it meetly blent
 The warbling notes that music there did play,
 Driving dull melancholy far away;
 The whiles one sang a song of love and merriment.

But sweeter still there was a heavenly noise
 Heard sounding through the palace pleasantly:
 It was as that of many' an angel's voice
 Singing before the eternal majesty,
 All join'd in mystic trine triplicity.
 Each one did hear it, yet did none know whence;
 Rather heard not, but felt it secretly:
 It seem'd to snatch away the earthly sense,
 And pour upon the spirit heavenly influence.

Such joy was made that day by young and old,
 Such solemn feast throughout the happy land,
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
 The usual joys at knitting of love's band,
 Must here suffice as signs to understand.
 Thrice happy man the knight himself did hold,
 Possess'd of his lady's heart and hand;
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold.

MEMORANDA *continued.*

After Spenser, the next great English poet whom we reach in the order of time, is the greatest of poets,—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Of the spirit of his poetry, as of that of others, our plan proposes partial illustrations, by passages adapted for audible reading: but so mighty a name must stand separate from the rest; and our pupil is referred to a special volume, *the Historical Shakspeare*, for the Readings ex-

clusively Shakspearian. Nor can we, in this brief outline, after mentioning Shakspeare, dwell upon the multitude of names that belong to his day. Numerous as are the dramatic poets of the same school and the same age, we have the character and the full power of that school of poetry when we confine our attention to the productions of the master mind. It must suffice, therefore, merely to quote the names of the poets who, with Shakspeare, close the era of the first or Romantic period of English poetry. Three names of poets who partially employed themselves in dramatic works, have already been mentioned—EDWARDS, GASCOIGNE, and GREENE. Other dramatic poets who preceded Shakspeare by no great distance of time, or were his contemporaries, or closely followed him, were,—THOMAS SACKVILLE Earl of Dorset, JOHN LYLY, THOMAS NASH, HENRY CHETTLE, ANTHONY MUNDAY, THOMAS KYD, GEORGE PEELE, CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, THOMAS LODGE, THOMAS HEYWOOD,* PHILIP MASSINGER, BEN JONSON, THOMAS MIDDLETON, THOMAS RANDOLPH, THOMAS DEKKER, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER (FRANCIS and JOHN †), CYRIL TOURNEUR, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON, JOHN WEBSTER, JOHN FORD, WILLIAM ROWLEY, THOMAS MAY, WILLIAM HEMINGE, JAMES SHIRLEY. Some of the last-mentioned names bring us, in point of time, below the era of Romantic poetry; yet, as dramatic poets, the writers all belong to one school. When, however, we pass from dramatic to narrative, or lyric, or satiric, or elegiac composition, we meet, even during the latter years of Elizabeth, with much of that false taste which filled up the interval between the eras of the Romantic and of the Classical schools. The sonnets even of Shakspeare himself are not always free from the conceits which were so much in vogue during the reigns of James and the first Charles; and in the immense mass of verse attached to other names, there is much more of the dross than of the ore of poetry. WILLIAM WARNER, SAMUEL DANIEL, MICHAEL DRAYTON, lived during Spenser's day, and are voluminous, but, excepting some striking passages, are not, in other respects, great poets. Bishop (JOSEPH) HALL, another poet of the same time, indicates, in his satires, some of that restraint of fancy, and regard to ancient models, which are the characteristics of the next age of poetry. Sir JOHN DAVIES prepares us for the metaphysical poets; of which class of writers, Dr. JOHN DONNE, who died in 1631, is a lively instance; and ABRAHAM COWLEY, who died soon after the Restoration, another. During this

* There were three Heywoods: John in the reign of Henry VIII., the author of some interludes; Joseph, his son, author of some translations of plays, with some original matter added; and Thomas, named above, not known to be a relation. He wrote an immense number of plays, and died in 1649.

† There was another poet, Sir John Beaumont, who was a cousin of the dramatist: there were also two brothers of the name of Fletcher, besides the dramatist, who were known as poets: their christian names were Giles and Phineas.

period, extending from the days of Spenser, we find indeed,—sometimes in these writers, but more frequently in versifiers of less pretension,—(take, for instance, some lyrical pieces of ROBERT HERRICK)—much that assimilates with the poetry of the period we are now quitting; but in general the wings of fancy appear to feel the weight of a cumbrous learning, which restrains their flight, without confining it within the bounds that an age of better taste subsequently prescribed.

THE SECOND OR CLASSICAL PERIOD OF ENGLISH POETRY.

MEMORANDA *continued.*

The Restoration in 1660 gave the English a king and a nobility whose poetical taste had been formed during their stay on the Continent; and the critical laws to which the patronizing court of Louis the Fourteenth required conformity, began in consequence to have power over our English poets. The works first attempted at this period, were for the most part slight and occasional. WALLER, ROCHESTER, ROSCOMMON, and others, are known rather by light verses, than by serious efforts in poetry; though the Essay on translated verse by the last should not be unnoticed. Earlier than any of these, Sir JOHN DENHAM in the descriptive poem, *Cooper's Hill*, had afforded an example of a more correct versification than had previously prevailed; and thus the school we have now in view arose, and was still forming itself. Happily, for the sake of a nobler example than any of these writers held out to posterity, there lived at this time a poet whose mind was moulded by wider influences than belonged to his own immediate day. A classical poet, he drew inspiration from the spring of Castalie itself; an English poet, he had drunk with delight at the streams which our elder bards had opened, and which the progress of change had not yet suffered to close. Hence we boast of a poem, which, though it belongs to this period, both on account of the time of its production, and the models after which it is framed, is nevertheless deficient in none of the better characteristics of the period we have passed by:—it is unnecessary to add that the poem alluded to, is the *Paradise Lost* of JOHN MILTON. Of this poem, our plan requires illustrative passages selected from different parts, and adapted, as usual, for audible reading.

MILTONIAN READINGS.

PROEMIUM.

An epic poem differs from a drama in this essential respect, that in the former, there is but one person supposed to be present to the auditor throughout the whole poem—namely the narrator. This it is which gives a monotony to

*the epic poem, when compared to the drama. Yet in one essential respect the epic poem agrees with the drama—namely, that instead of developing events in their natural order, as in history, it opens at once in the middle of the action which is to be celebrated, and unfolds the prior events only as occasion may occur for the purpose. As in a drama, so in an epic poem, we are present only to some striking scenes; and are supposed to learn the rest from the discourse of the parties concerned—with this difference, that in the epic poem, the scenes are unfolded to the imagination, not as in an acted drama to the corporeal eye. Conceiving in this way of the scope and plan of the poem, let us, in listening to the *Paradise Lost*, feel ourselves as spectators to the most awful, the most deeply interesting of all dramas—a drama which opens before us *Hell*, and *Earth*, and *Heaven*,—the actors being they who inhabit these opposite abodes,—the fallen spirits in a state of torment—the angels embosomed in everlasting bliss—man yet innocent and happy, exposed to temptation, and ready to sink under it. The first scene discovers to us the view of hell at that moment when Satan awakens from the astonishment of his fall—an astonishment of nine days' space—to a full sense of the misery he had brought upon himself.*

At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation, waste and wild;
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur, unconsum'd.
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
 For these rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness———

Oh! how unlike the place from whence they fell!

The number of the fallen spirits, and the appearance of

their leuders, after they had been aroused by their chief, increase the terrible sublimity of the scene.

As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile,
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
Till, as a signal giv'n, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain.—
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander ; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities
And powers that erst in heav'n sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memori'al, blotted out and raz'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.

The appearance of Satan among the others, gives a climax to this description.

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost
All her origi'nal brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory' obscur'd : as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs ; darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all, the archangel. But his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows

Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the follo'wers rather,
 Far other once beheld in bliss—condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood
 Their glory wither'd!—as when heav'n's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With sing'd top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath.

These are the general features of hell and its inhabitants as they are exhibited in the first book. It is here—in hell—that, in the second book, the fall of man is described to be concocted. Beelzebub in the grand council of Pandemonium suggests to his fellows that

———— ‘ There is a place,
 If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
 Err not, another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of Him who rules above. Though heav'n be shut,
 And heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset: either with hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny habitants; or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works.'——

———— The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states and joy

Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote

Satan undertakes the enterprise of searching for this new world, and of seducing man; when the pursuits of the fallen spirits during his absence, complete that picture of Hell which has thus far been the scene of the poem.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the rang'd powers
Disband, and, wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form——
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.——
—— Others, more mild

Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many' a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that fate
Free virtue should intral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spi'rits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.—In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,

Passion, and apathy, and glory', and shame,
 Vain wisdom all and false philosophy!
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for awhile or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdur'd breast
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
 —Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the bank
 Of four infernal rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams.——
 Beyond these floods, a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Between Damietta and mount Casius old
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
 Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.——

——— Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, the adventu'rous bands,
 With shudd'ring horror pale and eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many' a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many' a region dolorous
 O'er many' a frozen, many' a fiery alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
 A universe of death, which God, by curse,
 Created evi'l, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable', inutterable', and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire.

Thus far, Hell and its inhabitants have been the subjects of the poet's description. The third book opens a different scene to the imagination—one indeed which the human mind is less able to conceive, and which is therefore less vivid than the other, but in describing which, Milton has done all that could be done. With the Scripture for his guide, he has shown, that while Satan is plotting the ruin of man, the Almighty, who foresees but does not pre-ordain his fall, is providing the means of his redemption, and in declaring thus his all-merciful purpose the poet tells us that

———— Ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All heav'n, and in the blessed spi'rits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in Him, all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd, and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and, without measure, grace.

The ransom for man being offered and accepted, the description proceeds :

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices uttering joy, heav'n rang
 With jubilee ;—and loud hosannas fill'd
 The' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 Towa'rd either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold ;
 Immortal amaranth ; a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
 Began to bloom ; but soon, for man's offence
 To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows

And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life ;
 And where the rive'r of bliss, through midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream.
 With these that never fade, the spi'rits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.
 Now, in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses, smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and, with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony, they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :
 No voice exempt ; no voice but well could join
 Melodious part ; such concord is in heaven.

It is more easy to form a conception of earthly than of heavenly bliss. That scene is opened to us in the fourth book :—our first Parents in the garden of Eden, ignorant of evil, provided with all good, and bearing in their port the image of their Maker, in the midst of inferior, but still happy creatures.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all ;
 And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure ;
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.—
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down ; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour, than suffic'd
 To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, sidelong as they sat reclin'd

On the soft downy bank, damask'd with flowers.
 The savou'ry pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of the earth since wild, and of all chace
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den :
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid : bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gamboll'd before them : the' unwieldy elephant
 To make them mirth used all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis : close the serpent sly
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded. Others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun
 Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career
 To the' ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning rose.

These scenes are continued in the same book, and the passages we shall next hear might follow the one that has just been quoted.

Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.
 Silence accompanied : for beast and bird
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale :
 She, all night long, her amo'rous descant sung.
 Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus that led
 The starry host, rode brightest ; till the moon
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw ;
 When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, thè hour

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose : since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight
 Inclines our eyelids "——

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd:
 "My author and disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey. So God ordains——
 With thee conversing, I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
 Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After short showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
 Or glitt'ring starlight—without thee, is sweet "——

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful hower——

—— Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heavenly quires the Hymenæan sung.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky, ador'd
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole. "Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker omnipotent ; and thou the day
 Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,

Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two, a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

Into this holy abode of innocence and peace, the tempter had already found his way :—the guardian angels have notice of his entrance, and at the hour of midnight him they find,

Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art, to reach
 The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The ani'mal spi'rits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits engend'ring pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness : up he starts
 Discover'd and surpris'd.——

Satan afterwards brought before Gabriel is threatened with punishment ; but he—

Collecting all his might dilated stood
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
 His stature reach'd the sky ; and on his crest
 Sat Horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements

At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With vio'lence of this conflict, had not soon
 Thè Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen,
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,——
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespoke the Fiend :
 " Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
 Neither our own, but given——

—— For proof, look up
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak
 If thou resist." The Fiend look'd up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft ; nor more ; but fled
 Murmu'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

And another dawn of innocence shines on the earth ; and the angel Raphael visits Adam, and seven days hold their golden course. We pass from the fourth to the ninth book of the poem :—having seen the Tempter flying out of Paradise before the face of Gabriel, we are now admonished of his secret return.

By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
 That kept their watch. Thence full of anguish driven,
 The space of seven continued nights, he rode
 With darkness : thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled ; four times cross'd the car of night
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure ;
 On thè eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way.——

Then, a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find
 The serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found
 In labyrinth of many a round, self-roll'd——

—— In at his mouth
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense

In heart or head possessing, soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential, but his sleep
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
 Now when as sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flowers that breath'd
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
 From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator——

—— came the human pair,
 And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
 Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs :
 When Eve first to her husband thus began :
 “ Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower
 Our pleasant task——
 Let us divide our labours——
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on.”——
 To whom mild answer Adam soon return'd :
 “ Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all other creatures dear,
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
 How we may best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assign'd us——
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, wheth'ér of food or talk between.
 These paths and bow'ers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands e'er long
 Assist us. But if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield ;
 For solitude is sometimes best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return.
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
 Befal thee sever'd from me ; for thou knowst
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe

Envy'ing our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches no doubt with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder——
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemli'est by her husband stays
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure, thus replied :
 " Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's lord !
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
 And from the parting angel overheard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers :
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear."——

To whom with healing words, Adam replied :
 " Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire,
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself intended by our foe,
 Though ineffectual found. Misdeem not then
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
 Or daring, first on me the' assault shall light.
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn :
 Subtle he needs must be who would seduce
 Angels ; nor think superfluous others' aid.
 I from the influ'ence of thy looks receive
 Access in every virtue——
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care

And matrimonial love : But Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd :
 " If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straighten'd by a foe
 Subtle or violent, we not endued
 Single with like defence wherever met,
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?
 Oh ! let us not suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise——
 Frail is our happiness if this be so,
 And Eden were no Eden, thus expos'd."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied :
 " O woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them ; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created ; much less man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force : within ourselves
 The danger lies, yet lies within our power :
 Against our will we can receive no harm :
 But God left free the will ; for what obeys
 Reason is free, and reason he made right ;
 But bid her well be 'ware and still erect,
 Lest, by some fair appearing good surpris'd,
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve.——
 But if thou think trial, unsought, may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go ; for thy stay not free, absents thee more ;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue ; summon all !
 For God towa'rd thee hath done His part ; do thine."
 So spake the patri'arch of mankind ; but Eve
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last replied.
 " With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd—
 The willinger I go ; nor much expect

A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.”

Thus saying, from her husband's hand, her hand
Soft she withdrew——

Her, long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Oft he to her his charge of quick return

Repeated ; she to him as oft engag'd

To be return'd by noon amid the bower,

And all things in best order to invite

Noon-tide repast or afternoon's repose.

Oh ! much deceiv'd ! much-failing hapless Eve !——

Thou never from that hour in Paradise

Foundst either sweet repast or sound repose ;

Such ambush waited

To intercept thy way and send thee back

Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss !

For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,

Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come

And on his quest, where likeli'est he might find

The only two of mankind, but in them

The whole included race, his purpos'd prey——

He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find

Eve separate : he wish'd, but not with hope

Of what so seldom chanc'd ; when to his wish,

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance where she stood

Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round

About her glow'd——

—— Her heavenly form

Angelic, but more soft and feminine,

Her graceful innocence, her every air

Of gesture or least action, overaw'd

His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :

That space the evil one abstracted stood

From his own evil——

—— of enmity disarm'd,

Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge :

But the hot hell that always in him burns,

Though in mid-heav'n, soon ended his delight——
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief gratulating, thus excites :

“Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? to forget
 What hither brought us ? hate, not love, nor hope
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy.

Other joy

To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone
 The woman opportune to all attempts ;
 Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh——
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods !
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate ;
 Hate stronger, under show of love well-feign'd ;
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.”——

Meanwhile, the hour of noon drew on——
 And Adam

Waiting desirous her return, had woven
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labour crown——
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd :
 Yet oft his heart divine of something ill,
 Misgave him : he the falt'ring measure felt,
 And forth to meet her went the way she took
 That morn when first they parted : by the tree
 Of knowledge he must pass : there he her met
 Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downy smil'd,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she hasted. In her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 While she——

—— with countenance blithe her story told ;
 But in her cheek, distemper flushing glow'd.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd,

From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed :
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke :

“ O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, ami'able, or sweet !
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote !——
Some curs'd fraud
Of enèmy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd ; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die——
Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself ”——
He said, and she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept——

Then gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With libèral hand : he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome by female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan ;
Sky lower'd, and, muttèring thunder, some sad drops
Wept, at completing of the mortal sin
Original——

——nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd society, that now
As with new wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them, breeding wings
Wherewith to spurn the earth.

Here is an end of Paradise—an end of that world of which we have no experience, and in describing which, the poet drew on the stores of a boundless imagination : a different scene succeeds—a scene with which we are too

well acquainted—the world as it is, and man the creature of passion and sin, and shame and sorrow.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit
That with exhilarating vapours bland
About their spi'rits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhal'd, and grossest sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest ; and each the other viewing
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd. Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence and native righteousness
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame.—

—————Now silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat as stricken mute—
Then sat them down to weep : Nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds, worse, within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind—calm region once
And full of peace, now toss'd and turbulent—
For they, in mutual accusation, spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

This picture of misery is continued in the next book. After the curse has been pronounced, Adam is represented 'to himself lamenting loud'

Through the still night ; not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which, to his evil conscience, represented
All things with double horror : on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation ; death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd

The day of his offence: "Why comes not Death,"
 Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at all; justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O woods, and fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound far other song."

Whom thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she essay'd;
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:
 "Out of my sight, thou Serpent! that name best
 Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thyself as false
 And hateful: nothing wants but that thy shape
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
 Thy inward fraud to warn all creatures from thee—
 Oh, but for thee
 I had persisted happy!——

———Why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine?"——

He added not, and from her turn'd. But Eve
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
 What love sincere, what reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended
 Unhappily deceived!——

———Bereave me not
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel—in this uttermost distress
 My only strength and stay:—forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?

While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us
 That cruel serpent :—on me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable ! ”——

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight
 Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration : soon his heart relented
 Towa'rd her his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress.
 As one disarm'd his anger all he lost,
 And then, with peaceful words, uprais'd her soon.

*Nothing remains to mitigate the woes of the human pair,
 and dismiss them with some degree of peace restored,
 but penitence and prayer. These produce their effect :—
 Adam is comforted by visions of what is to come, and de-
 scending the hill whence he had seen them, to the bower
 where Eve lay sleeping, he found her waked,*

And thus with words not sad, she him address'd :
 “ Whence thou returnst and whither wentst I know,
 For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise.
 Wearied I fell asleep—but now lead on ;
 In me is no delay——

This consolation

I carry hence, though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.”

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now, too nigh
 The' archangel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended. High in front advanc'd,
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
 Fierce as a comet, which, with torrid heat
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,

Began to parch that temperate clime : whereat
 In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd.
 They looking back, all the' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
 Some natu'ral tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon :
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

MEMORANDA continued.

Between the Restoration and the close of the eighteenth century, one hundred and forty years elapsed. Milton is only one of the poets of this period ; but his name is far above the rest. He must not be set down as one of a new school or new age of writers, but as a poet uniting the best characteristics of every age. Beside Milton, the wreck of time has spared full as many names of poets as we number years during the period alluded to ; but, as to far the greater part, though the names are not forgotten, the works which they indicate are, at the present day, no more sought after and read, than those of the previous period, which are locked up from common understanding by antique forms of thought and language. It might seem that from this general remark ought to be excepted the works of such poets as DRYDEN, POPE, THOMSON, GRAY, YOUNG, AKENSIDE, GOLDSMITH, COWPER ; but if some of the latter of these are still popular, the earlier, if read at all, are read only in parts ; and, in parts, all of the multitude are occasionally read ; because the sweetest flowers of poetry sometimes spring in ground of little value generally,—because a poet may be prized for something produced at a happy moment, though his works at large may have procured for him no lasting reputation. As to the period, therefore, which is now before us, it is impossible, from the immense body of poetical compositions which it presents, to select portions that can, in any degree, represent its extent, or even its spirit and most general character ; but short passages from one or two poets of note, in addition to such as the previous chapters furnish, may serve to prepare the student for a subsequent course of reading, that shall embrace other names as well as these, and lead him to parts or passages in minor poets, whose works entire may not deserve the time of study.

READINGS FROM BUTLER, DRYDEN, POPE, AND GRAY.

PROEMIUM.

From the days of Milton up to those of the present century, we must be content, out of the multitude of classical poets that have flourished during the time, to fix only on four,—on four whose names stand high in our literature, though not higher than others whom we at present leave unnoticed. Let us first extract some lines from BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS, that we may be reminded of the turn or state of mind in the days of the second Charles, when the gay and courtly looked on the past with a disposition to ridicule, and forward to the inseparable union of common sense with fancy in all works in which fancy is employed. Let us next turn to DRYDEN, a writer whose licentiousness belonged to his age rather than to his natural genius, which was above it; and let our extract teach us that the best poets, even in the worst of times, soar to the truths of religion as to the noblest that can occupy the mind of man. Let our third author be POPE, who has been called the most sensible of poets, and to whom, in consequence, has been denied, by some of his modern brethren, the capability of being warmed by a genuine poetic feeling; a detraction against which the best judges have been forward to defend him. And let our last example be an ode of a truly classic character from GRAY,—classic in its form and style, British as to its subject, and peculiarly fitted to occupy a place in our course of poetic Readings, by the exquisite vision with which it concludes.

According to this plan, we begin with an extract from the mock-heroic poem of Hudibras, showing the Mental Accomplishments of a Presbyterian Justice at the time of the Commonwealth.

A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade;

Chief of domestic knights and errant
 Either for challenge or for warrant ;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war as well as peace :
 (So some rats of amphibious nature
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise, or stout :
 Some hold the one, and some the other ;
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool :
 But they're mistaken very much ;
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 He' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more diffic'ile
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
 Be'ing rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,
 On either which, he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute :
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;

He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an aldërma'n, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And, when he happen'd to break off
In' the' middle of his speech, or cough,
He ha'd hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by ;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleas'd to show 'it, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect
Which learn'd pedants much affect ;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin ;
It had an odd promiscu'ous tone,
As if he ha'd talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They ha'd heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large :
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit ;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on ;

And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ;*
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve by lines and tangents, straight
If bread and butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour of day
The clock doth strike by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over,
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood by' implicit faith :
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why, he had a wherefore ;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go ;
All which he understood by rote,
And as occasion serv'd would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung :
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For the' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly ;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.

* The former, a Danish mathematician ; the latter William Lily, the astrologer, then living.

He knew what's what ; and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly :
 In school-divinity as able
 As he who hight *Irrefragable* ;*
 A second Thomas,† or at once
 To name them all, another Duncè ;‡
 Profound in all the *Nominal*
 And *Real* ways beyond them all :
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learnèd Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That's empty when the moon is full ;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnishèd.

We are bound to pause before we proceed to our next example. It is the argument for revealed Religion extracted from a poem by Dryden, which he called 'Religio Laici,' (a Layman's faith,) published about 1682. Leaving far behind us the tone of gay mockery which suited our last subject, let our minds be ready to entertain, with due solemnity, the strain of reasoning which follows :

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
 Is reason to the soul : and, as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here,—so Reason's glimm'ring ray
 Was lent—not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 —And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,—

* Alexander Hales, who flourished about 1236, was so deeply read in school-divinity as to be called *Doctor irrefragabilis*.

† Thomas Aquinas, who was born in 1224, and studied at Cologne and Paris, new-modelled the school-divinity, and was called the *Angelic doctor*.

‡ Johannes Duns Scotus, said by some to have been born at *Dunse* in the *Merse*, the neighbouring county to Northumberland ; and hence called Duns Scotus. He died at Cologne, 1308.

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatu'ral light.
 Some few whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause to nature's secret head,
 And found that one first principle *must be* ;
 But what, or who, that universal He,—
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd,—yet making, moving all,—
 Or whether atoms, from a various dance,
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance,—
 Or this great All was from eternity,—
 Not even the Stagyrte himself could see ;
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he,
 As blindly grop'd to find a future state,
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of humankind :
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought *content* the good to be enjoy'd ;
 This, ev'ry little accident destroy'd :
 The wiser madmen did for *virtue* toil ;
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
 In *pleasure* some their glutton souls would steep ;
 But found their line too short, the well too deep,
 The vessels leaky, which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end.
 How can the less the greater comprehend,
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.
 The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground,
 'Euréka' cries,—'the mighty secret's found ;—
 God is that spring of good ; supreme and best ;
 We made to serve, and in that service bless'd.'
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven :
 Else, God were partial, and to some denied
 The means his justice should for all provide.

‘ This genèral worship is to praise and pray,
 The one to borrow blessings, one to pay ;
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence ;
 Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens’d to humankind,
 And vice oft triumphs, virtue suffers here,
 (A brand that sovèrign justice cannot bear,)
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
 Where God’s all righteous ways will be declar’d,
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.’

Thus man, by his own strength, to heavèn would soar
 And would not be oblig’d to God for more.
 Vain, wretched creature ! how art thou misled
 To think *thy* wit these god-like notions bred !
 These truths are not the product of *thy* mind,
 But dropp’d from heavèn, and of a nobler kind :
 Reveal’d religion first inform’d thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung to light.

But dar’st thou, worm ! offend Infinity,
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?
 Then thou art justice in the last appeal,
 So that thy God instructs thee to rebel ;
 And, like a king remote and weak, must take
 What satisfaction thou art pleas’d to make.

Ah ! if there be a Power too just and strong
 To wink at sin, and bear unpunish’d wrong,
 Look humbly upward,—see His will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose ;
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not eternal Wisdom found the way,
 And with celestial wealth supplied thy store :
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
 See God descending in thy human frame,
 The’ offended suffering in the’ offender’s name,
 All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
 And all His righteousness devolv’d on thee !

For, granting we have sinn’d, and that the’ offence
 Of man is made against Omnipotence ;

Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd :
 See, then, the deist lost ;—remorse for vice
 Not paid, or paid inadequate in price :
 What further means can reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect ?
That shows us sick ; and sadly we are sure
 Still to be sick, till Heav'n reveal the cure :
 If, then, Heav'n's will must needs be understood,
 (Which must,—if we want cure, and Heav'n be good,)
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shown,
 With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our ONE SACRED BOOK will stand alone.

Pope may be esteemed the successor, and, in taste, the disciple of Dryden. Till within the present century, his poetical merits were undisputed. He was the model that all inferior writers copied ; the text that all reciters quoted. And his fame will not pass away. Listen to Eloisa while she utters strains so full of natural passion, so sweet with melodious complaint, and then refuse, if we can, our tribute of admiration to the poet.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins,
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat,
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs and voluntary pains :
 Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
 Ye grotts and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn !
 Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot !

Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
 Labour and rest that equal peri'ods keep ;
 Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even,
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven :
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams :
 For her the untading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
 For her, the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her, white virgins hymeneals sing ;
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

But in her cell see Eloisa spread,
 Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead :—
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echocs talk along the walls.
 Here as I watch the dying lamp around,
 From yonder shrine I hear a hollow sound,
 'Come, sister, come,' (it says, or seems to say,)
 'Thy place is here ; sad sister, come away !
 Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 Here grief forgets to groan and love to weep ;
 E'en superstition loses every fear ;
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers :
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow ;
 May Abelard the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day,
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul,—
 Ah, no—in sacred vestments may he stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in his hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me, at once, and learn of me, to die.

His once lov'd Eloïsa may he see—
 (Then it will be no crime to gaze on me)
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly,
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye,
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
 And even Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O, Death, all eloquent! You only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too, when fate shall that fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt and all my joy,)
 May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on his fame.
 Then ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
 If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 'O may we never love as these have lov'd!'
 From the full choir, when loud hozannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more,
 Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell:
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

From Pope, who, about the year 1712, gave the world the poem from which the previous lines are extracted, up to the time when Gray published the Ode which is to be our next example, some five-and-forty years elapsed, during

which Gay, and Thomson, and many other celebrated poets who adorned the period we denominate classical, flourished, and left names for posterity. But in our present brief review we must pass them by, and hasten to our proposed specimen. It is a poem founded on a well-known tradition. When Edward I. entered Wales to conquer it, he found the patriotism of the people insurmountable while the bards inflamed their spirit :—he therefore sought them out, and, as fast as he discovered them, put them to death :—One of them is supposed to have escaped immediate slaughter, and he it is who opens the poem.

I. 1.

‘Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears.’——
 Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side,
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 ‘To arms !’ cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quivering
 lance.

2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
 Rob’d in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood,
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air,)
 And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 —‘Hark ! how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath ;

O'er thee, O King, their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
 That hush'd the stormy main ;
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed ;
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
 Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof, thè affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——
 No more I weep. They do not sleep ;
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

' Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace :
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king :
 She-wolf of France, * with unrelenting fangs,
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

* Isabel of France, who caused her husband, Edward II., to be cruelly murdered in Berkeley castle.

From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd ;
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

2.

' Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funèral couch he lies !
 No pitying hand, no eye afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled ?
 Thy son is gone : he rests among the dead :
 The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
 Gone to salute the rising morn.*
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
 Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

3.

' Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare :
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell thirst and famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.†
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Horse to horse, and lance to lance ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.‡
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

* Richard (the *sable warrior*, or the Black Prince, being dead) was heir to the throne. Edward III., triumphant over France, the birth-place of his mother, was neglected in his old age, and even robbed by his courtiers.

† The older story of the death of Richard II. is, that he was starved to death.

‡ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.*
 Above, below, the rose of snow
 Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
 The bristled boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.†
 —Now, brothers, bending o'er thè accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate,
 (Weave we the woof:—the thread is spun :)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate: ‡
 (The web is wove, the work is done.)
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unrol?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :
 All hail, ye genuine kings; Britannia's issue, hail! §

2.

'Girt with many a baron bold,
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

* Henry VI., the husband of the intrepid Margaret, the son of the conquering Henry V., and grandson of Bolingbroke, who set aside Richard II., was murdered in the Tower; the first erection of which is attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† The device of Richard III., who murdered the sons of Edward IV., was a boar. The devices of the two houses of York and Lancaster were a white and a red rose.

‡ Eleanor of Castile, the beloved wife of Edward I., died soon after the conquest of Wales.

§ Namely, those of the house of Tudor, in whom the prophecies of Merlin and Taliessin seemed to be accomplished, that the Welsh should regain the sovereignty in Britain. It was an opinion that king Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and would return.

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear :
 In the midst a form divine,
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempt'd sweet to virgin grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear !
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay :
 Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

3.

' * The verse adorn again
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe by fairy fiction dress'd.
 In buskin'd measures, move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 And Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on mine ear,
 That, lost in long futurity, expire.
 Fond, impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign :
 Be thine despair and sceptred care !
 To triumph and to die are mine ! ''
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to darkest night

* The poets in and after Elizabeth's day, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and all who have succeeded these.

THE THIRD, OR MODERN PERIOD OF ENGLISH POETRY.

The Period extending from the beginning of the present century up to the current year, may be deemed the modern period of poetry. During this period, every school of past days has at times been followed by poetical writers,—every tendency of thought pursued which promised a new vein of poetic ore,—every prosodiocal innovation attempted, to gratify ears wearied with the measures of Dryden, Pope, and their successors. It is impossible, within the limits which this volume permits, to exemplify these remarks; nor is it necessary; because the books from which the examples would be taken are not yet shelved, but lie open for use on our library and drawing-room tables. Neither is it required to point out the most popular of our poets; since no one hesitates, whatever may be his own individual taste, to acknowledge that the name of BYRON is, at the present moment, surrounded by the greatest share of poetical renown. A popular poet seldom fails to be the leader of a school; and the imitators of Byron are not few in number. Against the tendency of this school, in point both of taste and morals, some struggle seems likely to arise;* and our subsequent Readings, instead of proposing what is impossible within their limits, may indicate something of this opposition, and also something of the spirit which belongs to a distinct school, older in time than that of Byron, and, as a school, likely perhaps to obtain a greater share of regard. For the few and short quotations allowed by our space to Byron himself, the student is referred to previous chapters.

READINGS FROM 'THE COURSE OF TIME,' AND FROM 'THE EXCURSION.'

PROEMIUM.

'The Course of Time,' a poem of recent publication, the author ROBERT POLLOK, may furnish us with an Extract suitable to the general purpose of our Readings. It may show the force of strong religious feeling operating on a mind of no common sensibility: and if we shrink in some degree from the confidence of the poet, while he undertakes to hurl the thunders of Almighty wrath on all things that in his, the poet's creed, savour only of this world, including among them the poetical outpourings of another high-wrought mind, we shall at least be ready to do justice to sincerity of

* Among other proofs of this remark, see the excellent preface to an excellent dramatic poem—Philip van Artevelde, by Henry Taylor.

feeling. And that our Readings may so finish as to leave more tranquil—perhaps we may venture to say—more kindly emotions in the soul, than the indignation we catch from this poet produces, we will take our last Readings from the pages of ‘*The Excursion*,’ an emanation from what has been called the Lake School of Poetry. Of this school, WORDSWORTH and SOUTHEY—still living, and COLERIDGE, but lately deceased—are the originators. Attuning their lyres to the felt sublimities of the Lake scenery in the northern part of this island, a pious strain of thought in harmony with what is greatest and best in man may be traced through their works ; and in no one of the three shall we find this characteristic more manifest than in William Wordsworth, from whose noblest poem our extract will be taken.

According to our purpose as thus stated, we begin with lines from Pollok’s work, and thus accompany him in reviewing the productions of a bard whose name stands foremost among the poets of our day :

A man of rank and of capacious soul,
 He riches had, and fame, beyond desire,
 An heir of flattery, to titles born,
 And reputation, and luxurious life.
 Yet not content with ancestral name,
 Or to be known because his fathers were,
 He on this height hereditary stood,
 And gazing higher, purpos’d in his heart
 To take another step. Above him seem’d,
 Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
 Of canoniz’d bards ; and thitherward,
 By nature taught and inward melody,
 In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
 No cost was spar’d : what books he wish’d, he read ;
 What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,
 He saw. And first, in rambling school-boy days
 Britannia’s mountain walks, and heath-girt lakes,
 And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
 And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
 With grandeur fill’d, and melody, and love.
 Then travel came, and took him where he wish’d :

He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;
And mus'd alone on ancient mountain brows ;
And mus'd on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days ; and mus'd on ruins gray
With years, and drank from old and fabu'ous wells,
And pluck'd the vine that first-born prophets pluck'd ;
And mus'd on famous tombs ; and on the wave
Of Ocean mus'd, and on the desert waste :
The heavens and earth of ev'ry country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touch'd his harp, and nations heard, intranc'd.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
And op'd new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soar'd untrodden heights, and seem'd at home
Where angels bashful look'd. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seem'd struggling whales ;
He, from above descending, *stoop'd* to touch
The loftiest thought,—and *proudly* stoop'd, as though
It scarce deserv'd his verse. With Nature's self
He seem'd an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty :
He laid his hand upon " the ocean's mane,"
And play'd familiar with his hoary locks :
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,
And with the thunder talk'd, as friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing
In sportive twist,—the lightning's fiery wing,—
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seem'd :
Then turn'd, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, convers'd.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were :
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deem'd. All passions of all men,

The wild and tame, the gentle and severe ;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;
 All creeds, all seasons,—time, eternity ;
 All that was hated, all, too, that was dear,
 All that was hop'd, all that was fear'd, by man,
 He toss'd about, as tempests wither'd leaves ;
 Then, smiling, look'd upon the wreck he made.
 With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
 And now dissolv'd the heart in tenderness ;
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself,
 But back into his soul retir'd alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
 So ocean from the plains, his waves have late
 To desolation swept, retires in pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his night,
 And seems to mock the ruin he has wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size
 To which the stars did rev'rence as it pass'd,
 So he, through learning and through fancy, took
 His flight sublime ; and on the loftiest top
 Of fame's dread mountain sat ; not soil'd and worn
 As if he from the earth had labour'd up,
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
 He look'd, which down from higher regions came,
 And perch'd it there to see what lay beneath.

The nations gaz'd, and wonder'd much, and prais'd :
 Critics before him fell in humble plight,
 Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
 To catch his eye,—and stretch'd and swell'd themselves
 To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
 Of admiration vast ; and many, too,
 Many that aim'd to imitate his flight
 With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
 And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man ! the nations gaz'd, and wonder'd much,
 And prais'd ; and many call'd his evil good.
 Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness,
 And kings to do him honour took delight.
 Thus full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,

Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
 He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness :
 Drank ev'ry cup of joy, heard ev'ry trump
 Of fame,—drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
 That common millions might have quench'd ; then died
 Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

His passions died,
 Died all but dreary, solitary pride ;
 And all his sympathies in being died.
 As some ill-guided bark, well-built and tall,
 Which angry tides have cast on desert shore,
 And then retiring, left it there to rot
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven ;
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
 And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge
 A wandering, weary, solitary thing,
 A scorch'd, and desolate, and blasted soul,
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
 Repin'd, and groan'd, and wither'd from the earth.
 His groanings fill'd the land his numbers fill'd ;
 And yet he seem'd asham'd to groan. Poor man !
 Asham'd to ask, and yet he needed, help.

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
 That not with natural or mental wealth
 Was God delighted, or his peace secur'd ;
 That not in natural or mental wealth
 Was human happiness or grandeur found :
 Attempt how monstrous, and how surely vain,
 With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
 With all but moral excellence, truth, and love,
 To satisfy and fill the immortal soul !
 Attempt, vain inconceivably ! attempt
 To satisfy the ocean with a drop,
 To marry immortality to death,
 And with the unsubstantial shade of time
 To fill the' embrace of all eternity !

Such are the colours with which a contemporary poet invests the great poetical name of our day. Will these colours last? Is Byron thus powerful for good or for evil? Was the evil to himself—is it for others—thus predominant?

Leaving these questions for time to solve,—time which softens the hues that exaggerate present objects to our mental sight,—let us quit the shades of opinion, and listen to strains of poetry which come with benign influence to the heart from the hills and vales of Westmorland.—

We stood beneath the concave of a blue
And cloudless sky :——

 With clear voice
That falter'd not, albeit the heart was mov'd,
The Wanderer said :——

 ‘ One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only ; an assur'd belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power ;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
— The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
Of suffering hath been tho'roughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity ; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections ; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceiv'd, endur'd
Impatiently, ill done or left undone,
To the dishonour of his holy name.

 ‘ Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world !
Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart ;
Restore their languid spi'rits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine !
—How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fix'd
At Thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice :
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here, where thou hast built

For thy own glory in the wilderness!
Thou dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all
That in the scale of being fill their place,
Above our human region or below
Set and sustain'd,—Thou who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturb'd,—
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us daily to the powers of sense
And reason's steadfast rule,—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits
Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves!

'I have seen

A curious child who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murmu'rings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.

Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to most it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invis'ble things,
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

—Has not the soul, the being of our life,
Receiv'd a shock of awful consciousness
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the' unclouded sky
To rest upon their circumambient walls,
A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems,—choral song,—or burst

Sublime of instrumental harmony,
 To glorify thè Eternal? What, if these
 Did never break the stillness that prevails
 Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant
 His vespers,—nature fails not to provide
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
 Sends inspiration from the shado'wy heights,
 And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks ;
 The little rills and waters numberless,
 Inaudible by day-light, blend their notes
 With the loud streams ; and often at the hour
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge
 One voice—the solitary raven flying
 Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome
 Unseen—perchance above all power of sight—
 An iron knell ! with echoes from afar
 Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with which
 The wanderer accompanies her flight
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
 Diminishing by distance, till it seems
 To' expire ; yet from the abyss is caught again,
 And yet again recover'd.

‘ But descending
 From these imaginative heights, that yield
 Far-stretching views into eternity,
 Let us acknowledge nature's humbler power,
 Where on the labours of the happy throng
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace
 City, and town, and towèr,—and sea with ships
 Sprinkled ;—together ranging, let us track
 Her rivers populous with gliding life,
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods,—
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness,
 Where living things, or things inanimate,
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
 And speak to social reason's inner sense
 With inarticulate language.

‘ For the man
 Who in this spirit communes with the forms
 Of nature,—who, with understanding heart,
 Both knows and loves such objects as excite
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,
 No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must feel
 The joy of that pure principle of love
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
 But seek for objects of a kindred love
 In fellow natures, and a kindred joy.
 Accordingly, he by degrees perceives
 His feelings of aversion soften’d down,
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
 —His sanity of reason not impair’d,
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
 From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
 And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks :
 Until abhorrence and contempt are things
 He only knows by name ; and if he hear
 From other mouths the language which they speak,
 He is compassionate, and has no thought,
 No feeling which can overcome his love.

‘ And further ; by contemplating these forms
 In the relations which they bear to man,
 He shall discern how, through the various means
 Which silently they yield, are multiplied
 The spi’ritual presences of absent things.
 Trust me that, for the instructed, time will come
 When they shall meet no object but may teach
 Some acceptable lesson to their minds
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.
 So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,
 Their duties from all forms ; and general laws,
 And local accidents, shall tend alike
 To rouse, to urge,—and, with the *will*, confer
 The *ability* to spread the blessings wide
 Of true philanthropy. The light of love
 Not failing, perseverance from their steps
 Departing not, for them shall be confirm’d

The glorious habit by which sense is made
 Subservient still to moral purposes,
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
 The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
 The burthen of existence. Science then
 Shall be a precious visitant, and then,
 And only then, be worthy of her name :
 For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull eye,
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
 Chain'd to its object in brute slavery ;
 But taught with patient interest to watch
 The processes of things, and serve the cause
 Of order and distinctness, not for this
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,
 Its most illustrious province, must be found
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support
 Not treach'rous to the mind's *excursive* power.
 —So build we up the being that we are ;
 Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things,
 We shall be wise perforce ; and, while inspir'd
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is free
 Shall move unswerving, even as impell'd
 By strict necessity, along the path
 Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
 Whate'er we feel, shall tend to feed and nurse,
 By agency direct or indirect,
 Our faculties,—shall fix in calmer seats
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
 Of divine love, our intellectual soul.'

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
 Pour'd forth with fervour in continu'ous stream,
 Such as, remote, mid savage wilderness,
 An Indian chief discharges from his breast.
 Meantime the sun

To us who stood low in that hollow dell,
 Had now become invisible,—a pomp
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance, spread
 Over the mountain sides, in contrast bold
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest,

A dispensation of his evèning power.
—Adown the path that from the glen had led
The funèral train, the shepherd and his mate
Were seen descending: forth to greet them ran
Our little page; the rustic pair approach,
And we are kindly welcom'd—promptly serv'd
With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor
Of the small cottage in the lowly dell
A grateful couch was spread for our repose,
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we slept,
Stretch'd upon fragrant heath, and lull'd by sound
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tir'd limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

THE END.

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
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